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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

Vol. XII. No. 2.

"Canada's Greatest Magazine"

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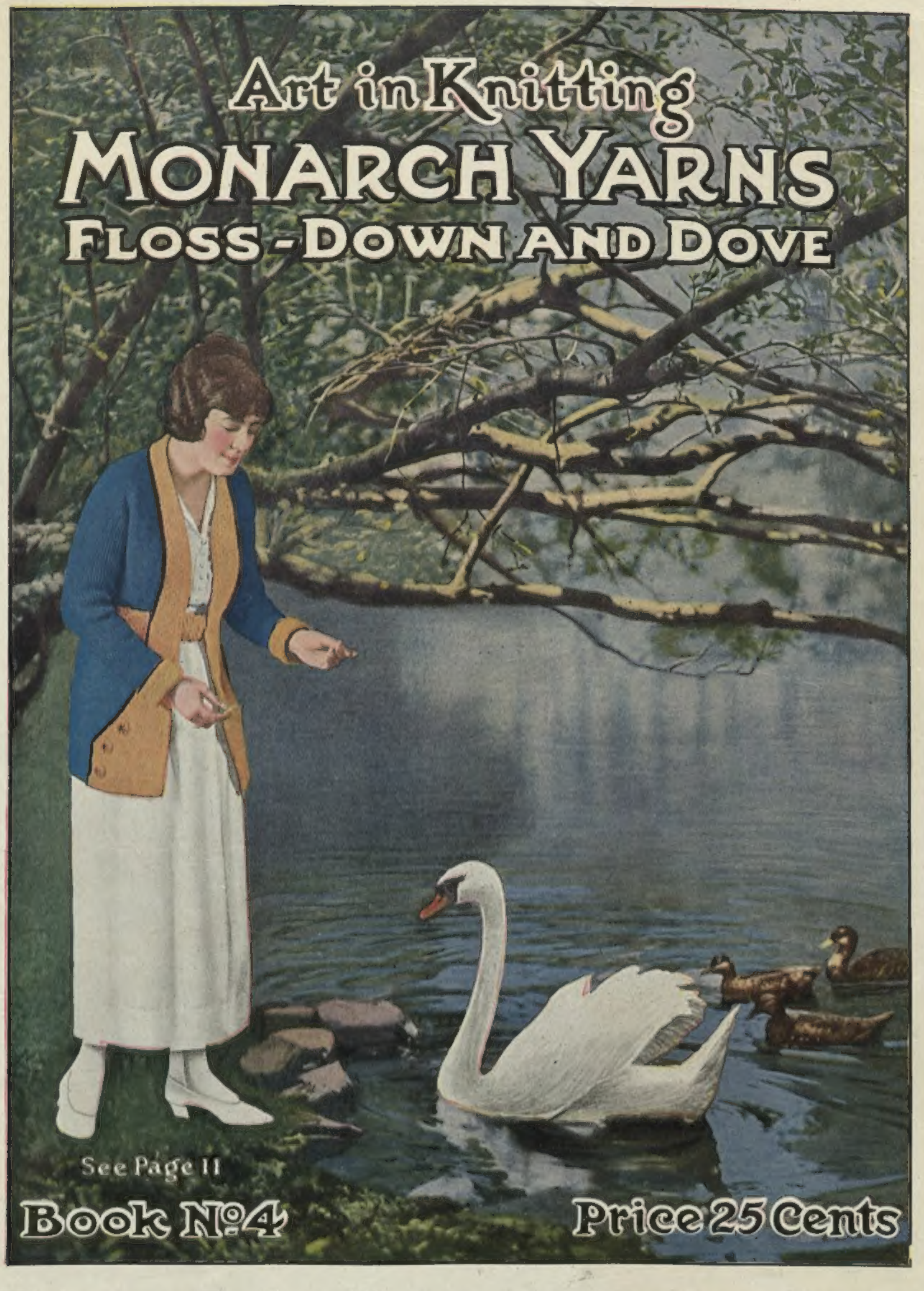

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KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, *Associate Editor.*

MacKurd:

A Tale of The Aftermath

By BERTRAM ATKEY

Illustrated by C. Clark, R.I.

"Twenty-six, yes. Hope you don't think that's too old to start in the city, sir?"

THE MAN whose card had announced that he was Major John MacKurd, V.C., finished speaking, leaned back in his chair, lit another cigarette, and smilingly awaited the reply of the big banker.

There was nothing in his easy, well-bred attitude to suggest that the proposal he had just made was not quite an ordinary everyday proposal.

But Sir David Glende for a full minute sat speechless, as with surprise, staring very closely at Major MacKurd, who bore the scrutiny of the keen grey eyes with the smiling and invincible tranquillity which appeared never to desert him.

Presently the banker spoke, slowly and very clearly.

"Major MacKurd," he said, "I beg your pardon. I fear I have been guilty of—er—inattention. It is not a customary fault of mine. I think that—quite inadvertently—I must have missed a part of your proposal. Do me the favour to restate it. This time I promise you my whole attention."

Major MacKurd, V.C., nodded cheerily.

"Not at all, sir, not the least little bit in the world, I assure you," he said. "I'll run over it all again with pleasure. I made it a bit brief as I didn't want to bore you. Hate making myself a nuisance.

He carefully readjusted the flesh-coloured patch over his right eye. Then, resuming his cigarette, he fixed his left eye upon the banker.

"It's like this, don't you know—they've rather slung me out of the Army—unfit—one-eyed, wooden foot, and that sort of thing—not to mention the Buzz—and I'm knockin' about loose. Nothing much to do. That quite clear, sir?"

Sir David nodded gravely. He was thinking of his son, reported "Missing, believed killed," and of how oddly this airy stranger reminded him of the boy, but he was able to reassure his visitor that so far he understood the position.

"Of course, there's a bit of pension attached to it—naturally, what?—but I've been rather plotting it out, when the Buzz will let me, and I've about come to the conclusion that it would be a soundish notion to come down into the City."

"Yes?" Sir David nodded, his eyes fast on the three deep vertical wrinkles, only partly concealed by the elastic band of the eye-patch, that seemed permanent on the brow of the V.C. "Quite so. May I ask what is the 'Buzz?'"

"Certainly. It's nothing much, though. It's a soft, thick, cob-webby sort of a buzz in my head. Nothing much—it comes and goes, you know. You know those very soft woolly shawls that one's mother used to wear—that sort of thing—sky-blue. Well, if you wrapped your brain up in one of those and it had a bumble-bee entangled in it buzzing very softly—that's about the idea. Nothing much—but very awkward for thinking sometimes, that's all."

The banker nodded again.

"I decided to come into the City, and settle down to finance, what?" continued Major MacKurd. "I've got a—a—*flair* for finance. So I strolled down this morning and noticing this bank the idea came into my head at once. I remembered a pal of mine out there told me once that the banks were frightfully short of bank-clerks, cashiers, and so on—and, as I say, sir, it came to me like a flash to get a position as a cashier, to start with. So I looked in."

He inhaled a mighty lungful of smoke, smiled winningly at the banker and readjusted his eye-patch again.

"The damned thing's about two sizes too large—keep's slipping, what? he said, so casually that the profanity was obviously inadvertent and unconscious.

"Cashier, yes. I'm a bit of a dab at arithmetic—bar decimals; never saw much point in decimals, did you, sir?—and, apart from which, I suppose, doesn't much matter nowadays with these adding machines and all that sort of thing, I like handling bank-notes. Queer, that, don't you think, sir? But it's a fact. I love the rustly, silky little beggars—fivers and tenners!"

He hesitated a momoment, then, smiling broadly, continued:—

"You've been awfully kind and patient, sir, and I ought to explain that there's just a chance when the Buzz is on that I might take a few notes home at night to fool about with—making 'em rustle, don't you know—but naturally I shouldn't expect you to be a loser, what? What I mean, of course, is, that I should have to insist on refunding anything you missed or lost through my little peculiarity."

He paused a moment to light another cigarette.

"Salary, of course, I leave to you, sir," he said, politely. "I't's experience I'm after, to tell you the truth."

He ceased with an air of having said all that was necessary.

"That's about the scheme I've plotted out," he added; "what do you think of it, sir?"

HE WAITED, surveying with obvious pride the highly-polished brown boot that fitted with such an inhumanly immaculate and creaseless perfection over the device of aluminum which he had playfully described as his "wooden foot." He moved it from side to side, smiling.

But Sir David Glende did not smile.

He thought for a long time before he spoke. When at last he replied, the tone of his voice would have surprised those who called him hard—and they were many—and the lines of his grim old face were oddly relaxed.

"Forgive me, Major MacKurd, if I ask you a few personal questions," he said.

"Fire away, sir" replied the smiling V.C.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-six."

"What decorations have you?"

"Oh, I've been one of the lucky ones—V.C., you know, M.C., and a French decoration—Croix de Guerre."

"Twenty-six years old," said Sir David, absently.

"Twenty-six, yes. Hope you don't think that's too old to start in the City, sir?"

"No, no—not at all," said the banker, hurriedly.

He appeared to ponder. Once his hand moved towards his breast-pocket, but stopped.

"You have been in many actions, Major MacKurd? In many places?"

"Heaps of 'em," said the Major cheerfully. "Rotten things they are, too."

"Did you ever, by any chance, come across a young officer—a lieutenant named Glende—David Glende? He was reported missing after Passchendaele."

Major MacKurd, V.C., reflected, frowning slightly.

"I can't quite recall him—not with the Buzz on," he said. "I fancy I—Glende? Glende?" He smiled apologetically. "One meets such a crowd of men, you know. And the Buzz is rather bad to-day. I'll just make a note of the name and let you know. If I've met him I shall remember it when the Buzz is off. Was he a friend of yours, sir?"

"My only son," said Sir David, very steadily.

Major MacKurd, V.C., said nothing at all to that—only moved one hand very slightly in a quite indescribable gesture, and raised one shoulder the fraction of an inch. But they were the most eloquent movements Sir David Glende had ever seen. They expressed everything—a sense of the pain, the desolation, the waste, the needlessness, the pity, the tragic folly, and the fatalist's acceptance of it all. Only a man who had experienced it all many times could have made those tiny gestures in just that way.

Presently he spoke.

"I wish I could remember him, sir. Perhaps, when the Buzz is off——"

"Yes, yes. Take this card—it will keep the name in your mind—if you have no objection."

Sir David passed a visiting card, which the Major pocketed.

(*Continued on page 33*)

"Yes, bring him as quickly as possible. I have a medical man—a personal friend—here with me now, and he will remain."

GOODYEAR

MADE IN CANADA

The Road Has Proved This Tread

ALL experience, all research, simply add proof to our claim that there is no better tread—for rear wheels or front—than the Goodyear All-Weather Tread.

No tread has been subjected to more severe tests—or closer observation.

On the Road—millions of motorists have jealously watched its quality and its work.

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From such observation and study came the Goodyear success. For it showed how to make tires that give more mileage, less trouble. It produced the crowning Goodyear achievement—the Goodyear Cord Tire. Yet the All-Weather Tread stands unchanged, defying improvement.

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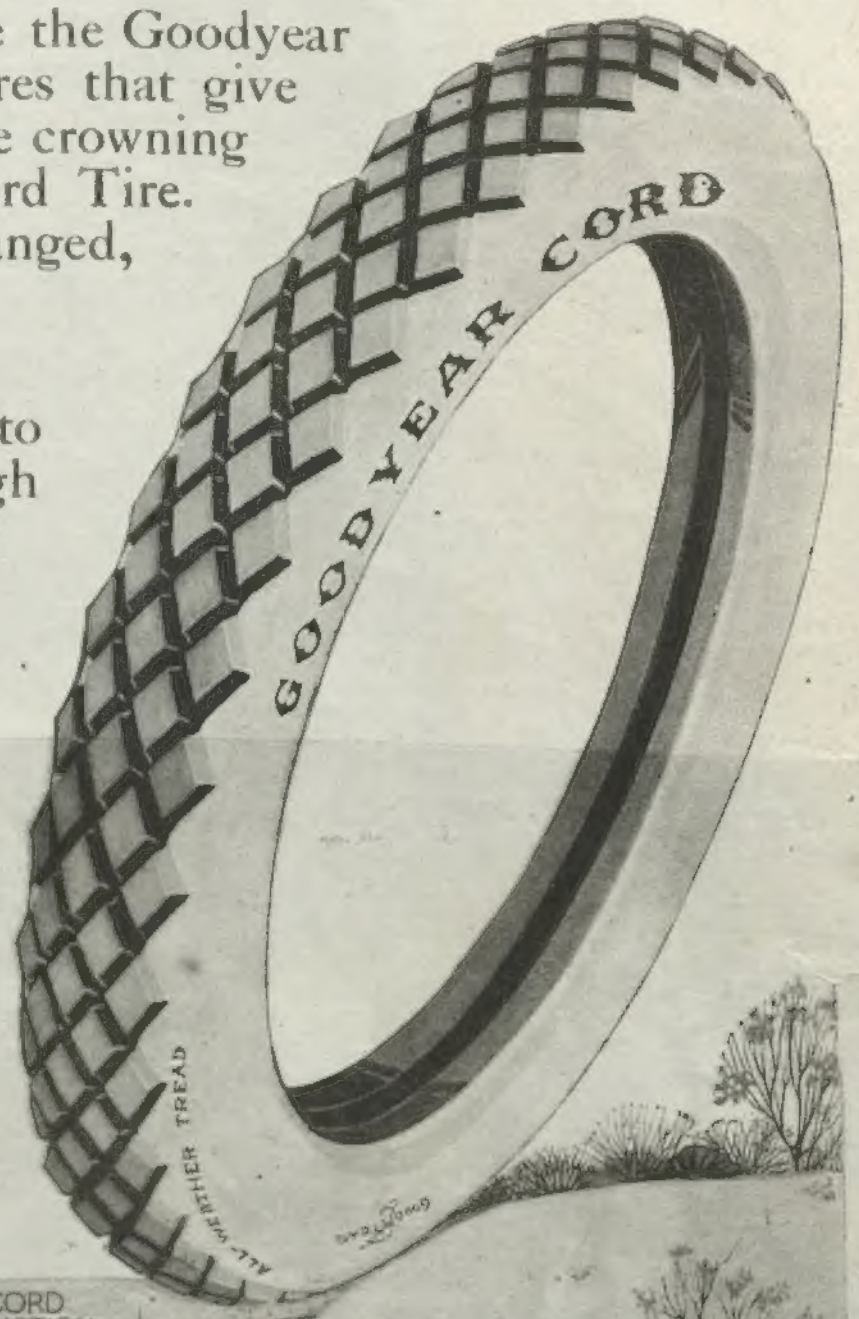
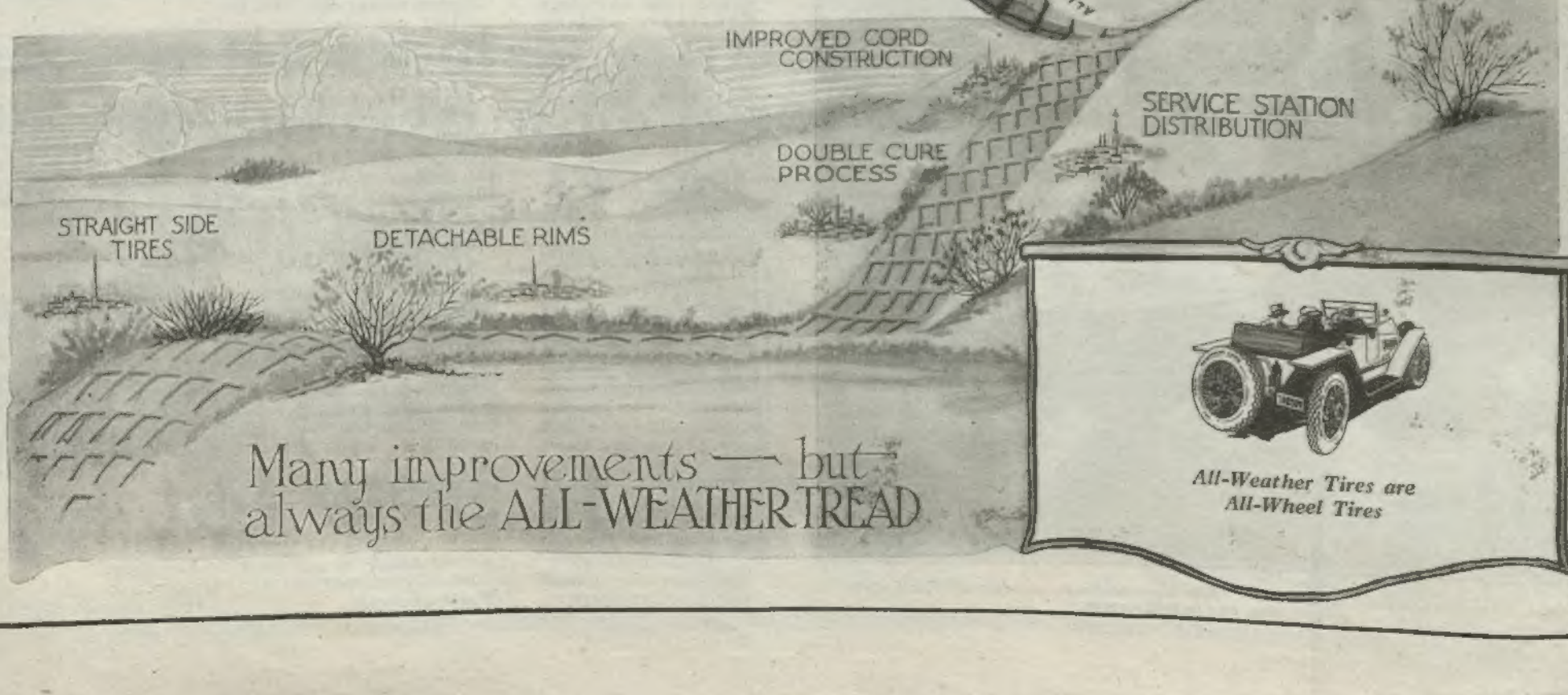


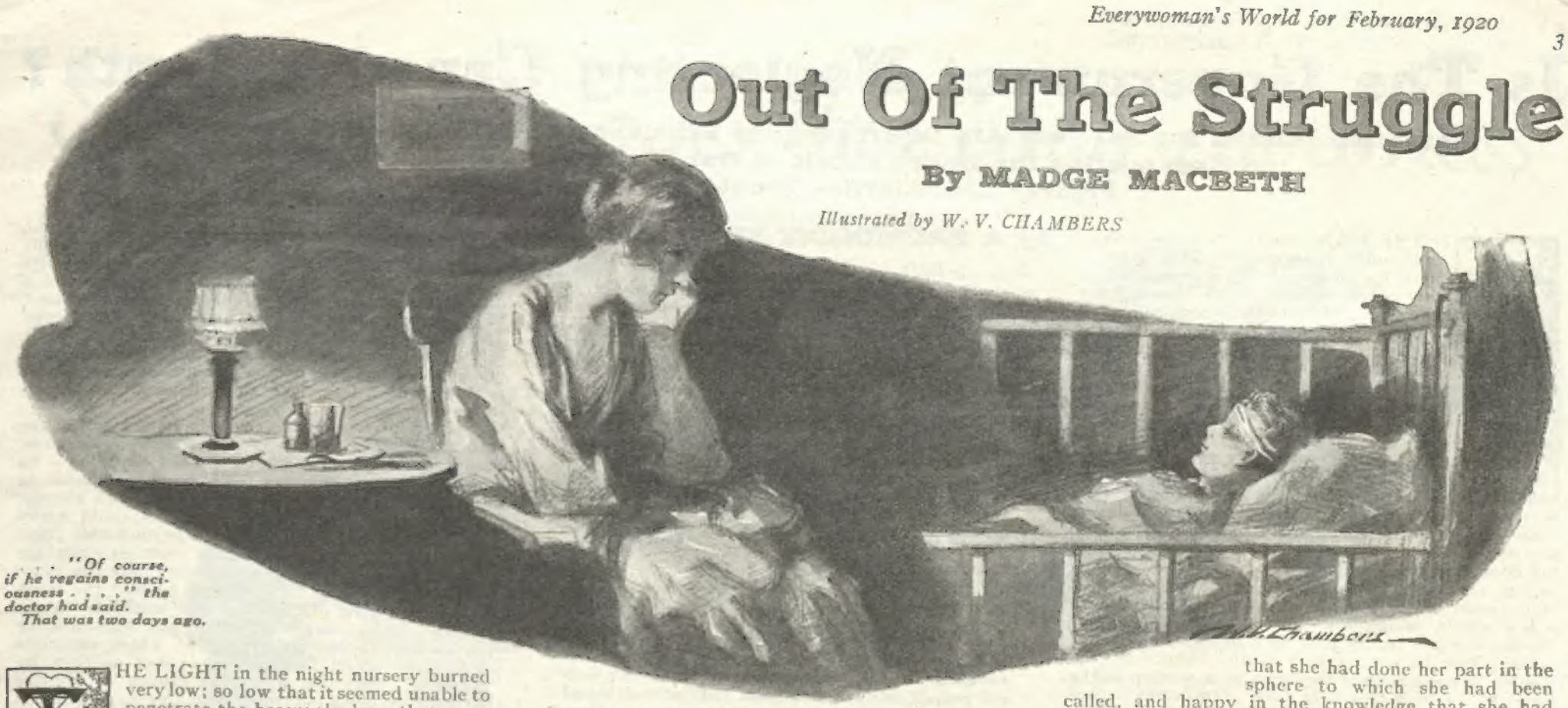


All-Weather Tires are All-Wheel Tires

Out Of The Struggle

By MADGE MACBETH

Illustrated by W. V. CHAMBERS



. . . "Of course, if he regains consciousness . . . ." the doctor had said.
That was two days ago.

"THIS story is, by long odds, the best piece of work I have ever done. Its reason for being written at all is my belief that only by struggle do we develop COURAGE; by failure—SUCCESS; that the lesson every mother has to learn is not to protect her child, but to teach him to do without her; that the harder the bump, the greater the rebound. In visiting invalided soldiers, this story was inspired. Without brutality, they seem to feel that the earlier the struggle the sooner the victory." —*MADGE MACBETH.*

THE LIGHT in the night nursery burned very low; so low that it seemed unable to penetrate the heavy shadows that came out of the corners to meet it, to smother it. At intervals, a shaft like a golden finger would separate the darkness and travel rapidly across the ceiling, as some motor passed along the roadway. At intervals, too, the moon, peeping fretfully from behind masses of purply cloud, would fling wavering pools of silver upon the floor.

But somehow, neither the feeble flame by the doorway, nor the puddles of concentrated moonbeams, lessened the gloom of that still room.

Such blackness and silence. . . .

Not the peaceful shadowing of night when strained eyes and restless brain welcome the deepening hush of darkness; not the stillness of happy repose, suspended effort, relaxation; but terrifying waves of murk, so thick, so enveloping, that light was blotted out where it touched the fringe, and sound died almost before it was born.

Like a faint pattern of gray against a black velvet curtain, Elinor Paget sat paralyzed, frozen. For hours she had been almost immovable, unconscious of the ordinary functioning of life. She did not realize that her joints had become almost stiff enough to creak like the raucous protest of a rusty hinge, nor, that in her effort to preserve that hideous stillness she was trying to breathe in soundless little gasps.

From time to time she raised her eyes to the thin glow beside the doorway, and stared at it unblinking. Perhaps she compared its ineffectuality with the light in her own soul—the tiny glimmer of Hope threatened momentarily with extinction by the enveloping shades of despair. And sometimes without shifting her position, she stared intently at a spot above the door where the story of "The Bluebird" began its panoramic presentment around the ceiling of the room. But Tyltyl, the Woodcutter's son, was not the boy she saw; it was Lawrence, George Paget's son—George Paget's son and hers.

Her son!

She made an almost visible movement toward the cot where the child's form lay—vaguely outlined, blurred, motionless.

She had never wanted him to have the pony—a little boy of five. How could he avoid an accident?

"He must learn how," her husband said. That was what he always said.

Together they had watched him plant himself sturdily in the saddle and turn a radiant face toward them.

"I wish Dad was a buffalo," he had cried, with a high, excited whoop. There was a dart of brown past them as the pony bolted towards the gate; a flash of white as it swerved suddenly and made for the garage. There was a hideous, muffled noise as the small body struck the post and fell without a cry.

". . . Of course, if he regains consciousness . . ." the doctor had said.

That was two days ago.

Elinor Paget had scarcely spoken to her husband since. She felt as though she could never speak to him again. The knowledge that his suffering was no less acute than hers, did not provoke the slightest sympathy. Something hard and bitter rose up within her and cried again and again:

"He did it! He did it!"

The remembrance of his face as he carried the child upstairs gave her a sort of horrible satisfaction.

ELINOR Haldane had not accepted marriage as the simplification of a complex existence, or relief from what many women would have called a life of drudgery. She possessed the instincts neither of the drone nor the parasite. Entering the business world at seventeen, she left it at twenty-five conscious that she had done her part in the sphere to which she had been called, and happy in the knowledge that she had made exceedingly good. She had, during those years, refused more than one offer to spend half of a fellow's salary. Office gossip whispered that even the "Old Man," himself . . .

Flattering consternation had followed the tendering of her resignation and announcement of an early marriage. The hunchbacked stenographer who was always threatening to leave, burst into tears and commenced to clear her desk. The bookkeeper added the same column three times and achieved a different total each time.

"And may one ask the name of the gentleman who is depriving me of my Confidential Secretary?" asked the "Old Man" in his gruffest, most disapproving tone.

Elinor told him.

"Paget? Un—hum—hum. Don't know the fellow, do I? Only know one Paget——"

He stopped and an expression of utter incredulity swept over his kindly old face. "Good Lord, child," he spluttered, "you don't mean *Georgie* Paget?"

Although prepared, braced, for some such exclamation, Elinor flushed. She felt that her Chief's unspoken comment would be the comment of every one who knew her. Why should a girl holding an enviable and responsible position, able practically to fix her own salary—why should a girl with an assured career, with vision and discrimination, marry Georgie Paget? She knew what people would ask.

For Paget was, to quote the "Old Man," "a masterpiece of maternal folly." Stories in which he was the central figure were constantly in circulation. Other topics might claim momentary interest, but he remained an ever-abiding subject for gossip and discussion. He was as much the public's property as was the library or the jail.

Some people said that never during his twenty-five years had he spent a night away from his mother, who still tucked him into bed and heard his prayers. Some said that he marcelled his hair and hers; that he could cook and wash and iron as well as any woman; that he could mend and knit and crochet and tat. They were assured of these facts having heard them from maids who had lived with Mrs. Paget.

Other folk who spent a very occasional evening in the Paget home did not deny these stories; they merely said that Georgie was an unbelievably silent fellow, whose conversation was transmitted through his mother, either by genuine or imagined telepathic signals.

"Georgie thinks so-and-so," she would assert in the young man's presence, "don't you, Georgie?" Or "It is Georgie's opinion that ——" "Isn't it, Georgie?"

No one ever heard him contradict or amend her statements.

FACTS were few. It was known that he had never been to school. He had been tutored by gaunt, severe-looking men. Mrs. Paget did not believe in Democracy or mingling with the proletariat. The energy expended

(*Continued on page 56*)

"A terrible cowardice was bred in me. It is there to-day in place of the manhood that was filched from me."

Is The Government Neglecting Canada's Youth?

Starvation Salaries for Teachers Are Destroying the Efficiency of the "Little Red Schoolhouse" and Endangering the Entire Fabric of Our Educational System---Some Figures That Startle---Should the Nation Act?

By A PROMINENT EDUCATIONIST

IF THE WAR taught one lesson more profoundly than another, it was the need for education. Never, indeed, in any period of the world's history have the responsibilities and requirements of nations more clearly demanded the placing of the school upon a plane of efficient service. It is the clearest, the greatest, the most vital challenge in the realm of world reconstruction.

An exposition of the need for education is not, however, the purpose of this article. An exposition is not necessary. As an abstract proposition, the statement that education is a vital necessity is never seriously questioned. What the writer has in view is demonstration of the fact that Canada to-day is faced by a problem which, in the opinion of the most competent educationists, goes to the very roots of our educational difficulties, and which, if its challenge be not taken up, threatens the entire fabric of our educational system. This problem, summed up in a few words, is the question of teachers' salaries. To-day one can hardly pick up a newspaper without reading how in some centre of the Dominion (the trouble is not confined to any single section of the country), school teachers are demanding more adequate salaries or threatening to go on strike. Why is this? Why is it that the teaching profession, which demands, or ought to demand, the highest form of intelligence and capacity, and which involves the most important type of public and social service, is thus underpaid? Why is it that recruits for the teaching profession are becoming fewer and fewer, that the character and calibre of the average school teacher are upon a lower plane than a decade ago, and that the teaching profession, once a permanent calling, is now but a transitory pursuit? The answer, I think, is this: That we Canadians, while professing with other democracies a devotion to education, have been so engrossed in purely commercial and material pursuits, that we have almost unconsciously regarded knowledge as a secondary and subsidiary thing, permitting educational questions, including the status of the profession of teaching, to have but little place in our minds. In other words, in our mad pursuit of Mammon, in our glorification, as it were, of the cash register, we have created among our people an instinctive disrespect for teaching as a profession, thereby setting up the greatest handicap which confronts educational progress in this powerful and prosperous democracy.

And most unfortunately for the welfare of the Nation, the service of teaching is becoming progressively less attractive. The time was when teaching, while not highly honoured as a permanent calling, was at least looked upon as a thoroughly respectable and even desirable temporary occupation for capable young men, who needed to earn a little money toward preparation for a real profession. To teach for a term or two in a district school, or for a year or two in an academy, was considered to be quite a commendable means for turning an honest penny. And even up to comparatively recent years when the lower schools were given over very largely to women, teaching became the one conventionally approved remunerative occupation in which a girl could await matrimony.

As time passed on the public conviction that teaching is at best only a transitory calling for either men or women became a fixed tradition. Social and economic forces have been favourable to its cumulative growth. The supply of temporary teachers up to about ten years ago overtopped the demand, hence wages could be kept low. The girls usually lived with their parents, and their earnings were often more in the nature of pin money than of a living and saving wage. Public education, indeed, has been far from burdensome to the taxpayer. The entire schooling of the average Canadian citizen, it has been computed, has cost the public less than one hundred and fifty dollars—an amount comparable perhaps with that which the village grocer invests in his daughter's piano lessons.

Nor is a low wage scale the only sorry result of the tradition that teaching is not a serious business. Standards of preparation have been kept low. In general, the requirements for a teacher's license in any community have been those that the average girl graduating from the local school could easily meet. To advance requirements beyond this point would mean that the local girls must go elsewhere for preparation, and this would automatically place appointments in the local schools beyond the reach of the larger part of the otherwise available "home talent." And so any attempt to raise standards for the teacher's license to the point where adequate preparation would be required is met at once by "pressure" from the numerous groups of families that have come to look upon teaching appointments in the local schools as the vested right of their daughters

A National Scandal

UNDER these conditions, it is not surprising that the material rewards of public school service have become all but a national scandal, and amount to an educational crisis. And in all of the Provinces the situation is equally bad. In Ontario—where the lower educational salaries are about the average in the Dominion—the conditions are thus graphically set out by a recent newspaper report. It says:

"The investigation made by Superintendent Cody into the financial affairs of the school teachers, while not all complete, discloses a serious condition. Some of the teachers suffer from an actual deficit, which means that they are living partly on the savings of other years. Not only are they not making any provision for their old age, but they are actually getting poorer and poorer each year. And to make matters worse, most of these have dependents. How can a teacher take a proper interest in her work when it does not pay her a living wage? There are others, too, who are just able to live on their salaries, but are unable to put anything aside.

"But there are worse

(*Continued on page 35*)

TO PARENTS—

Your children are not receiving proper educational advantages. This article outlines the appalling conditions possibly in YOUR community. A Federal Bureau of Education is the remedy. Write us *to-day*. Tell us the state of educational affairs in your village, town or city. Only by concentrated appeal can reforms be effected.

TO TEACHERS—

What is lacking in your school? Is your salary sufficient for your living requirements? Do you get proper co-operation from your school board to bring about necessary improvements? How far is your school from your place of residence? What assistance could the Government give you? Write us. We may be able to help you.

STARTLING FACTS—

The percentage of illiterates in Australia is 1.08.

The percentage of illiterates in New South Wales is 2.

The percentage of illiterates in Queensland is 2.05.

The percentage of illiterates in the United States is 7.07.

The percentage of illiterates in Canada is 11.45.

Sovereigns Who No Longer Reign

EX-QUEEN Sophie of Greece, sister of the Kaiser and a great believer in "Deutchland über alles" and when it came out of the war "under allies" instead, she and her husband retired to private life.

EX-KING NICHOLAS of Montenegro is now living in Italy with his wife, Ex-Queen Melina, and their family. He fought heroically with his brave little army for the Allied cause, but his tiny country was overrun by the Austrians, and since the war a revolution has deprived him of his throne. His chances of coming back are, however, much brighter than those of the other ex-royalties. His eldest daughter is the Queen of Italy.

MR. WILLIAM Hohenzollern, formerly of Berlin, and now of Holland. Owing to the chilliness of the Berlin atmosphere, Mr. Hohenzollern was forced to change his abode. It is understood that Mr. Hohenzollern suffered largely of delusions of world dominion and equality with "Gott." At present the Ex-Emperor wears a beard, dresses in civilian clothes, "says nothing, and saws wood."

EX-KING Constantine of Greece looks quite like a private gentleman in this photograph, which was taken in Paris during a recent visit. Constantine now lives in a small house in Switzerland and wishes he had guessed right as to who would win the war and not backed his Geraoca brother-in-law, the Kaiser, quite so heavily.

THE EX-KING, or Czar of Bulgaria, as he preferred to be called, backed the wrong side and was asked by his people to step down from his tottering throne. He is now mixing in ex-royal circles in Switzerland. Ferdinand was not a Bulgarian but an obscure German prince, a younger son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, when in 1887 he was chosen by the great powers of Europe to rule over a state but lately freed from Turkish dominion.

MR. AND MRS. HAPSBURG, formerly leading citizens of Vienna are now living a retired life in Switzerland. Before defeat menaced the Austrian Armies and a revolution drove them from the throne, this pleasant looking couple were known as the Emperor Karl Franz Joseph of Austria, and King of Hungary, and his wife was the Empress Zita.

THE EX-EMPRESS EUGENIE lost her throne nearly fifty years before the great war. She reached her ninety-third year early in December. She lives in England but visits France frequently where she has a villa at Cap Martin. Her husband was Emperor Napoleon III. Eugenie is immensely wealthy, but has led a very quiet and retired life for nearly fifty years. In her youth, when she was simply Eugenie de Montigo, Countess of Teba, a gypsy prophesied that she would one day be a queen and live to be 100 "a little more or less."

A few simple rules that bring Loveliness

Occasionally you meet girls who are beautiful without effort; but most lovely people are lovely because *they know the rules.* To make the powder stay on, to prevent roughness, dullness, lines—requires intelligent care. Here are a few simple rules, approved by skin specialists, which every woman would do well to follow.

Never permit your face to look shiny; never let your skin look tired

Powder?—Yes. Just enough powder to have that soft, *natural* look. And when you powder, do it to *last.* Powdering in public is an admission that you are uneasy about your appearance.

The only way to make powder *stay* on is—*not* to put on an excessive amount—but to begin with the right powder base. Then you can carefully powder your face, and never have a moment's concern about its losing its soft, fresh appearance.

Never use a cold cream for a powder base. It is too oily. The right powder base is a greaseless, disappearing cream. Take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—a tiny bit—on your finger tips. Rub it lightly into your face. Instantly it disappears, leaving your skin smoother. Now powder as usual. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—how natural it looks. You will find that it will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. You need never again fear a shiny face.

This Pond's Vanishing Cream is the best means, too, of freshening your skin when you are tired, yet must look your best. Just a bit of it rubbed into the skin relaxes in a moment the strained look around the mouth and eyes and brings new transparency to your complexion.

The bedtime cleansing that brings a clear skin. Never retire without it

Do you want to know why your skin is not always clear? Look at the cloth after cleansing your face with a cream that is prepared especially for cleansing. The dust will horrify you. It will make you realize that a dull looking skin is often nothing more or less than a skin not thoroughlv cleansed.

The only means of keeping the skin clear of the dust that gets lodged deep within its pores is the cold cream bath. For this, Vanishing Cream will not do, for Vanishing Cream has no oil. The right cream for cleansing is one prepared with an *oil base,* specially for that purpose. At night rub Pond's *Cold* Cream into the pores of face, neck and hands, and wipe it off with a soft cloth. The formula for this cream was especially worked out to supply just the amount of oil to give it the highest cleansing power. Use it regularly in this way, and your skin will keep clear.

Chapping is a sign of carelessness

So is roughness. You can keep your skin as smooth as rose leaves all winter long. To go out even in the milder weather of winter without protecting your skin is simply reckless. Always, before going out, smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face and hands. It softens the skin instantly, so that the cold cannot do it the least harm. It is a good idea to carry a tube of it right in your hand bag so that immediately before and after skating or motoring you can soften your hands and face with it. In this way the delicate texture of the finest skin will never suffer from exposure.

Why you need two kinds of cream, one with an oil base and one without

Remember, that for a powder base, for freshening the skin at a moment's notice, and to prevent chapping and roughness, you cannot use a cold cream. For this you need a cream without an oil base. Therefore, for all daytime and evening uses, apply Pond's *Vanishing* Cream. It is based on an ingredient which physicians have recommended for years for its softening, beautifying properties. It contains no oil, and it will not reappear in a shine.

On the other hand, for cleansing and massage it is Pond's *Cold* Cream that you should use. This has just the amount of oil necessary to remove the dust that lodges deep in the pores of the skin—and just the consistency for a good massage.

Neither of these creams will encourage the growth of hair on the face.

Get a jar or tube of each cream today at any drug or department store. You will realize for the first time how lovely your skin can be.

Catch the little lines before they grow big

By starting in time you can keep your face free of the wretched little lines that *will* keep starting. Once a week iron out these lines with a Pond's Cold Cream massage. Work from the center of the face outwards and upwards with Pond's Cold Cream. If your skin has a tendency to be rough and dry, leave a little of the cream on your face over night. By morning it will all be absorbed and your skin greatly improved in suppleness. Pond's Cold Cream has just the smoothness and body required to make a perfect massage cream.

Free sample tubes—mail this coupon

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Please send me, *free,* the items checked:

Sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream.
Sample of Pond's Cold Cream.

Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:

A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream.
A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream.

Name.....

Street.....

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Made in Canada

POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil

Welch's Grapelade

Some of the delightful ways to use Grapelade described in the Booklet of tested recipes

Grapelade Tapioca
Grapelade Ice Cream
Grapelade Mousse
Grapelade Tarts
Grapelade Mound
Grapelade Souffle
Ruby Apples

a pure grape jam

A new delicacy for the table. A Welch quality product, made of whole ripe grapes with all their juice and richness.

As a spread for bread, toast, muffins or scones, Grapelade is incomparable. As a filling for jelly roll and pastry, as a flavor for puddings, a sauce for meats and omelets, Grapelade brings a new idea to cookery, a new delight to the taste.

The delicate flavor of Grapelade is the flavor of fresh and luscious grapes. Removal of skins, seeds and acid crystals by patented Welch process gives a wonderful smoothness. Nothing else is taken away—only pure sugar is added. Grapelade has been aptly described as "honey of grapes".

One of the happiest uses of Grapelade is for Grapelade ice cream. It gives a beautiful coloring and retains that taste of fresh grapes that everybody likes so well.

Your grocer can supply Grapelade in 15 oz. glass jars and in enamel-lined tins. Write for a Booklet of tested recipes.

Other Welch Quality pure fruit products are Fruitlade (Grape-Raspberry and other fruits), Peachlade, Plumlade and Cherrilade. All packed in 15 oz. glass jars.

The Welch Co., Limited, St. Catharines, Ontario

The Hills of Desire

Ill. by T. V. McCARTHY

Final Instalment of This Serial

By RICHARD AUMERLE MAHER

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For Synopsis of preceding chapters see page 52

CHARLES of Burgundy Comes, Thirteen-Fifty-Eight—"

"He's a boob if he comes here!"

"That don't mean comes, you nut," some scholar elucidated. "*Comes* means Duke. Charles, Duke of Burgundy. He built the bridge."

"Wish t'ell he'd built it straight east and west." Don Mallett threw down the thin stone tablet in disgust. It had landed a moment before in the pit of his stomach. A German shell exploding a little distance on the other side of the bridge coping had gently lobbed the stone plate out of the wall where it had rested four and a half centuries and shied it playfully at Mallet where he sat on the ground.

When Charles of Burgundy had his name cut in that stone tablet and had it set in the bridge he did not foresee Mallet, nor the need of a bridge running east and west.

But Mallet was here, and fifteen others, all heartily approving his wish for a slight change in the alignment of the bridge, all except a German machine gunner and an American corporal who lay head to head close under the coping of the wall, with the body of a "pup" tent stretched impartially over their heads, and who did not care.

This party, with a lieutenant in command, had crossed the river to the north side before dawn. Behind them from the hills beyond the river the American artillery, as fast as it could come up to the river brow, was getting to work, firing high above this party and a score of other parties that had crossed the river in the dark under orders to find cover and stay.

In the dark they had stumbled into a machine gun position on this little bridge over the dry bed of a creek. They had gone over the five-foot coping on their bellies, their rifles with bayonets fixed swinging free in their hands.

Of the five Germans who had been on the bridge only the man now lying here unconscious had seen the dawn come down the valley a few minutes later. For, as Patsy Murtha had remarked:

"That 'Kamarad' stuff's all right when you can see what their hands are doin'. But, in the dark—!"

With the coming of the light five of the men had put on the tunics and helmets of those who had lately held the place and had stood about the guns, to show enemy watchers on the slopes and in the gullies to the north that things were quite as they should be, while the remainder of the men hid themselves under the coping of the bridge.

But the ruse did not avail them long. And this was why Don Mallet was dissatisfied with the direction of the bridge. If it had run more nearly east and west they would have been invisible from a certain wooded gully that cut down through the hill beyond the bridge and which, as happened, lay directly in line with the bridge.

The full light had revealed the men in American uniforms strung along under the coping of the bridge. What the German machine gunners in the gully thought is not pertinent. A driving blast of wind swept across the bridge propelled by a rain of machine gun bullets which cleaned the bridge as swiftly as if a giant broom were sweeping ants off it.

The five men on the bridge came tumbling over the coping rolling the machine guns with them and falling in grunting heaps among their friends. It seemed that they were quite miraculously unscathed from the blast which had driven them from the bridge. For when they had gotten to sitting postures, the five, in prompt concert, ripped off the German jackets, wadded them into the helmets and shied the whole over the bank down into the dry bed of the creek below the bridge. That this action was not merely a matter of sentiment was proven by the fact that the five immediately pulled off their own clean American shirts and began to shake and search them severely. These men had not now for weeks lived in an established trench or dugout. From away beyond the Ourcq to here, above the Vesle, they had come by foot, always in the open, drifting and seeping, drifting and seeping, in and out among the rear lines of a foe who always retreated yet who always kicked back murderously. Sometimes they had fought as part of a battalion, creeping in a long Indian file around a nest of machine guns, dragging themselves prone through the grass or the standing grain, until the line was near enough to spring yelling upon the surrounded foe. They had fought and drifted, singly, in squads, going forward sometimes in dozens, dribbling back through in twos and threes. They had learned to sleep behind a fallen tree trunk with machine gun bullets sifting above their noses. But for three blessed weeks they had lived in the open, crossing running water every day—and they were body clean! The five men were at that moment more afraid of German lice than they were of the wind of death that was driving over their heads. All values are, of course, relative.

Sergeant Jimmie Wardwell, his body well hidden by the deep foliage of the tree in which he had taken his post, poked a long-nosed rifle out across a limb. It was a hunting rifle that he had borrowed one day two years ago from a Canadian named Bray Stewart, a long-limbed fellow with a friendly grin, a gentle gray eye, and an unconquerable obsession that this war was a deer hunt. Stewart was irrevocably convinced that if "they" really wanted to win the war they only had to put enough North Ontario farmer boys up in convenient trees and pot all the Germans on earth, up to five hundred yards. He had a scheme for making salt licks in No Man's Land.

But Stewart, Jock as they called him—all Stewarts are called Jock—had been sent into the mud flats of the upper Lys, where there were no trees, and where the best possible shelter was a ditch two thirds full of water. And Jock, on the very day when in mere discouragement he had lent the long hunting rifle to Wardwell—for what conceivable purpose the rifle had either been borrowed or lent will never be known—Jock that day inhaled some of the first poison gas which the progressive Hun had used, and Jock had lain face down in his ditch and drowned.

"How is it, Dear," he asked, plainly knowing that Augusto was there with him. "Are we going on, or do we stay? Whichever it is, you know, I'm for you."

WARDWELL had taken this as a personal and gratuitous injury. He had not known Jock very much, for Wardwell had just come over from a training camp in England and had been filtered into Jock's Company, while Stewart had come over with the Canadian regiment almost in the beginning. Jock was a veteran soldier of nineteen, while Jimmie was green and a Yank to boot. But Wardwell had listened respectfully to Jock's lies about the hunting in the hills far up on the road to Cobalt, where they saw snow ten months of every year. And Jimmie had lied moderately and with good judgment about the hunting in his own hills. They had respected each other.

Since then Wardwell had kept the rifle by him, in violation of the Articles of War, in more or less secret defiance of barrack sergeants, against the expressed wishes of high and low command, and to the death of many individual Germans who never saw him.

A tall German under officer strutted out from the woody shelter of the gully between the hills and stood boldly out on the slope. Evidently he thought that he was out of effective range and he saw that his own guns were not reaching the men strung under the coping of the bridge. He must get a gun out on the slope here where it could sweep the Americans where they lay. His problem was as plain to his intended victims as it was to himself. The boys were already swinging their captured machine guns into line.

"Hold your cannon till you need them," said the lieutenant, speaking quietly from where he lay out in the grass half way between the men and Wardwell's tree. "If Heine'll just hold that pose for another couple of seconds, Wardwell will—"

Wardwell did. Jock's long rifle grunted once. The German put his hand up sharply to his throat, turned half around, then gave a funny little attempt at a jump sidewise, as though something had suddenly risen in the path before him, and slid bumping down into the grass.

Two German privates came out of the cover and stood over the body of the fallen man. Wardwell held his hand, while his companions below waited, understanding. If these two had come out risking their lives to drag a wounded officer to shelter he would not shoot.

One of the men leaned down examining the prone figure in the grass. He straightened up almost immediately and made a deliberate kick at the body. The officer was dead.

Not one man of those watching by the bridge offered a word of comment. They had been daily, hourly, learning strange things about this enemy as they fought and followed him. But they had come to no conclusions except the one safe one that Wardwell presently punctuated.

The man who had taken a kick at the dead man now stood with his legs straddled wide apart looking down at the bridge. He did not seem to expect any danger, and since Wardwell was using smokeless powder and there was plainly no firing from the men who could be seen, it is quite possible that the German thought the officer had been killed by a stray bullet from his own side. When Wardwell fired again, it seemed to the boys in their eagerness that they could almost follow the bullet in its course.

They could, in fact, only see that the man dropped vertically like a stone dropping, but some one said excitedly:

"Eight hundred feet and over, and a clean drill between the eyes! that ain't luck, that's hate."

"You've got good eyes if you can see all that," drawled a Yankee boy from Northern New York. "But he does seem to have a kind of a prejudice against the Beerheads, at that."

"He ain't like us here," explained a philosopher from Glens Falls. "We come here to fight 'cause the fightin's good here. But this Wardwell gent, he's seen too much. He aint fightin' Germans now. He's executin' them. He uses a rifle 'cause he can't get to 'em with a rope."

The remaining German had started running for the shelter of the ravine, but Wardwell's chance shot at the moving target caught him in the hip and he tumbled headlong down out of sight.

Wardwell had come far since a day long ago upon the hills above the lake when he had drawn what he thought was a perfect sight on a chipmunk's eyes at fifty feet and had ruined a perfectly good sap bucket which hung forgotten a good six feet below where the chipmunk had been.

Developments soon showed what the officer had had in mind when he came out on the slope of the hill. Sand bags and stones began flying up out of the ravine until they formed a respectable pile on the edge of the hill. Behind these came loose dirt hastily shovelled over and beginning to mark the line of a trench. The Germans were burrowing into the side of the hill. They would quickly run a shallow trench along the slope of the hill to a point fifty feet or so in the open, from which point, when they had dragged a heavy machine gun to it, they could sweep the Americans from where they lay under the wall of the little bridge.

The boys quickly trained the captured guns upon the moving line of dirt where it seemed as though a big mole was nosing his way along the face of the hill. But the elevation was sharply against them, and the lieutenant saw that they were hitting nothing for there was no mark above the dirt.

"Save your ammunition," he commanded, "and cover up the guns. They might be handy if we had to come back this way in a hurry.

"Put the two wounded men under the bridge and take cover in the creek bed."

The two men were quickly eased down into the dry water course under the

(Continued on page 45)

"For generations past the men of our family have been everything a man should be."

Letitia's "Ophelia"

Love Is Elusive, but Letitia Had Her Own Way of Capturing It

By W. R. GILBERT

Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore

"MY DARLING, it is quite impossible!"

"But why? Surely——"

"The wife of a Hope-Gordon on the stage! A professional actress! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

Letitia Avory turned her head away and looked out of the carriage window. She was bitterly disappointed, and had no wish for her companion to see the tears that filled her eyes.

"I'm not the wife of a Hope-Gordon yet," she said calmly, "and—and I've always had a great desire to play 'Ophelia.' I know the part so well—I should be certain to make a 'hit'."

The tall, handsome man at her side crossed his legs fretfully.

"You are going be my wife," he said.

"And that is success enough?" she said, smiling at him.

Her smile was irresistible, and, though reluctantly, he returned it.

"Seriously, my dear, I wish you would realize that your stage career is now at an end. And I trust you won't talk to mother about 'hits'; I am afraid she might think it vulgar. Let us forget everything," he added quickly, "except that you are to be my wife—Mrs. Arthur Hope-Gordon!"

Impulsively he took her in his arms and kissed her reverently on the brow. She submitted to his caress in silence. For a woman who had only been engaged for three short weeks she was wonderfully long-suffering; already she was deeply steeped in Hope-Gordon lore. To an actress of the first rank on the threshold of recognition, an engagement to marry had not come as an unalloyed pleasure, but Letitia, realizing that there were better things than the realization of mere personal ambition and the reward of years of self-sacrificing uphill work, had yielded to her lover's impassioned appeals.

If she was conscious of having made a sacrifice, she expected no recognition of the fact from the man for whom she had made it; only occasionally did she even regret his indifference to an art in and about which her whole life had previously centred. She loved him with passionate devotion, and regretted her apprenticeship to the stage only because the skill acquired in it promised no source of future pleasure to him. But, in spite of herself, her one-time hopes could not be quelled at a moment's notice.

On that very morning—the morning of her journey to Hope Court for a formal introduction to her fiance's mother—had come the offer of a part which she had long desired to play. In the train she had tentatively suggested accepting the offer for the brief period that must elapse before her wedding.

The terms in which the refusal was couched daunted her more than the refusal itself and filled her with forebodings as to the outcome of her visit. Arthur Hope-Gordon represented Hope-Gordonism at its best; he hated her connection with the stage, but he had not hesitated to leave his pedestal for the stage-door when love awaited him there. What this meant to him, hide-bound as he was by certain strict conventions, Letitia knew. But how would Hope-Gordonism at its worst—in the person of Mrs. Hope-Gordon—take it all?

This problem engaged Letitia's attention until he train came to a standstill at her destination.

"They've made a mistake about the train—the carriage is not here!"

Arthur's voice roused Letitia out of a day-dream induced by the splendid moorland surroundings. She smiled at the annoyance depicted on his face.

"We can walk," she said affably.

"Walk!" If she had said, "We can hop," his tone could not have been more reproachful.

The station-master brought a chair for her on to the platform, and, having seated herself upon it, she regarded the confusion of porters, carriers and others, who clearly blamed themselves for the absence of a vehicle. In the abject attitude of these rustics she saw the sway of Hope-Gordonism in the plenitude of its power.

IN DUE course the omission was rectified; a carriage was secured, and after a short drive she found herself at Hope Court. It was a place of dreamy beauty—not oppressively large, but architecture at its best, mellowed by age. Even Arthur had failed to do it justice. Right opposite to the house, flanked by trees, a large pool glowed red in the evening sunlight.

"You like it?" said Arthur.

She nodded and smiled. Her complete satisfaction could not have been expressed in any other way.

He took her by the hand and led her towards the house; his expression was distinctly strained and his action seemed calculated to offer her protection. Letitia read him like a book, knowing that he feared for her in the coming encounter with his mother.

Essentially a woman who required no assistance in the dark phases of life, she smiled happily.

All her misgivings were a thing of the past. To no Hope-Gordon could the beauty of it all appeal more strongly than to this New York actress.

In the low panelled drawing-room tea awaited them, but no Mrs. Hope-Gordon.

The housekeeper informed Arthur that his mother wished to see him in private.

He hesitated perceptibly, then looked at Letitia.

"You will excuse me, dear, one minute?" he asked.

"You never told me your mother was ill, darling!" she said.

He flushed quickly, dimly conscious that his intended wife was capable of recognizing an insult even from a Hope-Gordon.

"She isn't ill, but she is old, you know, and can't get about very easily. Probably she has a wish to welcome you in another room."

Alone, Letitia took tea, but she did not eat. Unknown to herself, she was at a point of high tension.

WHY had not Arthur told her frankly of his mother's antagonism to herself? Why had he not said that the old lady would be dead against her because she was an actress and was about to marry him? It would have come so naturally from him, and for his sake she could have borne with the vagaries of a myriad relatives. She had known that opposition existed—from his behaviour, from his references to his mother, his nervousness on the journey, in a thousand ways. Was this Hope-Gordonism—to let one's wife be openly insulted by one's mother? Mrs. Hope-Gordon had deliberately refrained from sending the carriage; her remaining in another room now could be nothing but a calculated insult.

After all, it was not his fault—she did not blame him; but had not a man certain rights? Would a man who really loved a woman let respect or even devotion for his mother stand in the way when his mother was clearly wrong? Did his mother's opinion weigh so heavily with him that it might sap his love—alter his opinion of the woman he had promised to marry? Could it be that at heart he was a little ashamed of her?

Suddenly Letitia became conscious of an odd sensation of loneliness. Whatever it might mean, her life was now bound up in Hope-Gordonism. She had given her love to this man!

She coughed twice—her throat seemed strangely tight. Yes, she was actually on the point of becoming emotional! What a pity she could not play Ophelia! How very, very much she would love to play that part!

"Letitia, this is my mother!"

Though Letitia was taken utterly by surprise, for Arthur and his mother had come very silently into the room, it was her fiance's method of effecting the introduction rather than his unexpected presence there that made her stand up quickly and murmur—stupidly, she felt—"Oh, yes!" Even in the short pause that followed, flustered and ill at ease as she was, the actress was weighing the significance of things which neither of the other two could realize.

"This is my mother—this is my mother!" she was saying to herself. "He is showing his mother to me, not me to his mother. His voice has never expressed pride in me as it did just now in her. But surely he ought to have said, 'Mother, this is she!'"

"My dear, I have to welcome you to Hope Court!"

LETITIA came out of her day-dream at the touch of Mrs. Hope-Gordon's hand. She returned the handshake with a sense of relief. Of all things in the world at that moment she dreaded the most having to kiss Mrs. Hope-Gordon, but apparently such a possibility had never been contemplated by the other, who seated herself upon a low chair with her back to the light.

"I regard you, Miss Avory," continued the elder woman, "as a singularly fortunate person."

Arthur looked at his mother in slight confusion and laughed.

"Now, mother!" he said warningly. It was evident he was entirely satisfied with her behaviour now, whatever his misgivings had been previously.

"How queer they are!" thought Letitia. "And how devoted! Evidently nothing is to be said about my chilling welcome. Arthur must have foregone that on condition that she behaves herself now. She's charming—not a bit what I imagined! and he isn't afraid of her, only afraid for her, perhaps because he is so devoted—that is all."

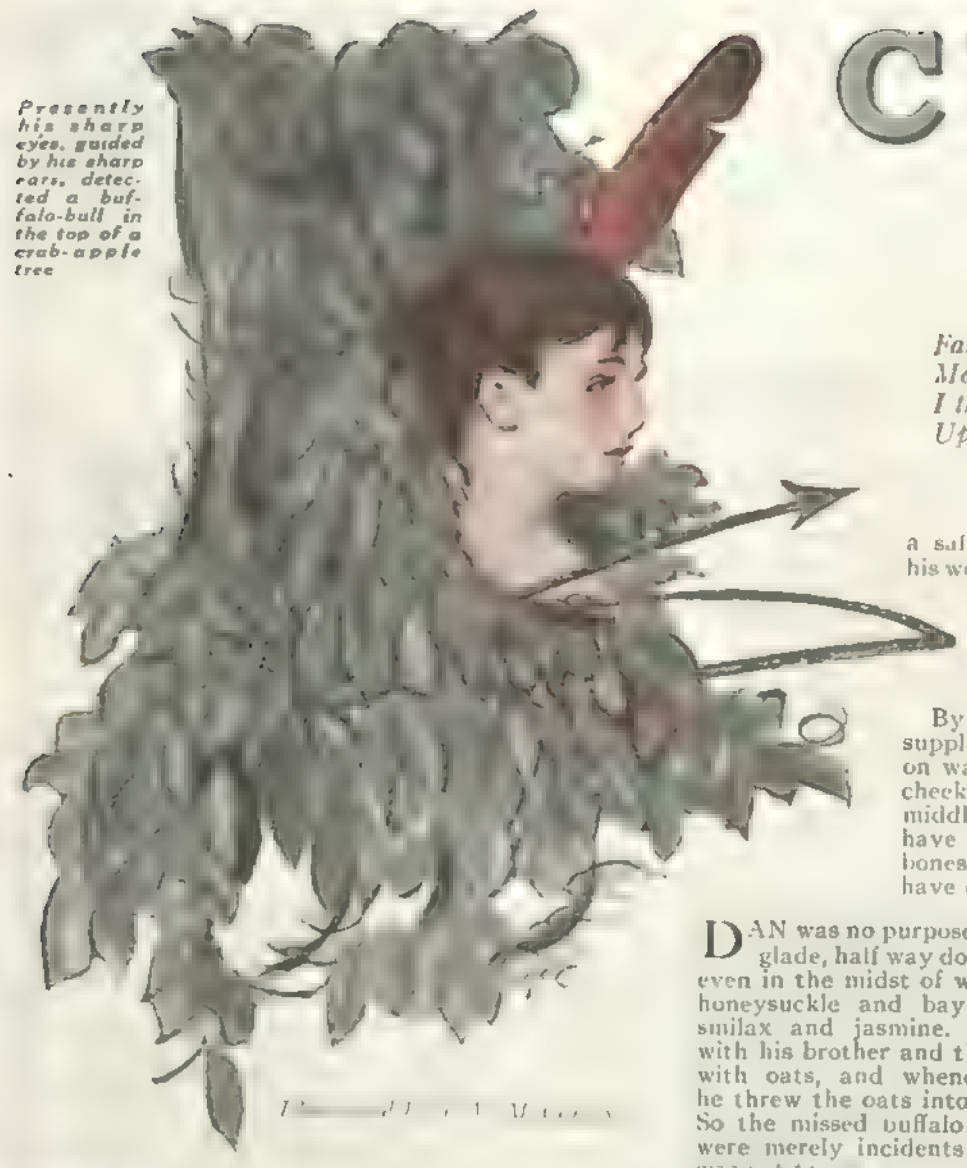
"I know I am lucky," she said, smiling across at Mrs. Hope-Gordon. But she didn't know anything of the sort. She was on the verge of tears or hysteria, or something that she could not define.

"As any sensible woman would," said Mrs. Hope-Gordon calmly, "He is a typical Hope-Gordon, and for generations past the men of our family have been everything a man should be." (*Continued on page 28*)

She was half-way down the staircase now, and not by so much as the tremor of an eyelid did her aspect change as the light of the lamp revealed the waiting figure at the foot.

CUPID

By GOUVERNEUR MORRIS



Presently his sharp eyes, guided by his sharp ears, detected a buffalo-bull in the top of a crab-apple tree

Father's in the study,
Mother's in the hall;
I therefore place these thumb-marks
Upon the parlour wall.

For once the whipping's over,
The pain will wear away;
But the thumb-marks on the parlour wall
Will stay and stay and stay.

—Dreams of Immortality.

HIS PARENTS were at the Golf Club; his brother was playing in a children's tennis tournament at the Merrimans. His governess, as the Japanese butler remarked, was enjoying a bilious attack. Faustine, the parlour maid, who was supposed to be looking after him, had just run up to her room to fetch a sun hat. And so Dan took his bow and arrows from the umbrella stand in the front hall, and melted very swiftly into the thickest part of the landscape. He passed under a bower of honeysuckle, sighed and stood still. Faustine, he knew, would look for him only along the sandy open road to Aiken. She had a horror of bowers, because it was well known to her that in such places snakes abode.

Presently, just as Dan expected, the parlour maid ran out of the house, making a noise like a frightened hen, and disappeared calling, "Master Dan!—Master Dan!" around a bend of the Aiken road. Master Dan made the noise that is spelled U-g-h. Then he turned to his people and addressed them in the following words: "Wa-wa-[illegible] mucka mucka [illegible] wuck." The old men, the squaws, and the little Dan grunted an emphatic approval. They were starving, but Mototopah (The Four Bears) had spoken, promising a great hunt, and at the end of it a heap eat.

It was 80 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade.

Mototopah laid his bow and his quiver full of arrows upon the ground, and stripped himself stark naked. The dappled sunlight fell upon a sturdy body of pink and brown gutta percha. Upon the upper left arm a vaccination scar glistened like a silver coin. The boy looked like a Praxiteles Cupid without the wings. But when he found a feather and stuck it over one ear he thought he really resembled that famous Mandan chief, Mototopah (The Four Bears).

He caught up his bow, slung the quiver across his shoulders and, very beautiful in fact, but in imagination much more so, moved cautiously onward through the thickets that skirt the Sand River. Now and then he looked down at his feet. Yes, he was walking pigeon-toed. It was getting to be second nature, and thank the Great Spirit for that.

Dan had often heard his father speak of game laws. But Dan's father and his kind were mere white men, trespassers and despoilers. Dan was a red man, as you could see by his bright blue eyes, and his close cropped, curly golden hair. The blood of Uncas, The Bounding Elk, flowed in his veins. Of white men "without a cross," there was but the one with whom Dan was on terms of confidence, 'Deerslayer," sometimes hight 'La Longue Carabine.' Therefore the laws of the white man were not, for Dan. Where he pleased, there he might hunt, and when. The country was his, East and West to the Great Salt Lakes, and North to the land of summer snow. Furthermore, his people were so hungry that they would have drunk soda water and eaten cookies, and the pen cannot make a self respecting Indian any more wantonly hungry than that. But Dan was determined to feast them on buffalo meat.

Presently his sharp eyes, guided by his sharp ears, detected a buffalo bull in the top of a crab-apple tree. She was singing a little trilling song of speckled eggs. But that doesn't matter. Dan missed by the thickness of his thumb, and the buffalo bull spread her wings and flew away.

"UGH," grunted the hunter, and was a long time finding the arrow. But during the search a great joy came to him. Briefly stated, he was captured by a hostile tribe, who tied him to a stake and thrust burning splinters into his legs. He, however, with a sudden wrench, burst his bonds, and escaped (even though divers yelling braves pursued on horseback) by the swiftness of his feet. He had borne his torture calmly and smiling. Gaining a safe place, he halted to examine his wounds. The Great Spirit had indeed been good to him. Three of the scratches (there were twenty-nine altogether) made by the wild blackberry vines, were actually oozing blood.

By squeezing Dan increased the supply until he was able to put on war paint; three streaks on each cheek, and a roundish stain in the middle of his forehead. He would have preferred a skull and cross-bones upon his chest, but you can't have everything.

DAN was no purposeless hunter. There is a certain glade, half way down the Sand River, surrounded even in the midst of winter by walls of living green, honeysuckle and bay trees, and cedar, and wild smilax and jasmine. Whenever Dan went riding with his brother and the groom, he filled his pockets with oats, and whenever he passed near enough, he threw the oats into this glade, to bait the game. So the missed buffalo and the capture and escape, were merely incidents of travel. The real hunting was yet to come.

The glade's level, sanded floor and the trees shading it were occupied by a large, if scattered, herd of buffalo; and one fat blue one offered a sufficiently tempting mark to Dan in his stealthy, creeping approach. He rose cautiously to his knees, fitted an arrow to the string, and drew it slowly to his ear.

Miss Livingston and Mr. Campbell, who were walking their horses down Sand River, chose this exact psychological moment to canter. The sudden beat of hoofs and a merry laugh by Miss Livingston, frightened the buffalo and disturbed Dan's aim. Shaft and quarry flew at one and the same instant; quarry across Sand River to the top of a long needle pine, and shaft through the very center of the space lately occupied by quarry. All the game in and about the glades scattered with little piping cries of fright.

Miss Livingston reined her horse to a walk.

"Did you see, Phil?"

"See what?"

"Cupid, with his bow and arrow, back there in the laurel."

"I felt something here," said Campbell, smiling, and he laid his hand over his heart—"something sharp like an arrow. But I didn't see the great hunter."

"It was a beautiful little boy without any clothes on, and he was shooting a bow and arrow at a blue jay."

"I wish the arrow had hit you," said Campbell. "I wish it had drilled into your granite heart, and was barbed so it wouldn't come out."

"Please," she said, "don't snatch at everything as an excuse for making silly speeches. I don't like you when you aren't sensible. It—it gets boring after a time."

Campbell spoke with a faint show of temper.

"You don't credit me with either seriousness or honesty."

She did not answer him until, still walking, the horses came to the little brook at the end of Sand River. Beyond this brook the road climbs a hill, and there is no shade.

"It's too hot to cross the Rubicon," said Miss Livingston. "Let's go back the way we came."

They turned and rode a long time in silence.

"Sometimes," said Campbell, "I wonder if you'd feel any sorrow whatever if I were struck dead at your feet."

She chose to answer with levity.

"It would be frightfully embarrassing," she said, "I shouldn't have the slightest idea what to do. Of course, if there were people about I could beg the question by screaming; but if it should happen here and now—Oh, my God! Oh, Phillip——"

DAN had waited with genuine aboriginal patience and stoicism for the happy return of the buffalo to their happy feeding ground. He crouched motionless and alert, deep among the laurel bushes, an arrow ready on the string. The first buffalo to return were a pair of very young lovers who had quarreled. The male was almost bursting himself with efforts to make it up, but the female flew from tree to tree, and from branch to branch, and wouldn't be pacified. The male was in a perfect agony of fear and remorse.

It seemed that the two had married (without their parents' consent) and had started to build a tiny house. Well, when it was only half finished, the little wife, who was dreadfully inexperienced, laid an egg, and as the house wasn't finished, there was no place to put it, and it fell to the ground and broke. The young husband, who thought himself rather a bird of the world, instead of comforting her and making much of her, laughed, and told

(Continued on page 58)

They turned and rode a long time in silence. "Sometimes," said Campbell, "I wonder if you'd feel any sorrow whatever if I were struck dead at your feet." She chose to answer with levity. "It would be frightfully embarrassing," she said, "I shouldn't have the slightest idea what to do."

EVERYWOMAN'S HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

Food and Housekeeping Efficiency

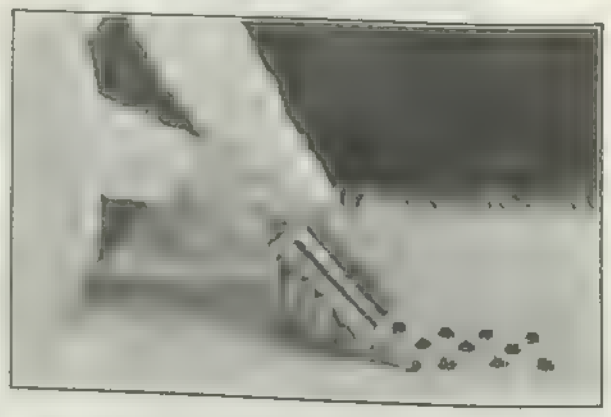
Edited by Katherine M. Caldwell B.A.

How To Use The Pastry Tube

MOST of us have wondered just how lady fingers are made. They are usually too irregular to have been molded, and yet too even to have been dropped from a spoon. The favourite method is to fill the batter into a pastry tube which has been fitted with the outlet that has the plain, round hole about ⅜ inches wide. Give the top of the bag a turn, and hold it in the right hand. The guiding is done by the left hand, held near the point. Turn the hands a very little, towards each other, which will compress the bag and force the batter out. Draw the bag gently nearer to you, thus dropping the little ribbon of cake mixture on the baking sheet or pan. When the "finger" is the desired size, stop squeezing and lift the tube quickly, not allowing the batter to thicken or bulge at the end. It is amazing how speedy this will become, and the most shapely fingers result. Two of the flat surfaces are pressed together immediately the cakes are taken from the oven. Small fancy cakes are easily made in the same manner—a little experimenting with the various shaped outlets will soon demonstrate the variety to be achieved.

WE ARE all alike in our appreciation of a daintily set table, and attractively served food. But we are *not* all equally successful in achieving those very desirable evidences of clever housekeeping. The pastry bag or tube is one of those kitchen aids which will do perhaps more than any other device, to transform plain dishes into attractive ones, and add those knowing touches that are so mysterious to anyone who is ignorant of the method used, and so simple to the person who is in the secret.

The details of the equipment used—a very modest one will answer all needs of the average household—are given in the Experiment Kitchen Department on page 13. The cost is small, and the gratification, as one gains expertness and evolves new ways to use the pastry tube, is very great.



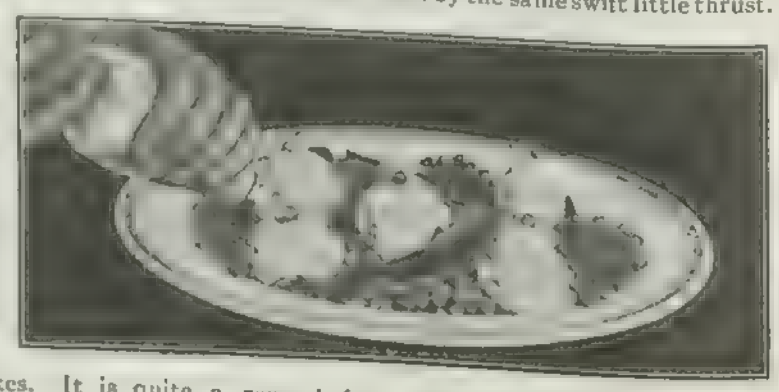
THE FINER type of piping is illustrated above—the sort of work the confectioners do on all their more elaborate cakes. Chocolate or coloured icing on white is used and three outlets have been brought into action a fairly wide, rather plain one, for the outer rim of coloured frosting, a more deeply indented one to make the inner, and a more wavy line, and a very fine point for the "writing." This part requires more care and time than anything demonstrated thus far, as a steady hand and deliberate motion count quite considerably.

The scope of the pastry tube along this line is only limited by the cakes one bakes. It is quite a reward for making them this interesting bit of decorating at the end—and appeals to every woman.

A NEW treatment for fudge, maple-cream, fondant, divinity or any other creamy candy, is to put it through the tube, using a serrated outlet, and making jolly little rosettes and stars that look for all the world like the product of your high-class confectioner.

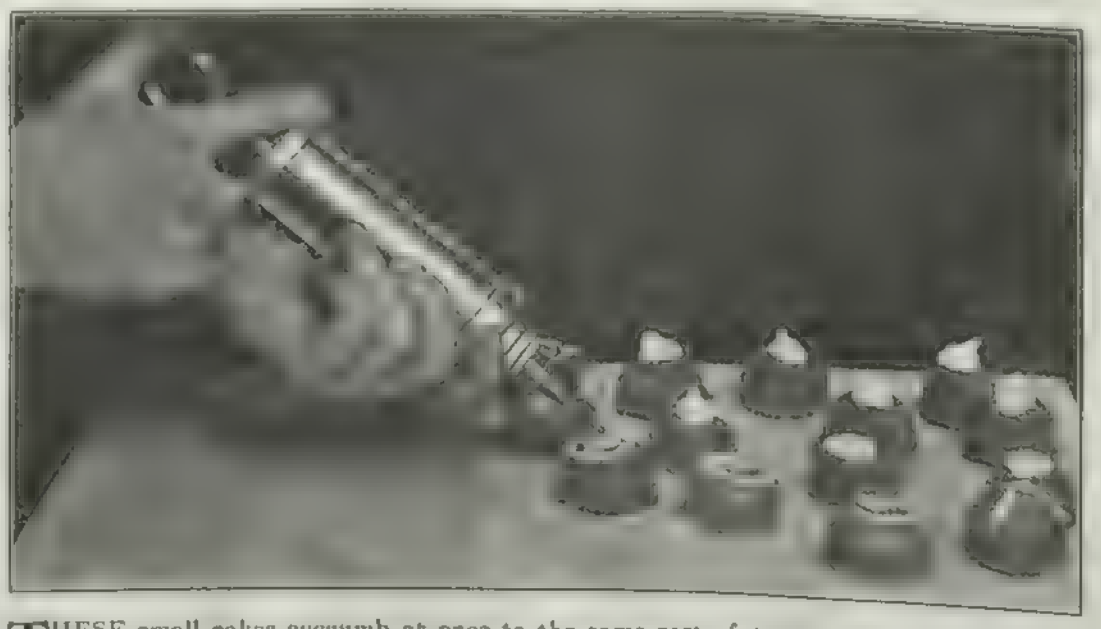
This bit of work with the pastry bag, like the rosettes on the cream cake and the little cakes below, calls for just one little trick that will come with the first few minutes practice. The mixture is forced through the tube, making a shapely little "dab" on oiled paper or slab. At this point, one just gives a quick little thrust forward, poking the point of the outlet into the candy, which will break off the "stream" and at the same time end the rosette in a pretty little swirling point. It is just at the thrust that the above picture was taken. The cream will follow the tube up, and form the little pointed top-knot that characterizes the "professional's" sweets of this sort.

If the other type of bag is used, instead of pressing the plunger—give it a slight twist; "wring its neck" just enough to force out the mixture, and then end it by the same swift little thrust.



WHIPPED cream lends itself very handsomely to the uses of the pastry bag. Two outlets have been used to decorate this cake—a broad one with a saw-tooth edge is in use in the picture, laying on a wavy band of the cream. The completed cake below shows that a succession of these completely coats the sides of the cake and outlines the top. The little cream rosettes that deck the top of it are made in the same way as the fudge rosettes at the upper right. Each one is topped by a tiny silver candy, of the type to be bought at any confectioners.

This same treatment, using either cream or stiffly whipped and sweetened white of egg, will make a very tempting thing of a custard, cream or chocolate pie, or will elevate an old stand-by like lemon pie to a very aristocratic level.



THESE small cakes succumb at once to the same sort of treatment as that given the larger one above. They may be given a background of frosting first, or the icing (dark on light cakes, light on dark) just piped in varied fashion, right on the cakes themselves. Two or three different outlets have been used here, gaining quite different effects.

THUS far we have demonstrated only those uses for the pastry tube which are of special interest to the possessor of a "sweet-tooth." Its possibilities are by no means limited to the realm of cakes, pastry and sweet-meats.

Our every-day friend, potato, for instance, takes on a new interest for us when mashed and beaten until light and creamy, it is put through the bag, with a large, point-edged outlet, in the form of the rosettes shown here. Or again, try a fancy ribbon border of mashed potato, around the edge of a dish, which, in such guise, we really hesitate to call "hash." A dish of chops or cutlets, on a mound of mashed potato, will be improved by a decorative touch of the same kind—and where we attempt that prince of all methods, plank cookery, the pastry bag is invaluable.

EVERYWOMAN'S HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

Food and Housekeeping Efficiency

Edited by Katherine M. Caldwell B.A.

The Home Cooking Class

In Which We Shall This Month Discuss the Different Classes of Cooking

LEGEND has it that Mark Antony once rewarded the cook who prepared a supper that greatly pleased Cleopatra, by presenting him with a City! Small as are *our* hopes of achieving success that might be so well repaid, we are still inclined to regard a thorough knowledge of the art of cookery as a possession of great worth.

A real knowledge of the different classes of cookery and an appreciation of their "why's" will help materially in the making of a good cook. If we know just what we are trying to accomplish when we cook things a certain way, we shall go about the whole business much more intelligently, and for that reason be quite certain of better results.

We prepare and cook food for a number of reasons, chief amongst them being

1. To soften and break down tissues and cells so as to render mastication easier and increase digestibility. This is well illustrated in the cooking of vegetables—for instance, potatoes or turnips, and meats.

2. To alter the nature of some of the constituents so as to change naturally hurtful substances into nutritious foods

3. To kill any harmful bacteria or germs that may be in food. We find out best example of this in the cooking of meats, which in their raw condition harbour dangerous possibilities in the *tinea* of tapeworm in beef and mutton and the *trichinae* in pork. These are destroyed in cooking

4. To achieve certain combinations that help to regulate the proportions of needful foods. For instance, we add a bit of fat pork to certain vegetables that utterly lack fat—beans, peas or cabbage. It improves their flavour—but it also adds to their food value. To rice, tapioca, and such starchy products, we add milk, cream, and sometimes butter. So we see that combinations we often make "naturally" have some such scientific reason at their base. Knowing this, we can follow this plan in other foods where perhaps it has not occurred to us to do so.

5. To make foods more agreeable to the palate and to the eye—which, in turn, increase its digestibility.

6. To gain greater variety from a limited list of food stuffs.

This may seem to be a rather wide list of accomplishments to be achieved by cooking alone, but it does not exaggerate at all. Many foods would revolt us utterly, if they were served uncooked; others would be hard, or unpalatable or lacking in flavour. Monotony is unhealthy, as well as unpleasant, and pleasant flavours are a necessity, as appetizers and as aids to digestion. Old sayings such as "Please the eye and you'll please the palate," and "Food relished is food digested" are based on sound truths. The fact is that food that looks tempting or that gives out an appetizing fragrance, causes the saliva to flow more freely from the glands in the mouth. These juices, being plentifully present, do their work well in bringing about certain chemical changes in the food before it leaves the mouth—the turning of the starch in it to sugar. The other digestive juices are stimulated in turn, and so the necessary changes in turnng the food

into the various forms required to nourish and renew the body, are brought about.

Starch is hydrated and made palatable; hard or tough fibres are softened or made brittle; albumen is coagulated, indigestible matter is removed, and other less easily comprehended changes are brought about—all in the cooking we do in our kitchens.

Is it, then, any wonder that good cookery really ranks as an art—the mastery of which may very properly make any woman proud?

THERE are various ways of describing and dividing the methods of cooking that are in common use. Perhaps the simplest manner is to regard them as belonging broadly to five families, as follows:

1. ***Cooking in hot water or steam.*** This would include

(a) Boiling: The actual covering of food by boiling water, which must be kept at the same high temperature until cooking is completed. Water boils at 212 degrees Fahrenheit or 100 degrees Centigrade, at sea level. This temperature does not change whether the water is boiling "madly" or just gently.

It is, therefore, quite obviously a waste of fuel to keep anything bubbling violently when less heat would still keep it above the boiling point, and the large volume of steam given off will frequently carry away certain valuable substances.

(b) Simmering or stewing might be regarded as a second division of this family. Here, too, we cook the food in liquid, but the difference lies in the temperature.

"Stewing-point" is reached at about 165 degrees. The idea in simmering or stewing is to cook them through very slowly, without searing the outer services. Meat offers us an important and easily understood example of the reason for this method. When we cook a roast, steak, etc., it is our desire to keep all the juices in; we therefore sear the outside quickly, making a case around the juices. When we make a stew, on the other hand, the liquor is an important part of the stew and every bit of nourishment that is extracted is preserved. We desire to attain quite a different result with the meat in each case and therefore proceed in quite different ways. Also,

we use, as a rule, cuts of opposite character for these purposes. The long-continued moderate heat of the simmering process, brings the tougher fibre of the cheaper cuts and the gelatinous material so plentiful in such parts as the knuckles, feet, etc., into very palatable condition; quick cooking would destroy much of the nutritive value and make the meat tough, hard and tasteless.

There is great economy in proper simmering and stewing. The reasons for this are:

Little heat (and, therefore, little actual fuel) is required to keep the pot simmering.

There is no waste; all the constituents of the materials used are saved, even though they are dissolved or held in suspension in the liquid.

Cuts of meat, etc., neither palatable nor digestible when cooked in most ways, if simmered long and gently, will equal much more expensive portions in flavour and digestibility.

The flavour and colour of a stew are greatly improved if the meat is first fried enough to sear the surface, to brown it, and keep in some of the juices. On the other hand, it is often advisable to boil vegetables—especially if they are old and hard—for a time before adding them to the slow-cooking pot:

Any large covered pot, or one pot set within another which contains boiling water, will do for stewing; or a stone jar (a bean pot is excellent), will produce a very fine oven-cooked stew.

(c) Steaming: This may be termed a member of the same family as boiling and simmering. But there is this very important difference—the product to be cooked is *not* immersed in water—it is cooked in the steam from boiling water.

There are many varieties of steamer, and no kitchen is even passably equipped without at least the ordinary kind which fits snugly into the top of a large pot and is in turn tightly covered. There are very fine steamers that boast two or three stories and will cook meat, vegetables and pudding all at the same time, and will even blow a whistle when the boiling water needs replenishing.

The great advantage in cooking by steam is the preservation of the valuable constituents of the foods that are otherwise dissolved and lost in the water. Perhaps the most glaring example of the faultiness of boiling and the rightness of steaming, is the very ordinary one supplied by our daily-used vegetables. Potatoes, greens, carrots, onions—almost all of the common vegetables that we plunge into water that afterwards goes down the sink—are tremendously valuable to us from the dietetic point of view. They contain mineral salts that are most necessary to our physical well being—yet we deliberately dissolve these very things and then pour them down the drain-pipe!

Steaming does away with this great waste of health-giving material, the vegetables cook through quite as satisfactorily as when plunged in boiling water and lose practically nothing in the process. A wonderful method of cooking, this steaming, and one well worth using much oftener than we do.

2. ***Broiling.***—As a method of cooking meats, broiling is far from receiving its due in this country. The frying pan replaces the gridiron much too frequently for the good of the Canadian palate and digestion.

A tender steak, chop or cutlet, is served at its very best if it is broiled directly over the fire. Cooking meats over direct heat is an ancient method which modern days have entirely failed to improve upon. The quick action of the direct flame sears the outer surfaces almost immediately. Practically none of the juice from the lean meat escapes, although some of the fat will be melted and drop into the fire. The entire nutriment is held sealed up in the meat and the flavour, if it is good meat to begin with, is something that cannot be improved upon. The fact that doctors will allow their patients to have a little broiled meat first, after a long illness, demonstrates the point that it ranks first in digestibility. It is for these reasons rather than that of economy that broiling is to be so strongly recommended. The shrinkage of meat is considerable, although the nutritive substances are well preserved. Also, considerable fuel is required to make up a good broiling fire.

The method for broiling is the same for steaks, chops, bacon, fowl, etc. The coals or gas flame should be very hot at first. The gridiron or broiling iron is made hot and the rungs well greased. The meat is placed on it and exposed quite closely to the direct flame, but not near enough to burn. Just as soon as one side is seared, turn the meat and keep turning it very frequently, until cooked through. This turning is important because the albumen must be coagulated on all the surfaces as quickly as possible in order to prevent the juices from running. A knife or spoon should be used to turn the meat, or a fork thrust into the fat—but *never* pierce the lean meat with the prongs of the fork or much good juice will escape. In broiling a fish, expose the inside first to the flame and afterwards, the skin.

3. ***Frying.***—The American national method of cooking would probably be stated as "frying." This fact is tremendously noticeable to the visitor from other countries, and Canada gives the impression of being a close second to the United States in regard to the tremendous use of fried foods.

There is much to be said for frying that is properly done. It makes some very savoury dishes, and if not abused, is a most valuable part of culinary procedure. Foods that are fried in fat of the right temperature and dealt with throughout the process in just the right manner, will not absorb the fat and so become indigestible. The chief trouble lies in the fact that the fat is too often allowed to penetrate food, in which case the results to digestion are very serious.

The primary rule in frying is "Heat Your Fat First." The temperature to which the fat should be heated varies with the class of food that is being cooked.

(a) Sauteing is the most common division of frying. The pan is made hot and a very small amount of fat is melted in it—just enough to prevent whatever is to be cooked from sticking to the pan. This method of frying has been called "an unsuccessful imitation of broiling" and is little favoured by domestic science experts. That which cannot be broiled is surely much better to be deep fried.

(b) Deep Frying.—The much more scientific and satisfactory method of frying foods is to drop them into deep fat which has been heated to the right degree of temperature. The best vessel to use is a deep pan that is not too broad and it would be found a great convenience to have a frying basket (a wire mesh basket with a handle over the top that will fit down into the bottom of the pan). The difference lies in the fact that the basket is filled with the rissoles, doughnuts or whatever is to be fried and the whole is lowered into the hot fat. When cooked, it is only necessary to lift out the basket and drain. Much time, trouble, and burning of food and fingers is thus saved.

A seamless saucepan or one made of iron or steel should be used, as the extreme heat of the fat will melt the solder of the tin container. Enough fat should be put into the pan to entirely cover whatever is to be cooked.

The temperature to which various cooking fats and oils may be heated varies considerably, some burning much more readily than others. The average temperature is about 365°.

As to the economy of deep frying, it is a well established fact that it is the one method of frying that commends itself.

(*Continued on page 24*)

EVERYWOMAN'S HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

Food and Housekeeping Editing

Edited by Katherine M. Caldwell B.A.

POT LUCK

The Irish Stew in All Its Glory

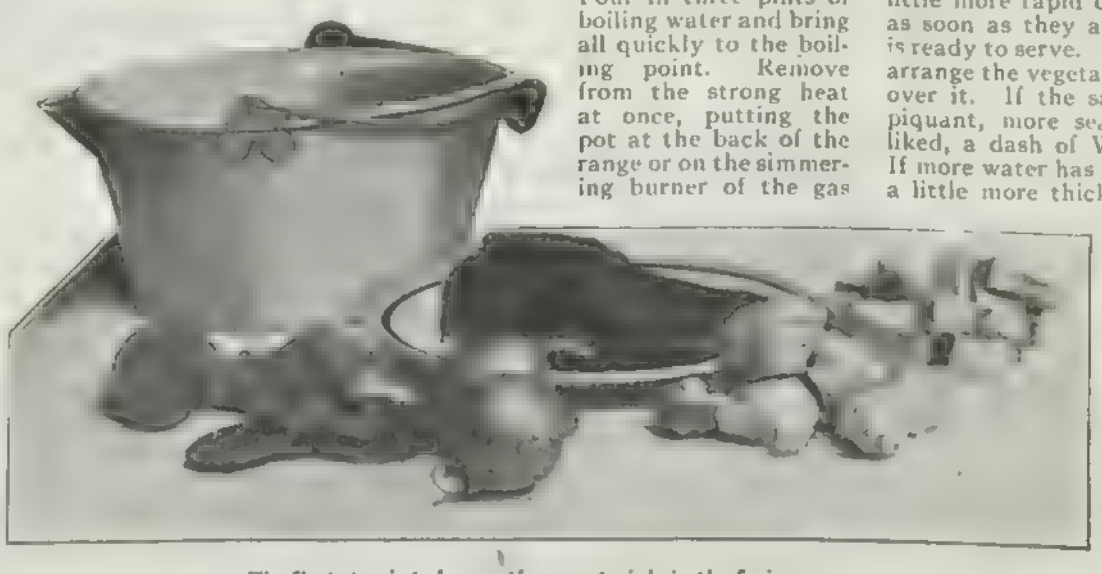
JUST how good is the stew you make? A very fair test is this: do you give thanks to all the kitchen gods when the unexpected visitor drops in to take "pot luck" with you the evening you are serving stew? If so, perhaps you will write to us and tell us how you make this best of all possible dishes. If, on the other hand, stew-night is not treat-night in your house, let us talk things over and see which suggestion will make it so in your family

There are just two or three little tricks in the making of of a good stew which hold the key to success. One of these is the browning of meat and vegetables before they go into the stew pot. A little time—yes; and a little trouble; but a *very* little of either, compared with the payment in savouriness

The second secret lies in the *gentleness of the cooking process.* The pot must smile, but never laugh!

Possibly the next claim to excellence will be the serving of plenty of the good, rich gravy. The procedure for almost any stew, ragout or fricassee is much the same. French dishes that are justly famous the world over, are first cousins of the unpretentious Irish Stew. If the latter is made in the following way it will hold its own against the proudest dish.

For the medium sized family, buy a pound and a half of lamb or mutton from the neck. Cut it in neat pieces that are about the right size for serving. Roll each piece in flour which has been seasoned with salt and pepper. Melt a little of the fat, or about two tablespoonfuls of butter or other shortening in a frying pan, and slice into it 2 large onions. Fry a good brown, then drain them and put them into the stew pot. Drop the floured meat into the hot fat and brown it nicely on all sides. When it is well seared, put into the kettle with the onions. Brown 2 large carrots, 3 small white turnips and 2 parsnips in the frying pan and add them to the contents of the stew pot. Pour in three pints of boiling water and bring all quickly to the boiling point. Remove from the strong heat at once, putting the pot at the back of the range or on the simmering burner of the gas stove and allow the water to merely curl, but on no account to boil. Allow it about an hour and a half of this slow cooking before making the last addition—the potatoes Before doing so, see if there is plenty of gravy, and if not, add some. The potatoes are not put in earlier because they would become sodden and waxy with the slow cooking and would be reduced to mere thickening long before the stew was finished. They should be peeled and left in very cold water during this earlier cooking and after the stew has been on for about an hour and a half they are quartered and added to it, with a teaspoonful of salt, ½ teaspoonful pepper and a pinch of celery salt or celery seed. After this the cooking may be a little more rapid on account of the potatoes, and as soon as they are sufficiently cooked, the stew is ready to serve. Place the meat on a hot platter, arrange the vegetables round it and pour the gravy over it. If the sauce does not taste sufficiently piquant, more seasoning may be added, and if liked, a dash of Worcestershire or catsup added. If more water has had to be added during cooking, a little more thickening may be desirable.



The first step is to brown these materials in the frying pan.

An excellent goulash is made as follows: One pound of lean veal and half a pound of beef are cut into neat pieces. A quarter pound of salt pork is cut small and fried until well browned. Remove the pork to a deep casserole or covered baking dish and fry a large onion, sliced fine, in the fat until deeply browned. Drain out the onion and discard it, then fry the veal and beef, which have been well dredged with seasoned flour. When they are satisfactorily browned put them also into the casserole, sprinkle generously with paprika and celery salt and add three cupfuls of boiling water. Cover the dish and put it in the (*Continued on page 24*)

Marmalade Now

The Citrus Fruits Invite Us To Replenish Our Diminishing Jam Stores

THE HOUSEKEEPER who eyes, with some regret, the diminishing rows on her jam shelves, is sure to welcome the advent of the marmalade season. Oranges, lemons and grapefruit are now at their best, and lay sturdy claim to our interest on the strength of the delicious things they will make for us.

There is perhaps no item in the jam and preserve family that allows such diversity of treatment as does marmalade. Different combinations of citrus fruits will give widely different flavours. The type of orange used will greatly influence the ultimate result. In the old country the rather sour Seville orange is generally favoured, the resulting marmalade having a keen, rather bitter tang that is an acknowledged "appetizer." In our country, we are coming more and more to prefer good, sweet oranges, with the preference for those of large size that give a greater amount of pulp in proportion to the rind.

The proportion of water varies in almost every recipe. A general rule is this: weight for weight of fruit and water will make a solid marmalade, and varying degrees of thinness may be obtained by increasing the proportion of water anywhere to a pint and a half, for every pound of fruit pulp.

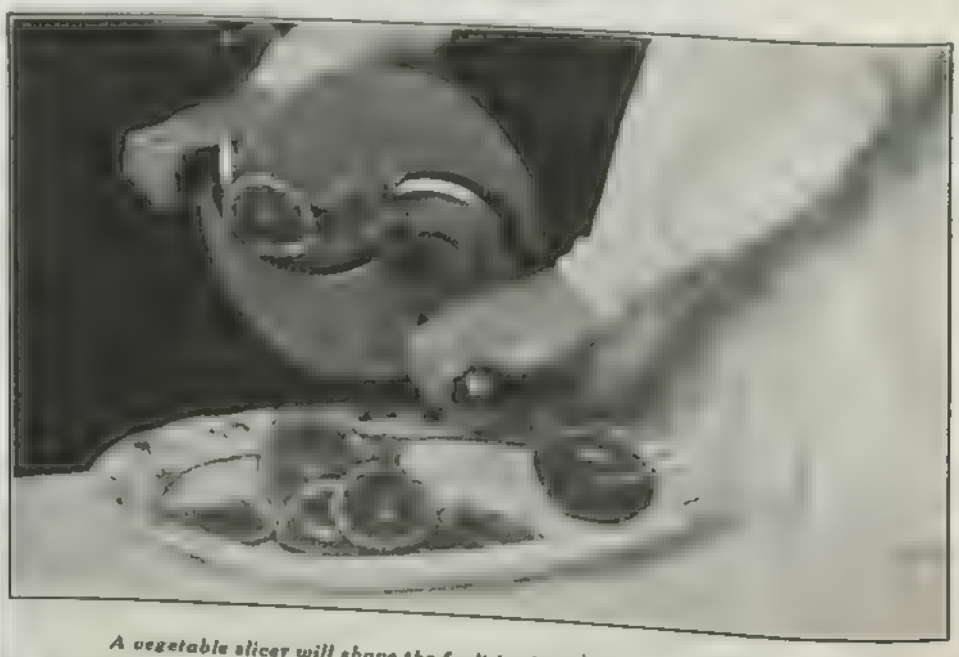
As to the peel—an important factor in all marmalades—its treatment is subject to an amazing variation. The busy woman who puts up large quantities of marmalade, will feel greatly drawn to the idea of putting it through the mincer. Or a fruit and vegetable slicer, such as the one we picture, will cut the oranges, etc., in slices of any thickness, down to the delightfully thin "shavings" that make such delicate marmalades. Again the peel may be grated, cut in thin slices or diced as in the old fashioned Oxford marmalade.

The pips should always be steeped overnight in a little water. The liquor will jelly, and should be strained off and added to the pulp before boiling. The peel and pulp may be boiled separately or together. The separate method is preferred by many cooks because the peel requires considerable time to soften and the pulp need not then be cooked so long. Another thing — the peel will not soften if the sugar is added—it must be boiled with just the water, until it is tender.

Sugar is really "to taste," and varies from "pound for pound," allowed for better oranges, to a much smaller proportion when there is an increased amount of sweet fruit used.

The first recipe results in a very fine marmalade but it requires perhaps the most work. The peel is shredded and cooked separately, all the white fibre (which introduces an unwelcome bitterness) being first carefully removed. The pulp is steeped intermittently, the pips used to advantage, the sugar added after the fruit has been cooked until tender, and no trouble is spared to produce a "quality" product. Other recipes, requiring less labour, will also give very delicious results all are "family favourites" of long standing and many tests.

A mincer is useful where speed and large quantities are factors.



A vegetable slicer will shave the fruit in those very desirable thin slices.

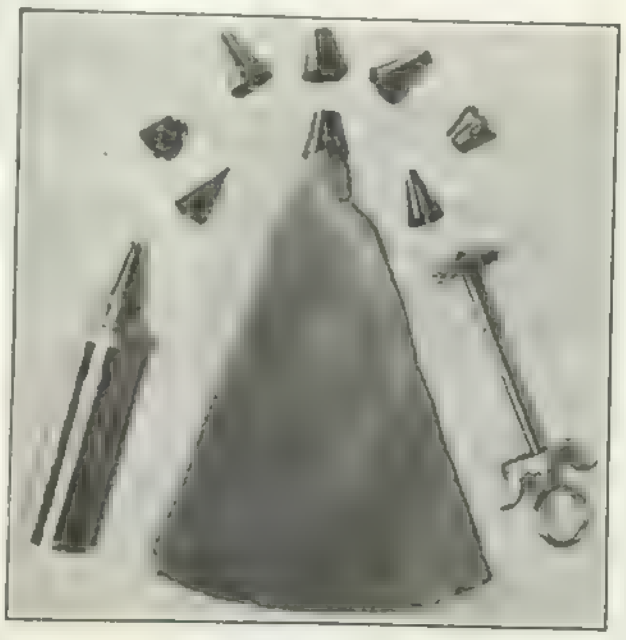
Just three general rules—the fruit must always be washed clean, and whenever possible, the bitter white inner rind should be removed and, lastly, the sugar should be added after the fruit has cooked tender.

Orange Marmalade No. 1

PEEL 12 marmalade oranges and three lemons, and shave the peel into (*Continued on page 24*)

NewestHomeHelps

February's Offerings from the World of Invention



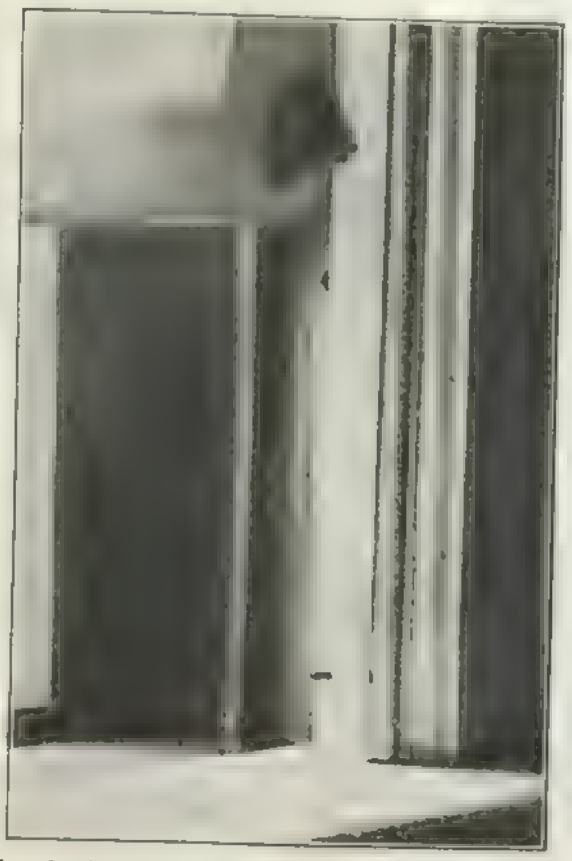
ON another page in the household department, we have discussed and demonstrated a few of the many uses that are found for the pastry tube. Here we show the two tubes actually used in the preparation of the dishes pictured. They are of quite different types, and are used to gain different effects.

The large, soft bag in the middle is made of canvas, in simple funnel shape, and has a metal tip. Into this tip, we screw one of the six metal outlets that come with the bag. Each one tapers to a small opening, and the edge is cut in a variety of ways that produce the fancy shaped decorations shown on page 10.

To the left of the bag, we have a metal pastry tube, which is fitted with half a dozen outlets of a smaller type than those with the canvas bag. These include the very fine points that will do such work as applying the decoration to iced cakes or those of the small, fancy varieties.

This metal tube works with a plunger (which is shown at the right of the picture). The icing is forced out of the point by pressure of this plunger.

The canvas bag (which may sometimes be had with both small and large outlets) usually costs about $1.65. The metal tube is $3.00.



THERE is but an odd one of us, indeed, who has not got, somewhere in her house, a window which offers constant annoyance and worry—either because when opened, it must be propped with a stick (which is unsightly even when it has the grace to stay handy) or because when closed, it is not securely locked.

Small wonder, then, that the tiny contrivance so modestly affixed to the side of the window in this picture, is such a welcome newcomer in our household world. It is both a prop to the open window and lock to the closed one. The way of it is this.

The catch is placed on the woodwork of the window, 2⅛ inches from the bottom and ⅜ inch from right side and the screw that accompanies it for that purpose, fixes it firmly in place, when hanging free it should be perpendicular, with the right edge just touching the frame at the side.

There are three smaller screws, which are intended for the frame at the right of the window. The exact position of the bottom one is fixed—it must be put in just 3 inches from the sill, in the position indicated in the picture. Test it by reversing the position of the catch (swinging it up, instead of allowing it to hang from its screw; the little extension arm should then just catch under the screw).

Put two other screws in at whatever height you will most often desire to raise your window. The catch works naturally in its supporting roll—just push up the window a little above the screw you want to support it—the catch will swing in above the screw and will hold up the window quite firmly. It is only when *locking* the window that one needs to touch the catch, just to swing it upside-down.

The price of this very efficient little article which may be had in either dull brass or oxidized finish, is just 15 cents, or 7 for $1.00, either by mail or from most hardware dealers.

WE ARE all so concerned about saving fuel these days, that we are interested in everything that aids in its conservation. A new gas-saver has appeared, which, when placed directly on the burner (the grate is lifted off and replaced when the plate has been adjusted) and given a normal flow of gas, will spread the flame evenly and so make a less quantity go farther. The prices are 25 and 50 cents.

Naturally Pleasing

Ivory Soap is naturally pleasing. It contains nothing but the purest of materials, thoroughly refined. There is no free alkali to irritate the skin or injure delicate fabrics; no free oil to make rinsing difficult. It is fragrant with the clean, natural odor of its high quality ingredients. You will like Ivory Soap.

IVORY SOAP

IVORY SOAP IT FLOATS

99 44/100% PURE

Made in the Procter & Gamble factories at Hamilton, Canada

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS · EST 1837 ·

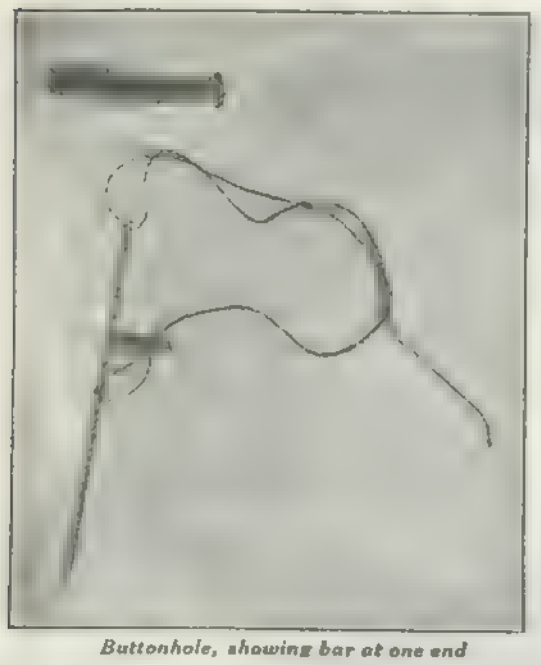
The Home Dressmaking Class

Conducted by OLIVE C. CALDWELL

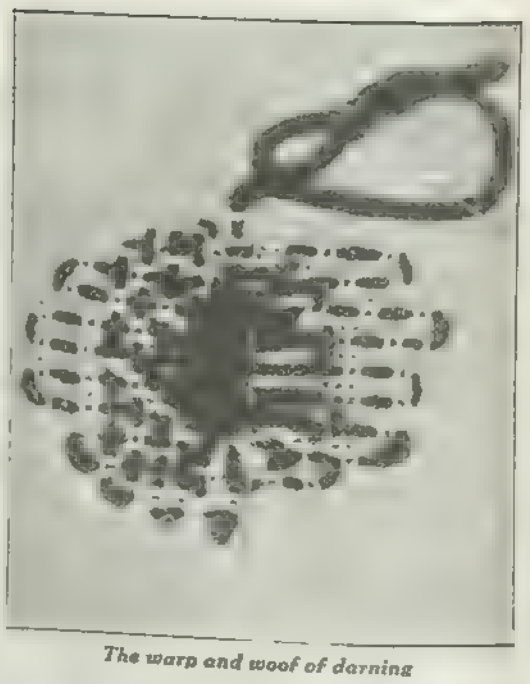
THERE is perhaps no accomplishment of which the woman of moderate means can boast, that will mean as much to her in the present day battle with high prices, as the knowledge of how to make her own or her children's clothes. True, we are offered a much wider choice in ready-made garments during the last year or two, but we find that those of good material and workmanship are apt to be very expensive, whilst the garment at the price we feel able to afford frequently fails to satisfy us in regard to quality. The same money, expended on first class materials and trimmings, and produced without further cost for making, will result in far superior clothes. The home dressmaker has an infinite breadth of scope and may satisfy herself in colour, material and style, without the necessity of sacrificing one to another. Individuality and exclusiveness are both assured—an achievement that is difficult in the realm of the ready-made.

There are no deeply secret ways to dressmaking success. Approached intelligently, studied step by step, the problems solve themselves as we go along. In a course of lessons in home dressmaking, of which this is the first, we shall take up the successive steps just as they are taught in the sewing classes of the leading domestic science schools. The students in these courses begin very early to cut and make garments. As soon as certain necessary preliminary points have been covered, we, too, shall begin in the actual making of dainty and serviceable wearing apparel.

Just a word of advice at the outset: preserve each lesson carefully. After you have practised and mastered the stitches, paste this lesson into a scrap book for future reference, because these stitches will be in constant practical use



Buttonhole, showing bar at one end



The warp and woof of darning

TO MOST women the ability to do plain sewing comes quite naturally, but they do sew "after a fashion." For that reason, let us begin to do even the simplest and easiest stitches in a systematic and proper way, for, in order to progress to dressmaking, we must have a good and firm foundation.

While hand sewing is of much importance, machine sewing and its place in the sewing world must not be forgotten, for where strength and durability are required, the machine holds its own. To obtain the best results, a sewing machine must be well cared for; it must be oiled about once a week and kept free from dust; the proper needles, a good belt or strap, and proper oil should be kept on hand. Many attractive effects may be obtained by trimming a gown with simple designs in machine stitching; particularly is this so on cloth gowns. It gives a tailored effect

In considering the common stitches of which we shall require knowledge, we begin with even basting stitches.

Basting

BASTING is a preparation for sewing, and is intended to keep the material in place while the sewing is being done. If small pieces of material are being basted, place them over two fingers; if large pieces, place them flat on the table. Be very careful when basting on trimming, that the fabric is not drawn too tight nor the trimming placed too full. After the work is completed, remove the bastings. Always baste velvet with sewing silk, and it is wise to cut the basting thread for every few inches, as the pulling of a thread leaves a mark. This also applies to silk and fine cloth.

Straight Running Seam

A RUNNING seam is made by taking the needle in and out of the material, keeping the stitches and spaces the same length. It is probably so called because it is a rapidly made seam. It is much like even basting on a small scale.

Place the materials with the right sides together, keep the edges exactly even and baste one-half of an inch below the edge. Fasten the materials together with two stitches and run the needle in and out evenly, holding the work between the thumb and first finger of each hand. Sew directly under the basting from right to left and fasten securely at the end with two or three backstitches. When a very strong seam is required, it may be hemstitched.

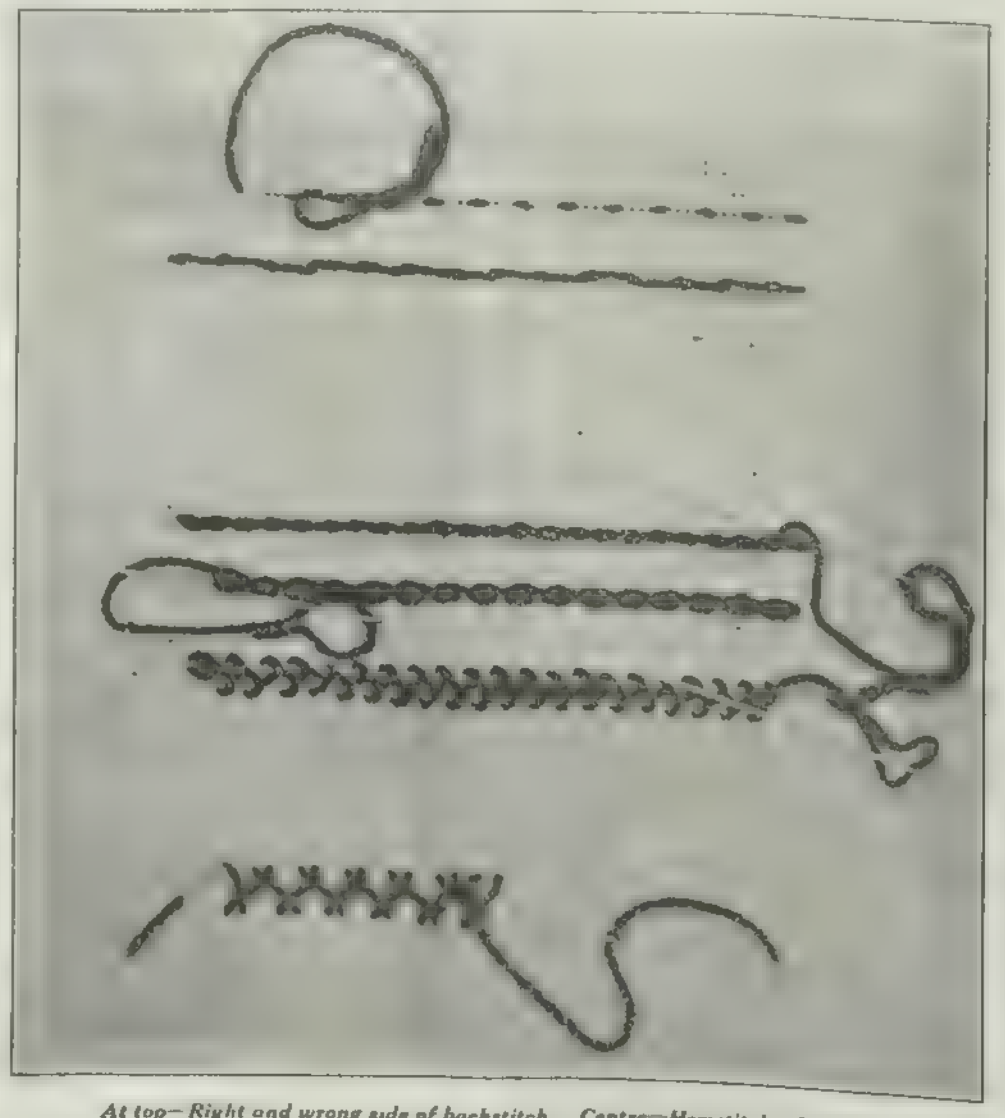
Backstitch

THE BACKSTITCH derives its name from the fact that the needle is taken backward in making each stitch. Backstitching resembles machine stitching on the right side, and is used on various parts of a garment where strength is required and for sewing on tapes. Baste as for a running seam; hold the work around the first finger of the left hand; take one short stitch to the right and one twice as long to the left on the wrong side of the seam. Make one stitch at a time. Be careful that the stitches are the same size and that they meet.

Hemming

A HEM is a fold turned twice, used to strengthen and finish the material on which it is placed. The two turns of the hem are called the fold. A piece of cardboard may be used as a measure or gauge; the stitches should be exact and uniform in size, slant and space to insure beautiful hemming. We will say that it is an apron hem on which we are working. Place the muslin with the selvage edge at the sides; make the first turn of hem one fourth inch, creasing from right to left. Special attention must be paid to this turn, as the evenness of the hem greatly depends on it. Make the second turn of hem the required width. Begin to turn it at the right-hand side and crease it by laying it in place between the thumb and first finger. Test the result with your measure or gauge. Baste close to the edge with even basting. Hold the hem straight around the first finger of left hand point the needle toward the right and put through the fold of hem only.

Draw the needle through and tuck end of thread under the fold of hem, take two stitches through fold of hem and turn your needle toward thumb nail of left hand. The stitches take the place of a knot. Take up a few threads on fold of hem at each stitch through, through three thicknesses of material. Draw needle out and continue to make the stitches close and slanting. Train the eye to know when the stitch is uniform in size, slant and space.



At top—Right and wrong side of backstitch. Centre—Hemstitch, chainstitch and featherstitch. At bottom—Herringbone

Plain Fell

A PLAIN fell is a flat, smooth seam between two pieces of fabric made by putting two pieces of material together with one edge extending beyond the other, and hemming the extended edge down.

Place material together with upper edge one-fourth inch above the lower edge; keep the edges parallel. Place wrong side of each piece out. Baste as for running seam and sew with three running stitches and one back-stitch. Take out basting. Open seam and press it to prevent it from forming a fold on the right side, turn down edge that extends, and turn in hem.

French Fell

PLACE seam together with right side of each piece out; make edges exactly even; baste with uneven basting one-eighth inch below edge. Sew first seam with one running and one back-stitch. Turn seam on wrong side and finish with backstitching or running stitches according to texture of fabric.

In a French fell the frayed edges are completely hidden and no stitches show on the right hand when finished. It looks like a cord or ridge. This fell is particularly satisfactory on bias or curved seams.

Overcasting

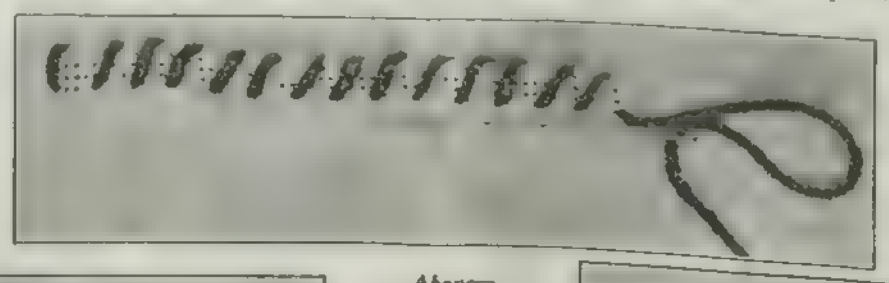
OVERCASTING is used to finish the raw edges of a seam and to keep it from ravelling. To overcast, first trim off the raw edges until they are even, begin at the right-hand side with two small backstitches, point needle through edge toward the thumb of left hand, make stitches one eighth inch deep and one fourth inch apart, taking stitch over both edges of the goods and drawing thread loosely. Be careful to get the proper slant.

In overcasting the waist of a lined dress, first press open the seams very carefully by pressing the point of the iron along the seam; carefully trim the raw edges and overcast.

Gathering

GATHERING is a stitch used to compress by the use of plaits, or even wrinkles, a portion of the material which requires to be drawn into a smaller space; this is needed to give ease to certain parts of garments. Double thread is used, in case one thread should break while the gathers are being placed, and it will be advantageous in gathering a skirt or waist at the belt, the top of a sleeve, etc., to run two rows of shirring about half an inch apart. The fullness can then be made to "sit" so much better. The width of the material to be gathered should be divided into halves, quarters, or

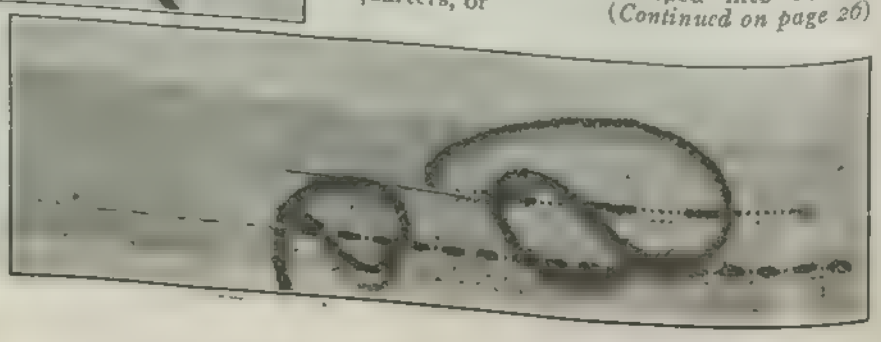
(*Continued on page 26*)



Above—The blanket stitch

To the left—Three degrees of strength stitches

On the right—Basting and running stitch



The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this—flutters it upon a cushion of air, gently "beats" out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life

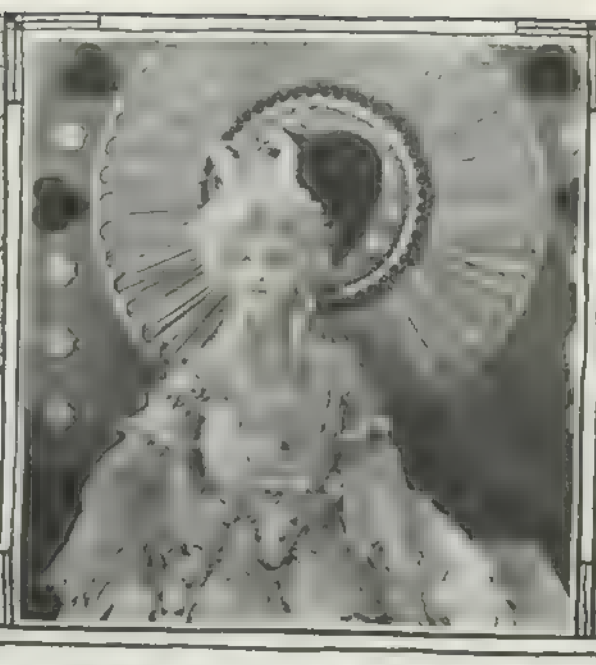
The costliness of rugs today makes advisable their careful preservation. Frequent and thorough cleaning prolongs their years of usefulness and beauty. Such cleaning consists of three essentials: Beating—to dislodge destructive embedded grit; Sweeping—to straighten crushed nap and detach stubborn clinging litter; Suction-cleaning—to remove surface dirt. Only The Hoover combines all three. And it is the largest selling electric cleaner in the world.

The HOOVER

It Beats—as it Sweeps—as it Cleans

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
The oldest makers of electric cleaners
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

WITH 'Youth and 'Beauty' always with me, I shall not need Conscience and 'Modesty'" said "Everywoman with a lupus cough



LEADING per a from 'Age Everywoman whispered that they must s— 'Beauty" had already been a— and Youth was— —ran at

"EVERYWOMAN"

By OLIVE CAREW

A picturization of the famous stage play in which every role represents the virtues and characteristics in "Everywoman's" life.

MISS Wanda Hawley, who takes the part of "Beauty" in "Everywoman."

The Story of the Play

SHE WAS very tired. She was a little afraid. Through her strong young body, stretched on the wicker *chaise longue* while Connie, the silent maid, brushed out her long, burnished masses of hair, weariness coursed like wine, but her tired brain teemed with memories of the evening's happenings

She thought of her triumph. As Diana, in the tableaux, with her silver draperies, she had easily carried away the honours from the less beautiful "Cleopatras" and "Mrs. Siddonses." Then, as the climax of that wonderful evening, had come the offer of the theatrical man, based on her beauty, to give her an opportunity to display it to thousands on the stage, to hear her name on public lips, to win fame. Her heart beat swiftly. She would be envied by every girl who knew her—

"And pitied by every angel in heaven."

The maid answered her glance expressionlessly. "I said, miss, will you breakfast in bed to-morrow morning?"

Once again she lay back on her rose-and-gold pillows, but this time she was shaking with a sense of impending things. There had been the young doctor. She must not think of him, of course—not only she did not keep seeing his eyes, dark, shining down on her with that steady light. She liked him, but he was impossible, ridiculously, piteously poor. She could never learn to shampoo her own hair and wash greasy dishes in a dark little flat or cheap frame cottage in the suburbs. Her friends who had come home with her and spent the last hour talking over her future had jeered at the idea with scorn.

"He can't give you clothes or jewels or good times or any of the things a woman wants," they had said.

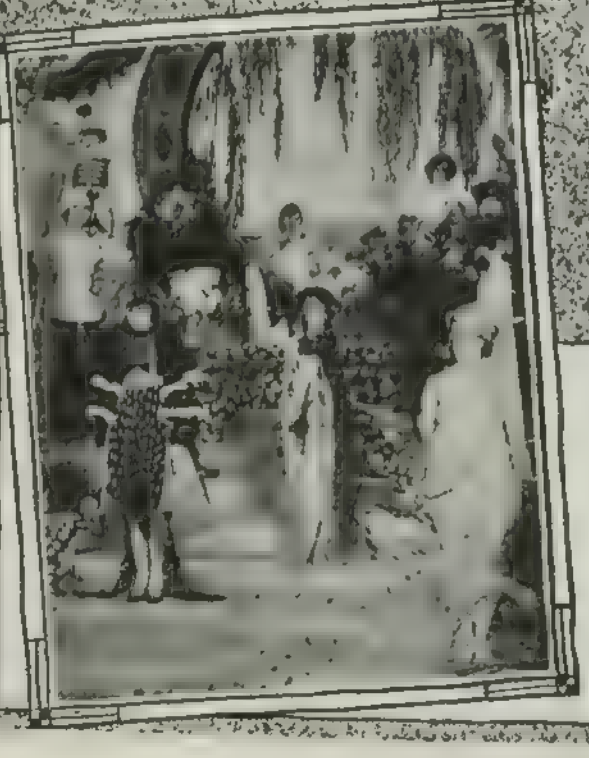
"And what is it that a woman wants of life? The tinsel baubles of pleasure sold at the devil's booth? A cap and bells? A wreath of straw, beads of glass, a brittle crown of brass?"

"Oh, what is it? Why do you say such things to me?" She confronted the austere maid with her blooded eyes and secret smile, drawn to her full height, her hair shining about her like tongues of flame. The woman bowed, pale, knobby fingers fumbling with her decent apron-strings. "I only asked you if (*Continued on page 54*)

"POOR girl" said the "Young Doctor," "she has travelled far from "Everywoman."

"I AM greater than 'Love,'" "Wealth" wheezed, "for he cannot live in the dank stenches of 'Poverty.'" And "Everywoman" danced far into the night

"STILL is 'Truth'" said "Nobody," but "Everywoman" did not not hear him and would not have heeded if she had



ONE of the beautiful scenic effects in "Everywoman" and some of the girls who appear on the stage.

MISS Bebe Daniels is "Vice"

MISS Violet Hemming as 'Everywoman and Monte Blue as 'Love' in a garden scene

PRUE COTTONS

PREPARATIONS *for* JUNE

PREPARATIONS for the June wedding—or for the wedding at any time, for that matter—cannot begin at a better time than now. The winter evenings before the fire offer the ideal time for sewing the dainty white fabrics of the young woman's trousseau.

And than soft white cotton, there is no more beautiful fabric for the intimate garments of femininity. Its snowy whiteness, its delicacy, combined with its durability, are the qualities which have included it in the fine apparel of the beautiful women of history.

DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY
LIMITED

MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG

Be sure to ask for Prue Cottons in the shops. There is a very wide range of fabrics to choose from, including material for underwear, nightwear, sheetings, pillow-casings, prints, galateas, duck, drill and blankets.

How You Can Earn Good Wages at Home

This is *your opportunity* to secure full or part time employment in your own home. We need thousands of new workers, men and women, old and young, to make socks for us at home on the wonderful Auto Knitter, the machine that is better than a hundred hands for it knits socks in minutes instead of hours.

THIS is not a "canvassing" or "open-a-store" scheme. It is a straightforward employment proposition on a liberal piece-work basis, just as you would make with us if you were to secure employment in our factory knitting socks for us on the Auto Knitter. We give you a written printed contract to pay you a fixed wage on all the socks you supply us with, whether the amount be large or small.

We Supply Yarn Free—And Buy the Socks

There is a tremendous shortage of hosiery all over the world. In every country, city, town and village there is a crying demand for more socks. This demand is your *personal opportunity* to add substantially to your income every week—to help you meet the constantly increasing cost of living.

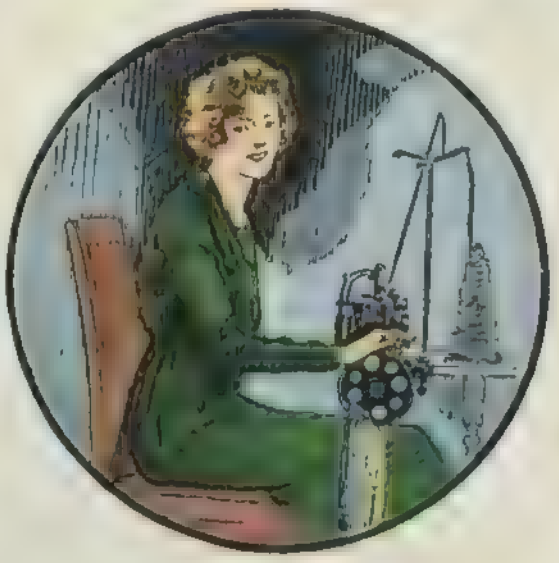
You make this money pleasantly and easily in your own time and in your own home using the swift and wonderful Auto Knitter to do the work. As soon as you have some socks ready, you send them to us and we immediately send your pay check and a shipment of yarn Free to replace the yarn in the socks you supplied to us.

We Need More Workers

The demands made upon us for hosiery are enormous—more than we can supply. For this reason we need all the additional workers we can possibly get to supply us with socks made on the Auto Knitter—need them badly. We need all that you and your family can make. We want you to devote just as much time as you can spare to the work—and when you have the Auto Knitter ready at your hand—ready to Knit Hours into Dollars—you'll be surprised yourself to find how much time you can give to the work. You know beforehand just what your pay will be—our written contract guarantees you a fixed wage for every dozen pairs of socks you supply us with, and remember—we supply Free the yarn needed to replace that which is used in making the socks you send us.

The yarn we supply is the well-known Qu-No Quality Brand, made especially for the Auto Knitter. It is the softest, the warmest, the strongest—uniform in quality, weight and shade—and always obtainable.

Our wage contract binds us to pay you for all the socks you supply us with—but it does not bind you in any way. You are at liberty to dispose of your output as you see fit; you can also use the Auto Knitter to supply all the hosiery your family needs—wool or cotton as you prefer—at a remarkably low cost



Read the following letters from a few of our workers:—

Makes $35.00 in One Week

"The Auto Knitter is one of the best investments anyone could make. I can make three pairs of socks in an hour. In one week I made $35.00 from private trade alone. It is the finest and cleanest work I have ever done, and I would not be without it."

WHEATLEY, ONT.

Has Two Auto Knitters

After being for thirty years on the lookout for something with which I could make money in the privacy of my own home, I answered the ad of the Auto Knitter Hosiery Co I bought one machine. In a very short while I found that I had hit on something good; big returns for small investment. Right away I bought the second machine. I now have a little factory right in my own home, run by my own family. With one machine alone we turn out ten dozen pairs of socks every five days. Your company has carried out all its agreements with me, and the machine is more up to the mark than I thought it would be. It is very easily understood and a pleasant pastime."

WALDEMAR, ONT.

Operated by Blind Women

"I have now been using three of your machines, and they give good results. With a little patience at the start, I have succeeded in doing good work, which has always been accepted by you. You may be surprised to know that some of my work has been done by blind women, and it is impossible to recognise their work from mine.

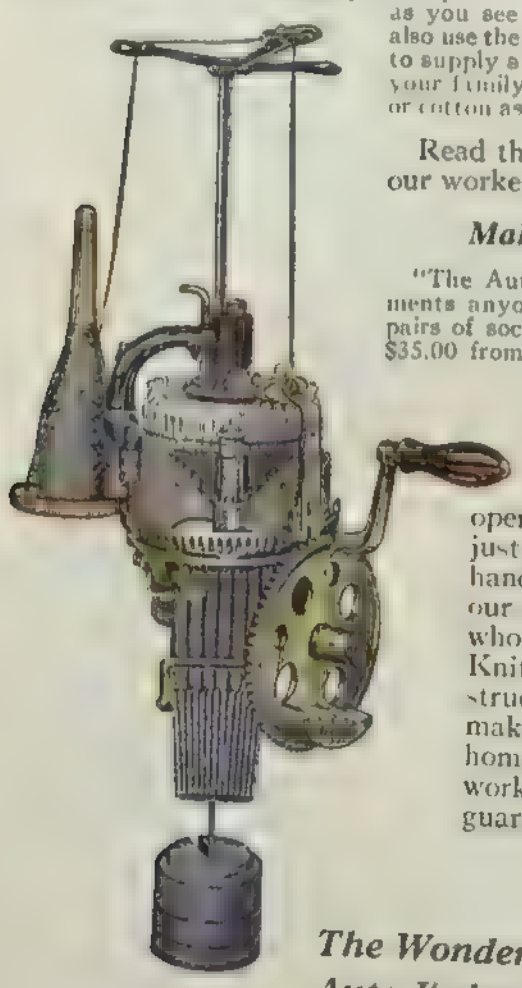
I am pleased with the business dealings I have had with you for the last few months and hope that future dealings will be just as cordial as they have been in the past."

MONTREAL, QUE

The Best Machine on the Market

"The Auto Knitter is the best machine of its kind on the market. It will turn out work that no other machine will do. I am manufacturing socks for the retail stores, and they tell me they never saw a sock like it on the market."

LONDON, ONT.



No Experience Necessary

No knitting or mechanical experience is required to operate the Auto Knitter. Its operation is purely mechanical, just as is the operation of the sewing machine. You turn the handle and the Auto Knitter knits swiftly and evenly. Many of our best-paid operators are men and women of advanced age who knew absolutely nothing of the operation of the Auto Knitter other than the instructions contained in our Free Instruction Book. Through the use of the Auto Knitter they are making good and steady wages in the comfort of their own home. You too should be enrolled in our army of happy home workers with a permanent wage contract in your pocket and a guaranteed customer for all the socks you can supply.

The Wonderful Auto Knitter

IT makes the entire sock or stocking—top, body, heel and toe without removal from the machine Just one turn of the handle knits sixty or more perfect stitches Thousands of such stitches can be made in a few minutes by an operator of average experience. Many of our workers report that with the Auto Knitter a complete sock can be made in less than ten minutes. The Auto Knitter weighs about twenty pounds and can be clamped to any ordinary table or stand Experience in knitting or familiarity with machines is absolutely unnecessary. Complete instructions about how to work the Auto Knitter are sent to every worker, and you can easily and quickly learn to operate the machine swiftly and profitably.

Write for our Liberal Wage Contract

In this advertisement we can only outline our proposition. We want to tell you more in detail all about our big organization and the pleasant and profitable place in it that is ready for you. We want you to know of the substantial wages that even a portion of your time will earn for you. Read the letters from a few of our satisfied workers—we have thousands more like them We want you to know how you can become independent from your work in your own home *Remember, No Experience Is Necessary*—the Auto Knitter does the work. *Write us now* for full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. It does not obligate you in any way Enclose three cents to cover postage

THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY (CANADA) CO., LIMITED

Dept. 102 M. 607 College St., Toronto, Canada

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Limited
Dept 102 M, 607 College Street,
Toronto, Canada.

Send full particulars about making money at home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose three cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

NAME . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . .

CITY . . . . .

THIS is the hand made, hand drawn, hand tucked blouse which Dame Fashion says all women will like. Whether they are "stout and forty or thin and haughty," it will appeal to them because it is so smartly simple.

"Blouses May Be Perverse, But They Are Most Irresistible," Says Aunt Polly

"Toast" Is Fashion's Newest Shade

LACE and mousseline, they tell me, share the honours in French neckwear. Surely nothing could be more becoming. The return of real Irish lace is welcome news to those of us who have preserved our old collars and cuffs, wrapped in blue tissue paper, in anticipation of just such a day as this.

MY DEAR

Have you seen the new blouses? If thoughts of a new, navy blue, spring tailor made haven't haunted your days and nights already, they will when you have seen what things of beauty and colour, called blouses, are to be worn with them.

Dame Fashion must have been in a heavenly mood when she created them for they are as sheer as cloud puffs washed by the glow of a rainbow.

Handkerchief linen, voiles, Jacquard spotted voiles, batistes, georgette crepe and crepe de chine after a season of silk jersey, duvetyne, cloth of gold and tricolette, are winsome, to say the least.

It isn't so much the material, but the colours, styles and infinite variety, that intrigue. They may be perverse, but they are irresistible!

When a woman opens her coat this spring, you may depend upon it, she does it to make you turn dizzy with envy

To begin with, my dear, the hand made blouse has a future before it that is going to eclipse that of the most elaborate machine made model

One always associated sweet, demure simplicity with hand made blouses of the past—at least I did. But no longer—rich, brilliant, almost audacious affairs come into that category now.

Dame Fashion explains this new era of hand made blouses which is dawning, as due not only to the loveliness and feminine charm of the styles and workmanship, but to labour conditions and the soaring price of heavier silk fabrics.

For some unexplainable reason, hand made lingerie blouses are often cheaper in comparison to machine mades. But don't let me give you the impression that you will find things given away in the shops. It's simply this—that a hand made blouse requires more time, individual ability and finger deftness than a machine made garment and is often no more expensive. Certainly, there is no more charming effect than that created by the hands.

Here I am talking prices and conditions when I really want to tell you something about the blouses now being shown in the shops.

Of course, the majority of these hand made lingerie blouses are displayed especially for Southern trade just now, but many of us will want to make our own blouse by hand this spring and it's nice to see what beautiful models can be copied.

Voile isn't just plain evenly woven voile any more; no, it comes in cross bar patterns, spotted effects and drawn work checks and lends it's cobwebby surface magically to the soft, fluffy frills and tucks that go to make up a blouse to-day.

Whether a blouse is white or as gay as a posy in colour, drawn work seems to be the favourite mode of trimming. Embroidery, English eyelets, fine, hand-run tucks, hemstitching and pleated frills are next. Irish and Venetian are supreme in laces.

But now comes the sad part for us folks who have thin, spindley arms—sleeves are oft-times short, or, to be more accurate, most always short, with an abandon that severs them above the elbow. Woe is me!

But they are attractive, and if we can't indulge, we can stand and admire, in long, tight, prettily cuffed affairs that are obviously good taste and good style.

The tailored lingerie blouse, like those of heavy crepe de chine and washable satin, is made with long sleeves and occasionally one sees a bell cuff, just to be different.

But Dame Fashion assured me the day of the Basque or hip blouse was not over. The collarless, short sleeved, georgette, net, chiffon and some satin models destined for dressy wear are certainly proof of her word.

Many lingerie blouses have adopted the high swung neck finished with flat Eton, Buster Brown, or Peter Pan collars. But for the average woman, the collarless or Tuxedo collar line is more becoming.

Dame Fashion told me the kimona sleeve and it's desirability as a permanent feature of the season's blouses has been a much mooted question. It has it's advantages and disadvantages both from a manufacturing and style point of view. It has won out, however, in many instances if for no other reason than that it assures a beautiful shoulder line and takes less material.

Sports blouses would seem to be a good excuse for continuing the tunic models. They are usually made of heavy materials—crepe de chine or tricolette—and trimmed in yarn, beads or handpainting.

When thin material models are not made in tuck-in styles, they are fashioned to fit snugly over the hips, like a middy in front; and are worn with a crushed girdle or made in surplice style to cross in the back and tie with sash ends in the front, thus hiding the unsightly waistband of one's skirt.

As to colours—they are legion and lovely. Rose blue or pastel shades appear either singly or collectively in one blouse—the latter achieved by multi-coloured stripes.

The decorative touch on some white blouses is introduced by inserting triangular pieces of coloured material, tucked and inserted with Irish crochet beading.

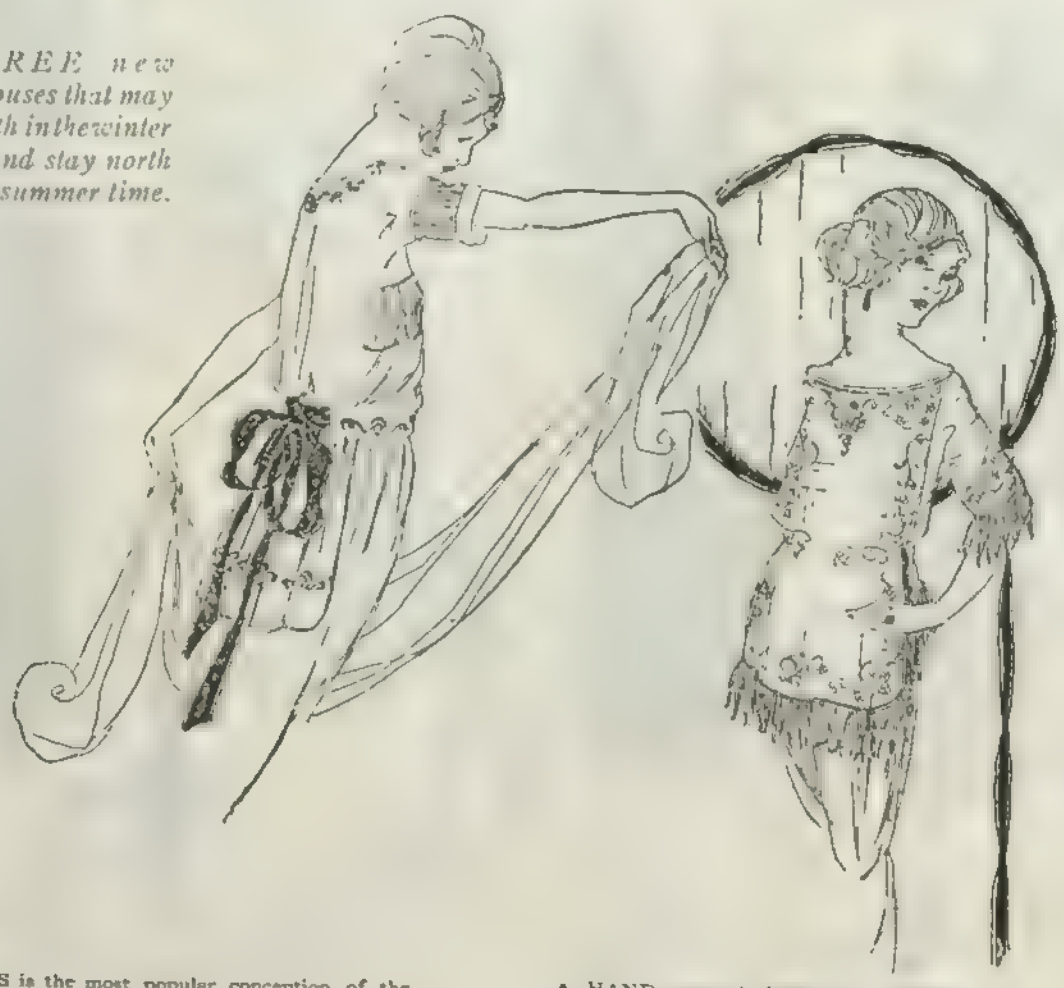
The leading shade of the moment is "toast"—we were content to call it cafe au lait or bisque before, but Dame Fashion now says "toast," and so be it.

Guess this will give you a fair idea of what to expect from *blousedom* this spring.

It's more than I intended writing, but you'll agree the subject is absorbing. Here's to your new blouse!

I'm loving you always,
AUNT POLLY.

THREE new blouses that may go south in the winter time and stay north in the summer time.



THE secret of the success of your spring tailor-made may depend upon the blouse you wear with it.

THIS is the most popular conception of the costume blouse. No ugly skirt band shows through the white voile. It is trimmed with pleated net insets and wool embroidery with ribbon sash of same hue. Organdie, georgette, or taffeta might be successfully used

A HAND painted design is a delicate, but colourful new form of decoration that one sees on expensive novelty blouses. Taffeta seems to be the most successful foundation for it, as in this model of flesh tints, painted in blue forget-me-nots. Would that I had sufficient idle and frivolous moments to wear a blouse like this!

GIVE me a blouse of batiste like this and I shall not ask for a more convincing proof of the predicted success of the vogue for the hand-made. Isn't it lovely? It's a slip-on model, hand drawn and lavishly but artfully trimmed with fine valenciennes lace. In white or gay colours this blouse is my idea of spring

Fashion's Latest Reports Favour These Models for February

Patterns of these illustrations may be obtained from the Fashionable Dress Publishing Company, 250 Fourth Avenue, New York. Send complete measurements. Price 60 Cents each.

Novel Creations in Hats and Frocks for Canadian Mid-Winter

THE vogue of the short sleeve finds expression in these charming models.

IN the interval between the Winter and Spring fashion decorations, nothing demands more attention than the afternoon dress. These designs show many advance features.

Patterns of these illustrations may be obtained from the Fashionable Dress Publishing Company, 250 Fourth Avenue, New York. Send complete measurements. Price 60 Cents each.

Do You Wear "Shop" Hair?

If so, the Peasant Women of France Have Likely Supplied You With It. And the Extent of Their Trousseaux Have Depended on the Price it Brought

By ANDREW T. SIBBALD

THERE are "Locks and Locks"—to adopt the favourite formula of the day—and it is not of the patents of Chubb Bramah or Hobbs or of tumbler, safety detector, or other mechanical fastenings that we are about to speak. It is of the "hyacinthine locks" alluded to by Milton, and more especially of those borrowed tresses which women nowadays covet to that degree as to make one think that, like Samson, all their power lay in their hair.

Everyone knows by this time that the bulk of the false natural hair worn in the British Isles is imported from France; for in Great Britain the very poorest never sell their hair excepting the canny Scots, who supply the Paris market with the best red and flaxen hair. France by this time must send England about $300,000 worth annually. It is Brittany that sends the largest supply of human hair to the Paris market. "Since the Roman conquest," writes Chateaubriand, "the Gallic women have always sold their locks to deck brows less adorned. My Breton compatriots will resign themselves to be clipped on certain days, when they exchange the natural covering of their heads for an India handkerchief."

Certain French writers of romance pretend that, in the majority of instances, the young girls of Brittany and Auvergne, who sell their hair, only do so under pressure of some dire distress. Nothing is further from the truth.

In Brittany selling the hair is, as Chateaubriand tells us, as old as the Roman invasion of Gaul and the custom may now be said to run in the blood. The style of *coiffure* common there certainly conceals the absence of the customary tresses, but even if it did not, no one would think any the worse of the poor shorn lamb. At Mont-lucon again, girls who are betrothed sell their hair with the consent of their future spouses, to provide themselves with the wedding trousseau. And even well-to-do farmers' wives, in a spirit of prudence, part with their hair for a serviceable dress. Breton hair being so highly prized for its fineness, it is not on fete days alone that dealers display their tempting wares, and drive hard bargains with the hesitating fair. All the year round pedlars, with packs of snowy cotton prints on their backs, tramp from village to village trying to tempt the hundreds of girls they meet on the highway, tending pigs and cows, to part with their flaxen or raven locks for glossy-looking red and yellow handkerchiefs, worth about twenty cents each. In the towns it is the hairdressers who insinuate to all the young girls that they give as much as $4.00 a pound for long black hair—this is the market price throughout the north of Brittany; but, as female labour is better paid in these parts, commanding about twenty cents a day without board, they do only a moderate amount of business, and this chiefly with girls who have to lose their hair for sanitary reasons, and when they are forced to sacrifice it think they might as well get from $2.00 to $3.00 for it from the hairdresser. The average value of a head of hair *sur pied*—that is to say, not as it stands but rather as it grows, is $2.00. Years ago, before the era of railways, the hair merchant used to barter, not merely handkerchiefs, but caps, ribbons, little shawls, scarfs and plated earrings for a head of hair; but nowadays, when hair is more in demand, and young girls or their guardians have come to know more of its value, he must be prepared to pay money in the towns if he wishes to reap a rich crop.

In Auvergne, which is quite out of the ordinary tourist's line of route and is the only part of France not overrun by English and consequently the only part where living is really cheap, the itinerant dealer in human hair does business in a perfectly public fashion. He makes a point of arriving in the village on market day, or during the annual fete, and might easily be mistaken for the travelling dentist or quack doctor who extracts teeth or extols the healing quality of his drugs to the gaping peasants assembled in the market place. At Ambert, St. Anthieme, Arlant, Olliargues and Riom, their cabriolets and booths, surmounted by little tricolour flags, are huddled together in the midst of the egg and butter stalls; and grouped around them will be peasant girls with baskets of fruit and vegetables, accompanied by their parents or husbands, and all ready to sacrifice their locks to the highest bidder. At Issingeaux, on market days, the sight is exceedingly picturesque. The hair merchant takes his stand on a low platform or wine cask turned on end in front of a booth formed of canvas, and a few planks, and with his shirt-sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, invites the women in a loud voice to step in and show their hair. Around him are a crowd of men and women in *sabots*, from the surrounding country, come to sell either a cow, a pig, or a couple of fowls, the women dressed in short serge petticoats and cotton aprons, with caps or coloured handkerchiefs bound round their head in winter, and in summer wearing broad-brimmed straw hats; the men in short apple-green cloth jackets and large felt hats. One by one the girls will mount the platform or wine cask, and throwing aside their caps, will loosen their tresses, and

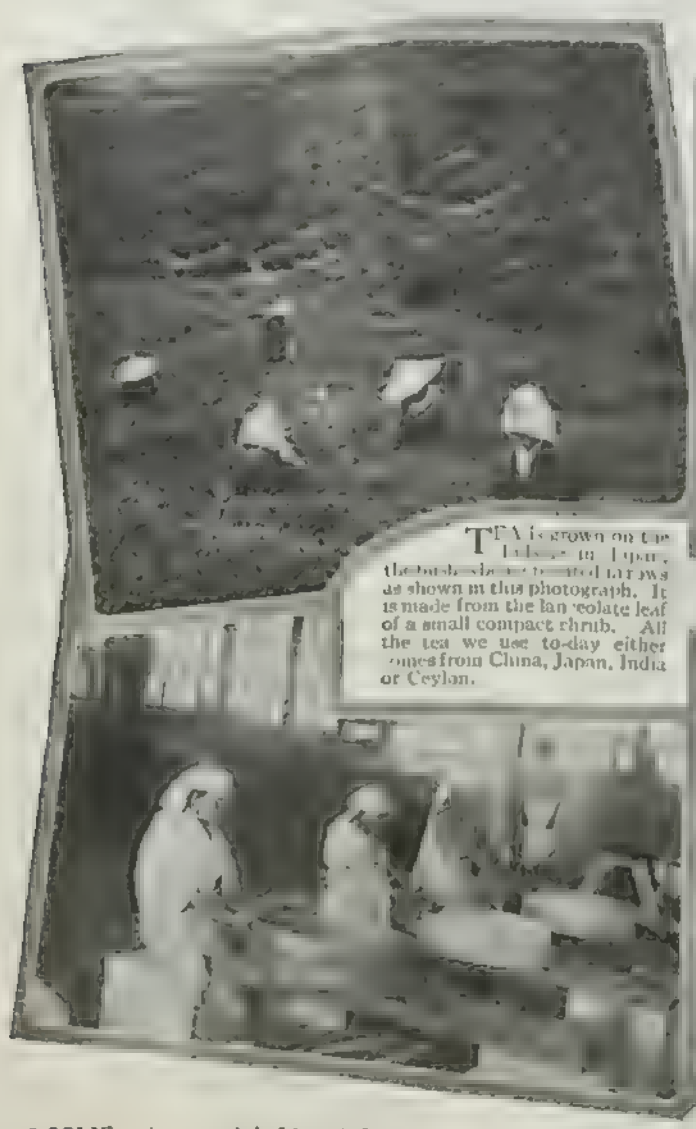
"Shower their rippling ringlets to the knee"

The hair dealer makes a rigid examination, followed by an offer, and as soon as a bargain is struck, the girl steps inside the booth, and in five minutes the dealer's assistant will have cropped her close, when off she will run amidst the laughter and jeers of the crowd, which,

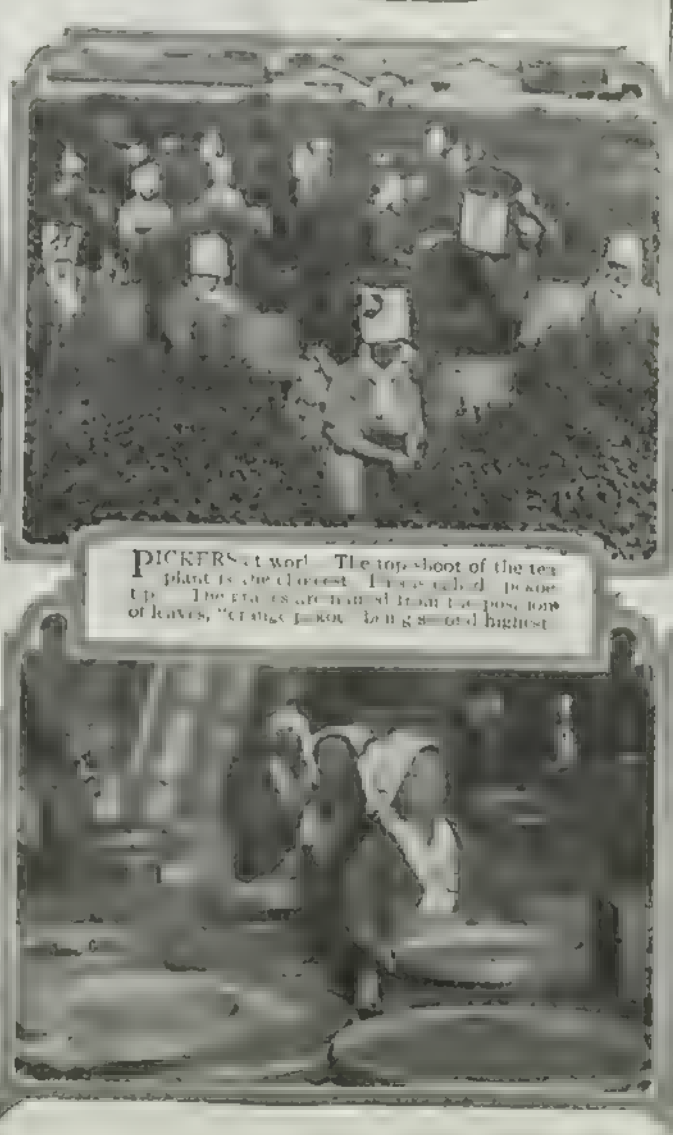
(*Continued on page 38d*)

The Story of a Cup of Tea

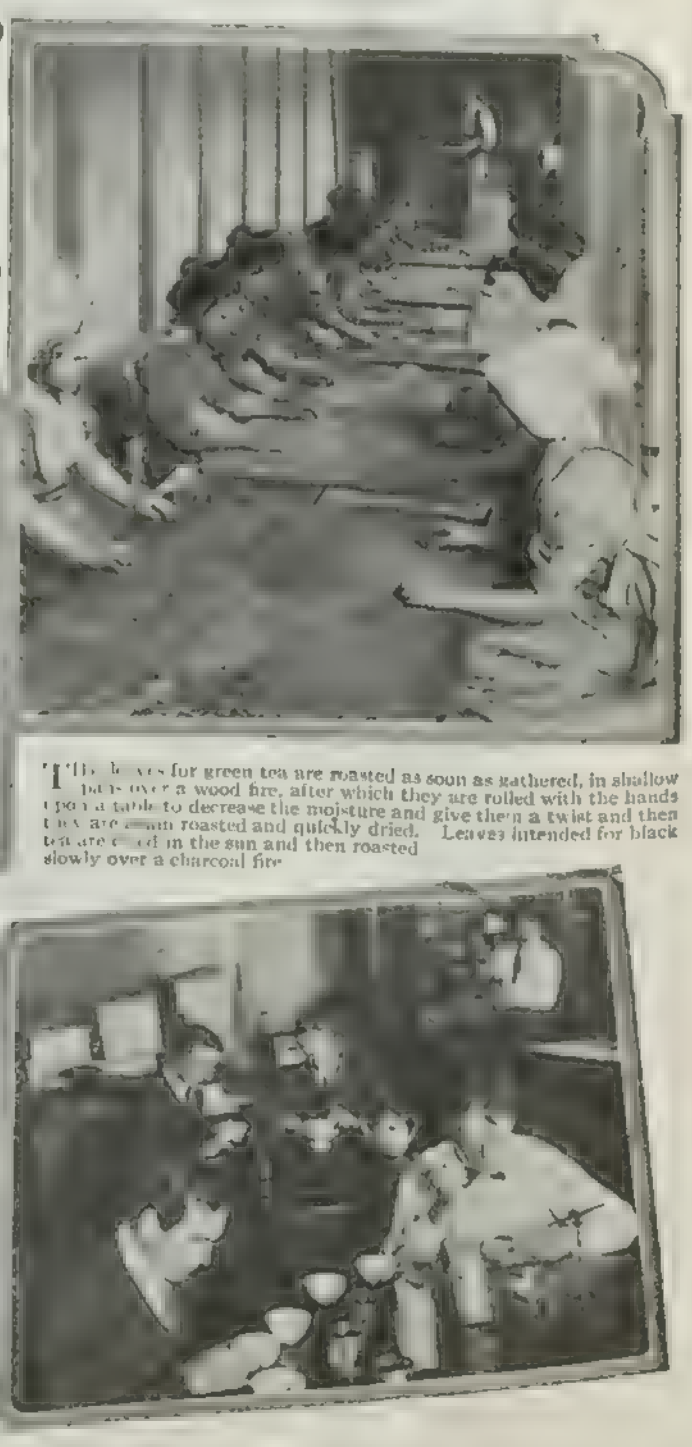
Interesting Particulars About "The Cup That Cheers"



TEA is grown on the hillsides in Japan, the bushes pruned to level arrows as shown in this photograph. It is made from the tender leaf of a small compact shrub. All the tea we use to-day either comes from China, Japan, India or Ceylon.



PICKERS at work. The top shoot of the tea plant is the choicest. These tender leaves are nipped off by the pickers, who bring the leaves in baskets slung on their backs.



THE leaves for green tea are roasted as soon as gathered, in shallow pans over a wood fire, after which they are rolled with the hands upon a table to decrease the moisture and give them a twist and then they are again roasted and quickly dried. Leaves intended for black tea are dried in the sun and then roasted slowly over a charcoal fire.

COOLIE girls at work in Lipton's factory in Ceylon. They shake the huge sieves which separate the tea leaves from pebbles, twigs and other foreign matter. Green and black tea are picked from the same plant. The preparation constitutes the difference in colour.

HERE is another sifting room in a big tea factory in Shizouka, Japan. The dried tea from the plantations is given an additional roasting and then sent down the shoot into a huge hopper in the room where it is sifted and carefully sorted into grades.

THESE are our tea tasters, the experts who examine the tea imported into the country. They ascertain the quality and discover whether or not it has been adulterated or is all genuine tea leaves. The tea is made very strong and is drunk hot without milk or sugar.

New After-War Problems Find The Y.W.C.A. Prepared

A New, Special Training Course for Secretaries Fits Them to Handle Difficult Situations

By MARJORY A. FORD
Publicity Secretary, Dominion Council, Y.W.C.A.

BORN of the needs of women after the Crimean War, the Young Women's Christian Association is prepared to meet the ever increasing needs of the present generation of young women to help again in the days of national reconstruction. To this end the Young Women's Christian Association of Canada is giving special thought to the many calls that are being made on its various departments

The Recreation Department at the Blue Triangle Centre, 95 King Street W., Toronto., has proved conclusively the essential need of a place where a girl, in her leisure hours, may enjoy healthy, normal amusements and meet her men friends — a land of recreation, which makes unnecessary her only alternative—commercialized amusements

At the Sign of the Blue Triangle she finds opportunity for self-expression and the development of her creative powers in group and personal activities, busy evenings for play, pageants, folk dancing and singing, or the quiet evening of sewing, reading, handicrafts or story telling with a vesper service or a more informal "evening" at home, around the grate fire.

Since a girl's contribution to her group and her country depends so largely on her health, the Health Department teaches her the simple essential laws of true living, the care of her body and the sacredness of her sex. It is only then that she knows how she can fulfil her destiny, since:

> "A woman's task is to fix up the world so that it is a decent home for human

> *"I believe in girls, in the women of a great tomorrow, and that whatsoever the girl soweth, the woman shall reap.*
>
> *"I believe in the curse of ignorance, in the dignity of learning, and the joy of serving others.*
>
> *"I believe in wisdom as revealed in human lives, as well as in the pages of printed books, in lessons taught not so much by precept as by example, in ability to work with the hands as well as think with the head in everything that makes life large and lovely.*
>
> *"I believe in the present and its opportunities, in the future and its obligations, and in the divine joy of living here and hereafter, and I know of no better place to work out this creed than the Young Women's Christian Association."*

Travelling Assistance

FOR the woman travelling alone, the Traveller's Aid is of infinite help. She is called upon daily to find lodgings for the belated traveller, the stranger and the newcomer, to wire ahead for her associate at another point to meet and care for some child or inexperienced traveller, to arrange tickets, or assist those changing trains at transfer points Many times when necessity has forced children to take long journeys, even to cross the continent and on to England alone, their parents and friends have had confidence that the various Traveller's Aids would meet and care for them and see them safely on the next stage of the journey. One young woman who was assisted recently writes: "I shall never forget your kindness to us at being strangers it seemed almost impossible that one should find such a good friend."

To-day much emphasis is laid on democracy. More than ever before there is discussion among groups and an attempt on the part of many to take an unprecedented share in the Government, so that there is great need for thoughtful planning in training the natural leaders of these groups, not thrusting on them someone from the outside, who may be distrusted. The burden and responsibility of this leadership will be laid increasingly on women. So the Industrial Department of the Y.W.C.A., through clubs, will help to develop the right kind of initiative, encourage discussion of social interests and the thoughtful consideration of modern problems in the light of Christianity and the wider interests of the whole community.

The Religious and Educational Department aims to make Bible Study, especially the life and teaching of Christ, the natural outcome of all Association activities, e.g., boarding houses, gymnasia, clubs, etc., to make the life of the girl fuller, broader, by the study of English Literature, Civics and other supplementary subjects.

Even the "teen" age girl is not forgotten. For her the Girls' Work Department co-operates with the various churches in the C.G.I.T. Movement Canadian Girls in Training—and aims to give her a four-fold development that she may be a "woman who seeks to keep her body in health, whose mind is growing in its love of truth, whose will is trained to right choices, whose heart is set to love God and her neighbour."

No more inspiring sight can be found than a room full of these groups having supper together, listening to a speaker and then adjourning to separate rooms for their discussion period. One High School group of twenty or thirty girls, is a vivid memory. Frankly and seriously they discussed and worked out a code that would hold for school and home life now and citizenship in the future. Their choice was Truth, Courage and Faith. When one heard the comments on gossip, tale-bearing, quibbling, flattery the opinions on moral courage, slang, obedience to authority, the sweetness and optimism on the questions of unselfishness, community work and personal service in their immediate circle and the world at large the future of Canada seemed safe and secure — if there are enough of such groups.

On the work of the City Department much could be written. It is here we find the home-like residences, the more modern and efficient built with rotunda, reading and reception rooms, well equipped gymnasium and swimming pool. Here the girl finds plenty of hot water and a reasonably priced dining room or cafeteria, a spot where she can receive her friends and the happy companionship of girls with similar interests and ideals working out their problems for the good of all; a sympathetic and understanding secretary who has the interest of the girls at heart. The Clubs and activities as suggested by the other departments are available as well as the help and advice of those in charge of the employment and information bureau

Making Holidays Possible

IN THE summer holiday season camps are planned to reach all groups of girls. There are week-end and ten day conferences where students, leaders or some special group gather for consultation, and discussion. Lake Couchiching has been the scene of many of these gatherings in the past and it is hoped that one day soon a permanent site may be found which can be open all season, where both conference members will gather and the girls spend their holidays. Only those who have faced the problem of finding a suitable spot to spend a vacation fully understand what the summer camps mean to hundreds of young women —a specially chosen site for bathing and boating, games and general summer sports, woods that are always new, a place to walk, tramp and picnic to one's heart's content.

All these departments of Y.W.C.A. work, as well as the Student, and Foreign, call for many carefully chosen, well trained workers, and much money —the Budget for 1920 is $150,000. To meet the call for more workers in the local organization and new workers in the unorganized districts, The Dominion Council of the Y.W.C.A. has arranged a special training course for secretaries At the new Headquarters in Jarvis Street, Toronto, which were opened last autumn, there is residence accommodation for the students. The first of these resident groups completed their course last December and went forth to take up work throughout Canada. Now it will be possible to reach out to more and more of the waiting girls and young women of Canada that they may know and support the purpose of the Association.

"The Purpose of this Organization shall be to lead Young Women unto personal loyalty to Jesus Christ, as Saviour and Lord, and to associate them in an organized effort to promote their spiritual, intellectual, social and physical well-being, and thus to make the Association, in co-operation with the Church, a social factor in the extension of the Kingdom of God.

THE CORSET YOU SHOULD WEAR

There is not the woman but will be interested in what the world-famed House of Lucile has to say about corsets

Lucile Ltd.

Out of this season's bewildering dictates of Fashion, one thought stands clear—you must appear natural.

Uncorseted? No! Emphatically No! Certainly frocks and suits never more definitely demanded the foundation of a clever corset. When Paris says you should look "uncorseted," Paris means you should wear a corset so deftly designed to be a part of yourself that it merely accents the natural beauty of your figure and the most critical observer will not be able to trace your charm to its subtle support.

LUCILE, LTD.

Manager

A Frock or a Suit Is as Good as Your Corset Makes It Look

The admired lines of a rightly poised, perfectly proportioned body—gracefully unconscious of corsetry except for its delightfully comfortable support—will give charm and added value to *any* clothes. And the wrong corset?—perhaps you have had one. Perhaps you have had a gown that was a disappointment—seemed just all wrong and unbecoming, and yet it had looked *so* well in the shop window and was such a precious model you couldn't resist buying it. But it *was* disappointing. Perhaps the neck line suggested change, or the sleeve, or possibly the waist line seemed not just as effective as it might be.

What was the inevitable result? Repeated attempts at remodeling that left you miserably discouraged, when the real cause of the despair was that disgraceful corset. It didn't give you the right poise and proportion and threw the frock out of line until it lost the charming silhouette you had admired and the designer had intended.

And a Mere Fraction of the Cost of That Ill-Fated Gown Would Have Bought You a Gossard Corset!

An amazingly comfortable corset especially designed for your figure, that would be a blessing as well as a saving. A corset that would give you ideal proportions and leave no trace of its skillful artistry in the finished silhouette. And that's important—*so* important—for the obviously corseted woman is today as unfashionable as she is uncomfortable.

And a Gossard will Wear, Wear, Wear—

wear, until in this service alone it has justified *any* amount you may pay for it. And it will hold its original shape up to the last moment.

The Canadian H. W. Gossard Co., Limited
284-286 W. King St., Toronto

GOSSARD *Front Lacing* CORSETS

will be found at the stores you like best at any price you may care to pay

All Pittsburgh

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

Was Amazed!

(From The Pittsburgh Leader)

Rappold and Laurenti Entertain Big Audience At Carnegie Music Hall

The tones which came from the New Edison phonograph matched those from the living artist so perfectly that it was impossible to detect any difference. The instrument produced not an echo or copy, but the real thing—the voices of Mme. Rappold and Mr. Mario Laurenti, untainted by any mechanical transformations, unspoiled by any metallic ring.

(From The Pittsburgh Gazette-Times)

Record Reproduces Voice Accurately

Demonstration Given in Carnegie Music Hall with Edison Phonograph

A demonstration of the exactness with which the human voice may be reproduced on a phonograph record was given last night in Carnegie Music Hall with the new Edison machine.

Several selections were sung personally by Mme. Marie Rappold, celebrated soprano, and Mario Laurenti, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Co. Simultaneously the same selections were produced on the phonograph, and with a subdued lighting effect, it was impossible to distinguish the actual voices from the reproduction.

(From The Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph)

Phonograph Reproduction Rivals Voice ...gers

... Hall a ... new ... sound ... d the ... f the ... ing ... ern- ... al. ... tts. ... ues

(From The Pittsburgh Dispatch)

Miracle Songs Create Furore

Concert in Carnegie Music Hall Astonished Big Pittsburg Audience

This proof was convincing. If it were not, another proof was offered. After Mme. Rappold had commenced to sing one number the lights were turned out—ostensibly so that the audience could not watch the singer's lips.

It did not seem difficult to determine in the dark when the singer sang and when she did not. The writer himself was pretty sure about it until the lights were turned on again and it was discovered that Mme. Rappold was not on the stage at all and that the New Edison alone had been heard.

(From The Pittsburg Sun)

Singers and Music Boxes in Concert

Vocal and Metallic Tones Unable to Be Distinguished

A unique concert was given last evening in Carnegie Music Hall in which Mme Marie Rappold, well-known American soprano, and Mario Laurenti, noted young Italian baritone, took part. The audience heard not one Mme. Rappold and one Mr. Laurenti, but two, the phenomenon being accomplished by means of a cabinet which stood on the stage beside the performers and matched their performance, note for note and tone for tone.

(From The Pittsburgh Post)

RECORDS VIE WITH SINGERS IN OWN SONGS

Madame Rappold and Laurenti in "Miracle Concert."

Madame Rappold sang the initial number on the program. In the midst of it her lips ceased to move but the song went on. Slowly it dawned on the astonished audience that the artist was no longer singing, though her voice came forth to them as clearly and sweetly as before. Again she sang, and the audience only knew it was the living Madame Rappold, because of the motion of her lips. Her lips ceased to move—but her voice continued. The same magical effect was obtained when Mr. Laurenti sang

CARNEGIE HALL, Pittsburgh, was jammed to its exits on the night of September 30, 1919. The audience was made up of 2,600 music-lovers and music-critics. They came to hear Marie Rappold and Mario Laurenti make a remarkable comparison with the New Edison's RE-CREATION of their voices. Read what the Pittsburgh newspapers said—see what happened. All Pittsburgh was amazed. There was no difference between the voice of the living artist and its RE-CREATION by the New Edison.

3,000 such audiences have heard similar tone-tests given by forty different artists of international fame. Always the result has been a triumph for the New Edison.

The story of Edison's RE-CREATION of Music is told in an interesting new book, "Edison and Music". Write for it.

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC. - - ORANGE, N.J.

Illustration from an actual photograph taken in Carnegie Hall, Pittsburgh, Sept. 30, 1919.

In Your Town With The Prince!

DID YOU MEET HIM?—Were *you* one of the fortunate ones to be favoured by "The Lad Whose Smile Has Made Him Famous?"

IF YOU WERE—This news will give you an added thrill. To those who were with him in spirit only, we promise a warmth of heart and a depth of interest beyond words of ours to forecast.

BECAUSE—Beginning with the March issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD and continuing through two succeeding numbers we will present:

"Through Canada with Edward, Prince of Wales"

By DOUGLAS NEWTON

Special Correspondent for "The London Daily Chronicle."

When he waved his "Good-bye" in Your town—you, or some of your relatives, may have been in the crowd.

❖ ❖ ❖

We will publish a large number of actual photographs of the Prince's visit. These may include you.

❖ ❖ ❖

We have several of H.R.H. shaking hands. Possibly the camera reflected you at that moment.

❖ ❖ ❖

Next month's issue will also introduce a new Fashion Service—the finest and most exclusive the fashion world possesses.

This is the famous "Picture that Pleased the Prince." He ordered several copies of it. Furthermore, his royal Mother did likewise. It has pleased every Canadian who has seen it We know it will please you!

Mr. Newton left England with the Prince and accompanied him on his entire trip. He tells numberlessanecdotes—countless stories of the Prince's impressions of Canada and Canadians.

❖ ❖ ❖

This will appear exclusively in this magazine—a story that is history, that represents records to be cherished in future years; the whole profusely illustrated by photos taken in every town and village in Canada. Don't miss a word. The coupon below will guarantee you the March issue and eleven others if you mail it to-day.

Coming Also in March Issue:

IN THE APPLE ORCHARD, by Anthony Hope.

WHEN GEORGE SANG, by Virginia Coyne.

MACKURD, by Bertram Atkey

THE QUEEN WHO RUINED HER KING.

MAKING MOVIES IN CANADA—
(THE FILM VERSION OF THE LAW OF THE YUKON.
By Robert W. Service.

Date, ...

CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING COMPANY
259 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Canada

Gentlemen—

So that I may not miss "Through Canada with Edward, Prince of Wales," beginning in the March issue, please find enclosed Two Dollars for my new / renewal subscription to *Everywoman's World* to start with the March issue and continue for eleven months thereafter. This entitles me also to any other advantages offered by you at this time.

Name

Address

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

Canada's Greatest Magazine

Vol. XII., No. 2 — MARY M. MURPHY, Editor-in-Chief — February, 1920

Katherine M. Caldwell, *Associate Editor*

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Editorially Speaking

For the Next Generation

AMONG the women physicians from all over the world who attended the International Conference of Women Physicians in New York recently, were five prominent women physicians from Canada, a larger representation than that of any other country save the one in which the conference was held.

Our Canadian physicians in attendance were Dr. Rosamond Leacock from Alberta, Dr. Maude Abbott from Montreal and Drs. Ellen Sherrett, Helen MacMurchy and Margaret Patterson from Toronto. The conference was, it is to be hoped, but the forerunner of many and its basic object was for a stronger, healthier and better coming generation of children.

Proper care of infants does much, child-training adds, but for the best and most lasting results it is necessary to begin with this generation of young women who are to be the mothers of to-morrow. These noted women physicians realized this and the twenty-eight days of the conference were devoted to laying a foundation to this end.

"Rebuild" has been the universal slogan since the war. Nations are struggling to reconstruct devastated territories, to put back on the old footing our commerce, industries and arts, all of which are necessary. But it remained for this group of women physicians to see a still greater need, to point out something of far more importance—the rebuilding of a stronger generation.

When our own women of Canada, and the women of other countries, took up to such an extent, "man's work" that their men might engage in war, we learned that women should no longer be called the weaker sex. Women were lauded for their sacrifices. But they really had not been trained for such strenuous labours. Although only a few broke down under the physical strain, not many came out of it entirely unscathed. The generation following a great war in which so many strong and virile young men were killed or crippled has always been a weaker generation.

Hence the work particularly of the women physicians of the world shall be to train the girls of to-day to become, more nearly than ever before, the mothers of perfect children. Morals, of course, play an important part, but the women who conducted this conference understood that the foundation of their all-important work lay in devising means of giving healthy bodies to the girls. Healthy bodies encourage healthy minds, and with healthy minds the morality question almost takes care of itself.

It is our duty to give every aid possible to all those who are working along these lines. The women physicians of Canada cannot achieve results alone. They must have our heartiest co-operation—the help of educators, employers, mothers, in a word, the help of everyone.

Hands Off! Holy Ground

PEOPLE who travel to see places the world talks about wish very often—too often—to leave behind or take away some memento that connects them with that place. Perhaps they scrawl their names on things that are old or beautiful and so deface them, not feeling that what they have done is vulgar and dishonouring to themselves. Or perhaps they chip off fragments and take them away, thus helping to destroy the very things they pretend to admire.

In Belgium such people are being instructed in manners and wisdom by public notices on ruins left by the war. Here is the notice at Ypres.

NOTICE—THIS IS HOLY GROUND
No stone of the Fabric may be taken away. It is a Heritage for all Civilized Peoples.

Such a notice never should have been necessary, but, being necessary, is well said.

The Little House We Dreamt Of

The little house we dreamt of—that lies out over yonder,
Where the shadows gather across the quiet wold,
Does the light still linger around its eaves, I wonder,
As when first we knew it—O Heart o' Gold?

O Heart o' Gold, where you rest among the shadows,
Dreaming through the long years, while seasons ebb and flow,
Do you still remember that cottage in the meadows,
The gardens green, the ways serene, we walked so long ago?

The little house we dreamt of—its rooms were full of laughter!
(Dear, do you remember the merry tales we told?
Songs that brought an echo twitt'ring from the rafter
Where the swallows nested—O Heart o' Gold?)

The little house we dreamt of—dear vision, ours no longer,
Passed into the darkness that wraps the years of old!
Will it find fulfilment, when, with faith grown stronger,
We shall hail the morning—O Heart o' Gold?

Ó Heart o' Gold, where you rest among the shadows,
Dreaming through the long years, while seasons ebb and flow,
Do you still remember that cottage in the meadows,
The gardens green, the ways serene, we walked so long ago.

Norah M. Holland

Demand "All-Canadian" Movies

IN THE world of motion pictures the word "stuff" is by no means derogatory. It is applied to everything. There is "society stuff," "kid stuff," "Wild West stuff" and the like. After the vogue of Wild West stuff in photoplays, the producers, anxious to give variety to the millions of Canadian fans, began to produce "Canadian stuff." For the most part it had to do with rough scenes in our lumber and mining districts. The wilds of Canada are rugged and beautiful, the people therein are thoroughbreds and worth while, but the people of the United States must think that Canada consists entirely of rough lumber camps, dirty mining towns and other semi-civilized districts.

A producer of photoplays remarked not long ago that "the combination of the Canadian wilds with the society life in the cities of the United States for sharp contrast makes an ideal picture."

True enough! But why always leap from the Canadian wilds to the social centers of New York, Newport and similar places? Why not give us some pictures that include both the wild life and the civilized life of the Dominion, its *finesse*? Canada is not wholly a wilderness. We have all the things in our cities and towns that are to be found in the cities and towns in the United States. We have shops, theatres, ball rooms, debutantes, social affairs, taxis and the rest, including servant problems and the high cost of everything.

Why is it not quite as possible for the hero of the silver screen to go into the Canadian wilds from his aristocratic home in Montreal, Winnipeg, Toronto, Ottawa and scores and scores of other Canadian cities and towns, as to go from Boston, New York, Baltimore or any other place in the States? Why not have a Canadian girl heroine? Canadian girls are quite as beautiful and quite as intelligent as any other girls in the world.

Is it not time that the photoplay producers made their "Canadian stuff" *all* Canadian? Let them photograph our estates, the interiors of our beautiful homes, our boulevards, our metropolitan business and social life. No finer contrast with our scenes of wild life are available anywhere.

So far, were we to depend upon the "movies" solely for publicity, the outside world might well believe that Canada consists of log houses, rough mining shacks, uncouth lumberjacks and grimy miners, with mounted police to keep order.

It is possible for Canadians to demand *all Canadian* pictures of their nearest exhibitors, for the exhibitors are anxious for such requests and speedily convey them to the producers who are listening eagerly to learn what the people want. We are very much a large share of "the people" and hence our united requests will bring the desired results.

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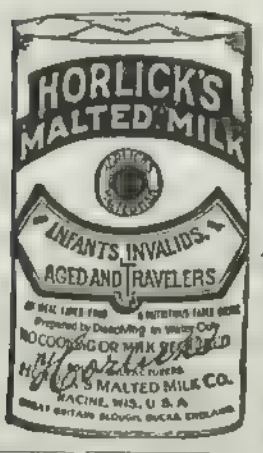

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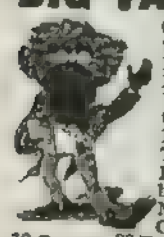

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The Home Cooking Class

(*Continued from page 11*)

Careful tests have shown that the same quantity of food uses up so much more fat if it is sauted than if it is immersed in deep fat. It is best to use plenty of fat—quite enough to cover whatever is in the frying basket or dropped into the pot, because in that case the food will not need to be turned. When cooking is contemplated, the fat can be cleared by dropping in a few slices of raw potato which will collect the particles in the fat and then straining it off very carefully for use again. There are very few things that will leave their flavour in the fat.

4. Roasting.—As frying may be termed the favourite American method of cookery, so is roasting the national English method. The fine old method of roasting meats on the spit before the open fire gave wonderful results but was too prodigal of fuel to be approved in these days of coal scarcity. In roasting meat, the object is the same as in broiling it—to harden the surface albumen and so imprison the juices. This means exposure to great heat just at first but as soon as the surfaces are seared, the oven should be cooled quite considerably, and if even after that the outer parts of the joint or fowl seem to be drying or shrivelling too much, it is advisable to cover them with a well greased piece of heavy paper. Any large joints, in fact, or a large bird, will be the better for this covering of greased paper. "The larger the joint, the more moderate the oven" is a good general rule to follow. Long, slow cooking will give the desired result—a nice casing of hardened albumen around the outside, with tender inner fibres and the albumen in the inside meat just coagulated and no more.

It is a sign of good meat and good roasting to lose comparatively little by shrinkage. It is more difficult to cook a small joint well than a large one, as there is greater danger of the fibre becoming hard and separating into bundles that offer difficulties to mastication, are difficult to digest and lack flavour and juiciness.

5. Baking.—Roasting and baking are closely related methods of cookery and frequently do duty for one another. An important factor in attaining the best results in flavour is to keep the oven scrupulously clean and be sure that it is well ventilated so that the flavours of previously cooked foods will not be imposing themselves upon those of the latest dish. Evaporation is great in oven cookery, so that for anything that needs moist heat, it is well to put a dish of water in the oven at the same time, so that the steam from it will prevent the drying up and burning with which we sometimes have to contend. The average oven temperature required for baking flour mixtures is about 360 degrees; for meats, about 300 degrees. The richer the pastry to be baked, the hotter the oven should be. Every cook should possess an oven thermometer, but if she has not got one, a slip of writing paper is sometimes used, the test being as follows:

In a moderate oven—white paper turns delicate brown in five minutes. In a hot oven—white paper turns dark brown in five minutes. In a slow oven—white paper turns slightly brown around the edges in five minutes.

Pot Luck

(*Continued from page 12*)

oven. Meanwhile, peel and slice three small onions, three turnips, three carrots and about four large potatoes. (A vegetable slicer such as that shown below, slicing oranges, is a boon in the preparing of vegetables for just such uses). When the meat has simmered for half an hour, add the vegetables, 1 clove, 1 small chopped green pepper, a teaspoonful Worcestershire sauce, a teaspoonful of salt, ½ teaspoonful white pepper and ½ a bay leaf (no more). Put the casserole back in the oven—which should be at moderate heat—and keep it simmering gently for an hour and a half longer. If the gravy needs thickening, add it before serving.

Lancaster Pot-pie is a tremendous favourite and is made as follows: Slice two large onions and fry in a couple of tablespoonfuls of fat until a light brown. Dredge in a tablespoonful of flour and when well browned add quart of thin stock or water and a teaspoonful of vinegar. Cut two pounds of beef into pieces, add them and simmer for three hours. An hour before serving, drop in some dumplings made with 1 cup flour (½ pound), 1 teaspoonful baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, some chopped parsley, thyme, ½ an onion, chopped fine, 3 tablespoonfuls suet, moistened with enough water to make right consistency. When the dumplings have puffed up and are cooked through, serve with the stew in the centre of the dish and arrange the balls around.

Marmalade Now

(*Continued from page 12*)

very thin strips. Cut up the pulp roughly with a silver knife, being careful to remove all white fibre possible. Cover the pips with a little water and leave them to soak. Weigh the pulp and peel and put into a large earthenware crock; pour in an equal weight of water, cover and allow to stand 24 hours.

Add the liquid from the seeds to the pulp, etc., and boil the whole until tender. Put away for another 24 hours and on the third day, boil it up quickly and add 8 pounds of sugar which has been heated. Stir well until the sugar is dissolved and boil for 45 minutes.

Orange Jelly

GRATE the peel (removing the white inner rind) of a dozen oranges and 1 lemon. Cut the pulp up roughly and place all in a preserving kettle with sufficient water to cover. Simmer for two hours, then put through a fine sieve. Measure the resulting juices, return to kettle and boil for a few minutes, meantime heating an equal amount of sugar in the oven. Add sugar to juice, boil for five or six minutes, pour into pots and cover

Transparent Orange Marmalade

SELECT good oranges, cut them into quarters, remove the pips and the white fibre. Turn the pulp into a basin put the peel to steep over night in a little water, slightly salted. Next day, boil the peel until tender, in plenty of water. Shred it very fine and add to the pulp. Weigh all together and allow 1½ pounds of sugar to each pound of fruit. Boil gently for 20 minutes or until clear (the time may vary five minutes or so). Stir continuously with a long wooden spoon, being very careful not to break the peel. Turn into pots, but do not cover until cold.

Orange Marmalade No. 2

TO 9 marmalade oranges, allow 2 sweet oranges and 2 lemons. Slice them all very thinly, remove the seeds, and soak in a little water. Put the fruit into a deep vessel (a stone or earthen jar is preferable), add 9 pints cold water and leave for 24 hours. Next day, boil until tender, add 9 lbs. of heated sugar and boil again until the marmalade thickens. Pour off into pots and cover.

One Word From Two

BRANDER Matthews, prolific writer of nearly half a century, author of hundreds of books, plays, poems essays and magazine articles, professor of English at Columbia University and one of the leaders in simplified spelling, seems to be fairly well satisfied with our language, since he has coined but two words.

Nearly thirty years ago he wrote of one of his female characters in a novel: "She is a mistress of illogic." Naturally his character had no logic about her whatever, and Professor Matthews expressed this whole sentence in seven letters.

The most unusual thing in word-making was the manner in which he took two perfectly good words, Siamesed them with a hyphen, and made one word which will evidently stand for all time. This word is "short-story."

This word means more than appears at first glance. It does not mean merely a story that is short. He has done something more with it than add another word to our vocabulary; he has set off and characterized a distinct form of literature. He created this word to distinguish this particular form of story which has a beginning, a middle and an end, a plot, more than one character and a climax, and yet is, instead of being a novel, no longer than a single chapter of most novels. It means more than an ordinary rambling tale which happens to be short. It means the perfect short story, perfect in form, treatment and construction.

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The Woman Nobody Knew!

STRAINS of syncopated music drifted out into the rapidly filling lobby of the Hotel Regina and carelessly enveloped the prospective diners and idle crowd with soothing melody.

Little knots of tired business men fraternized here and there, their dull monotony of attire brightened by the colourful evening dress and smart hats of various dinner companions. And in the little conversational lull that descends even upon pleasure seekers, a strikingly handsome woman entered the lobby dressed with the quiet elegance of good breeding and attended by a gentleman in faultless evening attire. Instinctively masculine spines stiffened and practised fingers felt of irreproachable ties, while individual cigars glowed resentment at temporary neglect.

"My word! I didn't know any one woman could be so beautiful," remarked young Jimmie Fisk, the son of millions, to his companions. "Who is she?" "That is ***'The Woman Nobody Knew,'***" replied his friend in real estate. "Interesting little mystery there, my lad. But whither away so fast?" "To the feast, my friend, where I may entertain myself with the angel unaware. If you are dining with me, make haste."

Seated at a desirable point of vantage, Fiske opened fire. "Now, turn the pages of your mystery tale, friend Thompson. Who is the fair unknown?"

"Since the world is your oyster, Jim, I may as well invite you to a family dinner to-morrow. The attraction is visiting my wife. They were old school chums," replied Thompson. "We all lived on the same old shady street back home."

"But why do you call her ***'The Woman Nobody Knew?'***" persisted Fiske.

"Two years ago Jessie Carter was so plain and scrawny, a blind man would have shied at her lack of attraction. Then she suddenly disappeared for about three months, and when she came back to the old home town she was such a beauty nobody knew her. They say her own mother only recognized her by a childhood scar on the arm, so folks just naturally called her ***'The Woman Nobody Knew,'*** and it's a fact, no mortal man knows how she made the magic change from a pre-destined, unattractive old maid to the snarer of hearts like yours, old chap. She came up here to take some sort of position, I believe," concluded Thompson.

"Well, I know one position she can have for life," replied the entranced Fiske.

* * * *

They say one woman never tells another, but there are exceptions to all rules. Pretty little Mrs. Thompson chatting with her guest in the intimacy of wee, small hours and comfortable negligée, said coaxingly: "Jessie, do be a dear and relieve me of the consuming curiosity that is wrecking my life. Since you are going to marry money and that good-looking young Fiske, you might pass on your magic secret to me." Jessie ran speculative fingers through the masses of glorious hair. "Possibly you recall what a frightful frump I once was, Letty," she remarked. Her friend's silence gave assent. "Well, I knew it better than anyone else, and it was a nightmare of horror to think I must live and die unloved for want of personal attraction. I used to look in my glass and hate the unlovely image I saw there. The happiest day of my life was when I discovered my great secret, as you call it. I had an aunt living a few hundred miles away, so I straightway packed the secret and hied myself away to wrestle with my destiny. You all know that in three months' time nobody knew me. Do you really want to know what did it?" she asked teasingly. "You know I do, wicked witch," laughed Mrs. Thompson.

"Well, it was so simple, it's almost silly—I read one day that the treasured and cherished beauty secrets of all the famous beauties of history had been carefully traced and collected into one valuable book called ***'The Woman Beautiful.'*** Of course I knew that no matter how beautiful a woman may be there are certain rules she must follow, certain recipes she must use, so I just sent for that book and when it came I knew my troubles were over. Of course there is no royal road to success and it meant application and hard work, since I had so much less to start with than most girls, but I had the fear day for three months with the present result, and, while I really do love Jim Fiske, you is to know, my dear."

* * * *

Are you one of those women who long for the secret of a charming personal appearance? There is only one obstacle to your gaining the object of your heart's desire—***yourself.*** It is your eternal heritage to enhance your natural charms, and what Jessie Carter accomplished may be done by any other woman. There is no age that cannot be made beautiful, from the silvery softness of the old to the fragrant bloom of youth. Why be satisfied with impurities of skin, wrinkles of worry and age, crows feet, a poor figure, weak heart, nerves, lowered vitality and the thousand ills to which the flesh is heir? A wonderful book of perpetual health is available to you. ***"The Woman Beautiful,"*** by Ella A. Fletcher is one of the most remarkable books ever published on the development and preservation of women's health and beauty. It contains treasured beauty secrets, and recipes of the world's most famous beauties, among them Sarah Bernhardt's magic skin lotion, as well as valuable information on the principles of taste in dress. With the aid of ***"The Woman Beautiful"*** you can make your own perfumes, face powders, toilet creams, healing lotions and shampoos. It will tell you how to have a beautiful complexion, the secret of luxuriant hair, silky lashes and brows, the care of the head, feet and teeth; correct breathing, the secret of good health, how to reduce, how to cure headaches, how to be graceful, cure for nervousness and a thousand other guides to the splendid, vital, success-attracting health and beauty of particular women.

This handsomely bound book of 535 pages of invaluable aid to every woman is regularly sold at $5.00. For a limited period you may secure ***"The Woman Beautiful"*** for only $3.00. It's value to you cannot be estimated. You will not part with it for $50.00 when you once have it. Make up your mind to make your own secret dream of a beautiful woman come true. Fill in your name and address on the coupon. Enclose $1.00 and mail to us. ***"The Woman Beautiful"*** will go forward to you at once and you may send us $1.00 each month until the $3.00 has been paid, or if you prefer send us $2.50 to-day—payment in full for ***"The Woman Beautiful."***

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NAME

ADDRESS

B1

The Home Dressmaking Class

(*Continued from page 14*)

eights, so that the gathers may be easily adjusted in even proportions.

Find the middle of edge to be gathered and mark by cutting a small notch. Hold wrong side of material toward you. Take up two threads of material on the needle and go over four; or, in other words, the material taken up on needle should be one-half of the quantity of that passed over. When the gathering is finished, fasten the thread with a knot. Put a pin through the material vertically close to the last stitch. Draw the gathering thread up and wind it around the pin.

Tucking

A TUCK is a fold in a piece of material or garment; very frequently it is one of a number laid parallel. It may be used by way of decoration, or with the expectation of letting it out as the garment becomes shorter by washing or the wearer grows.

Tucks may be made in various sizes from the smallest or pin tucks to a large one, say four or five inches deep. When calculating for tucks bear in mind that a tuck requires twice its depth, with once that amount to rest on.

An odd number of tucks rather than even is to be preferred. A measure or gauge is necessary to the making of even tucks. The gauge may be made in this way. Take the stiff even edge of paper or cardboard, make a dot the width of the tuck from the end, then make another dot the width of the tuck plus the space below the first dot. At each dot make a straight cut into the paper and from that cut an oblique one.

Hold right side of material toward you. Place the second cut to the sewing of the hem, crease by the top of measure. After creasing across, bring the measure back to the right-hand side and test the turn. Move the gauge along, and at the same time baste under the first straight cut.

In making a second tuck, place the straight cut to the sewing of the first tuck and proceed as before.

Shirring

SHIRRING is a number of rows of running stitches parallel to each other. The stitches in shirring are usually very small and if necessary the lines may be marked in basting in order to get exact straight lines.

Embroidery may be sewn on by hand by rolling edge between the thumb and first finger and whipping on to the edge of garment or piece of material. Another way of sewing on embroidery is to gather the embroidery with very small running stitches, place it on the edge of garment right sides together, then place a narrow bias band of material with them, baste them all together and sew with fine, running stitches. This joins the facing, garment and embroidery together in one seam. Turn in the bias facing or band to the garment and hem.

Narrow laces generally have a thread at the top which may be drawn up as gathering string. The thread is seldom strong and must be handled very gently. Lace is usually sewn on the edge of a hem by whipping.

Buttonholes

A BUTTONHOLE is made in double material—sometimes three-ply is put in for added strength. The size is determined by the diameter of button and is worked on the right side of garment. It is cut a little distance from the edge.

Hold the folded edge along the first finger of left hand, baste two little running stitches on wrong side of material, pointing needle toward you. Bring the needle from underneath close to the folded edge of cloth. Work from right to left. Put in the needle again the same distance from edge and directly in front of its first position. With the needle halfway through the cloth and pointed toward you, take the double thread at the eye of the needle and throw it under the point of the needle from right to left. Draw the thread tight. Work the buttonhole along in this manner until you reach the end nearest the fold of cloth. Work around the edge until you are directly opposite the first stitch taken at this point. Draw the stitches so that the sides are close together. Make three stitches on the right side of cloth at the end of buttonhole the total width of the stitches on each side of buttonhole. These are called the bar. Work over the bar with buttonhole stitches having the purl towards the buttonhole. If the buttonhole is large it may be overcast and barred first and a new thread taken for the buttonhole stitches.

When sewing on the buttons, it is advisable to put an extra fold as an interlining, as this serves to strengthen the place where the button is sewn on. Buttons which have no shanks require to be stemmed. This is done by leaving the threads loose so that the thread may be wound around them between the cloth and button, forming a shank.

Applying a Flat Facing

A FACING is a piece or fold, usually bias, placed on the edge of a garment to take the place of a hem. The facing is generally placed on the wrong side. The garment to be faced should be placed flat on a cutting board or table right side up, the facing placed on so that the right sides of garment and facing are together, edges meeting exactly. Baste one-fourth of an inch below edge, and sew either by machine, or by hand with a backstitch and one or two running stitches below the basting. Fold over on the wrong side so that the seam comes at the edge, but does not show on the right side. Place the garment on the table and baste through the middle of the facing. Turn in the other edge of facing about one-quarter of an inch, baste close to the edge, and hem or slip stitch. Press with a moderately hot iron.

An Emergency Shampoo

By JEANNE MARIE DUPONT

DID you ever start to dress for a dance or a dinner, or a special occasion, when you wanted to appear particularly well, and find to your disgust that you hair looked its very worst? This is, unfortunately, apt to be the case when one arrives at the end of a railroad journey or a long automobile ride, and has barely time to get ready for the festivity, and not nearly long enough to shampoo the hair to make it fluffy. In such a *contretemps* the fashionable Frenchwoman invariably comes down-stairs with her hair beautifully arranged and looking soft, fluffy and shining. Now, how does she manage this seeming impossibility? Very easily—by means of the emergency shampoo.

With a perfume atomizer you can give yourself this shampoo in five minutes. Pour a little pure alcohol into the bottom of the atomizer, and if you want your coiffure to have a faint delicious odor of violets, add also a few drops of violet water. Part the hair here and there loosely with the comb, and spray the partings lightly. Be sure to spray the hair about the brows, in front of the ears and at the nape of the neck. Let the hair hang loose until the alcohol has dried out and then comb it, and you will find it light and fluffy, but not nearly so wiry and unmanageable as it is after an ordinary soap and water shampoo. Of course, if the hair is very dusty, it should be brushed to remove as much dirt as possible before the emergency shampoo is given.

Some people have an idea that alcohol is bad for the hair, and it has been said that it makes it gray. So perhaps it might, if it was used every day; but employed occasionally in this manner, it does no possible harm, and even acts as a sort of stimulant to the roots of the hair. The basis of all hair tonics is alcohol, and these are often rubbed in the scalp every day with a great deal of benefit, and no one ever heard of a tonic making the hair gray. The alcohol shampoo can be used on light or dark hair, gray hair, or even white hair.

You can often make the hair fluffy, put new life in it and strengthen its growth by proper combing. I do not mean the necessary combing one always has to do in arranging the hair, though it is said that the pulling long hair almost always gets in such combing does much to preserve its thickness, and that the reason that many men get bald is because their hair has no such exercise. When you take down your hair, comb it from front to back, so that all parts of the scalp can feel the teeth of the comb; not hard enough to scratch, but plenty hard enough to bring up the circulation. Be careful to comb the hair line around the face in short strokes, as this is the first place the hair becomes thin.

How Does Your Boy Wear His Hat and His Shoes?

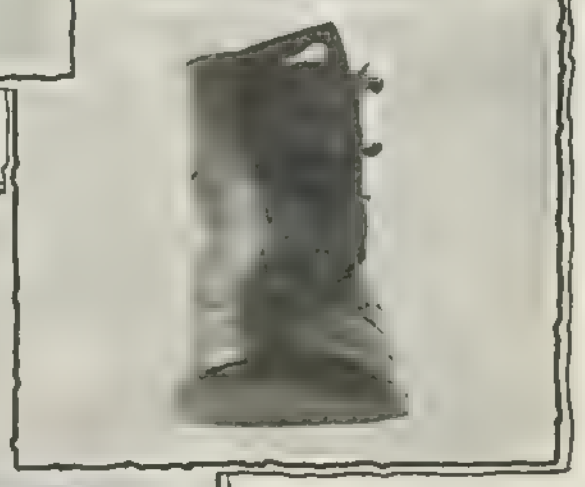
Can You Judge Character from Either Extreme?

TURNING out the toes, placing the hat far back on the head slightly to one side and drawing the upper lip so as to show the teeth, all tell the same story—enjoyment of admiration, sensitiveness as to what people think, and ambition to gain honour and reputation.

HUMILIATION, and the lack of care for what people think, both show in the tendency to draw the hat down forward, to allow the body to sag and the feet to toe in. Have you not noticed the difference in the attitude of the same boy when being praised or blamed?

LACK of proper pride allows the whole body to sag and the knees to bend in walking. As pride makes for reliability in work, one does not rely upon the boy with the sprung-kneed, in-toed walk. This walk results in the soles of the shoes being more worn than the heels.

PROPER pride, ambition, self-reliance, thoroughness and stability straighten the limbs in walking. The feet are parallel, the heels strike the ground fairly, and the knees are straight, except when the raised foot is being moved forward.



THE GREATER the degree of ambition and confidence the more marked is the wear on the heel of the shoe. Too much sensitiveness is shown when the wear is on the outside.

WHEN the sole of the shoe wears at the toe, as is seen in the picture of the baby shoe immediately above, it is a sign that the shoe is too short. A longer shoe, giving more toe room will remedy the trouble and be more comfortable. Watch the shoes of your children for this sign and see that their next shoes are long enough.

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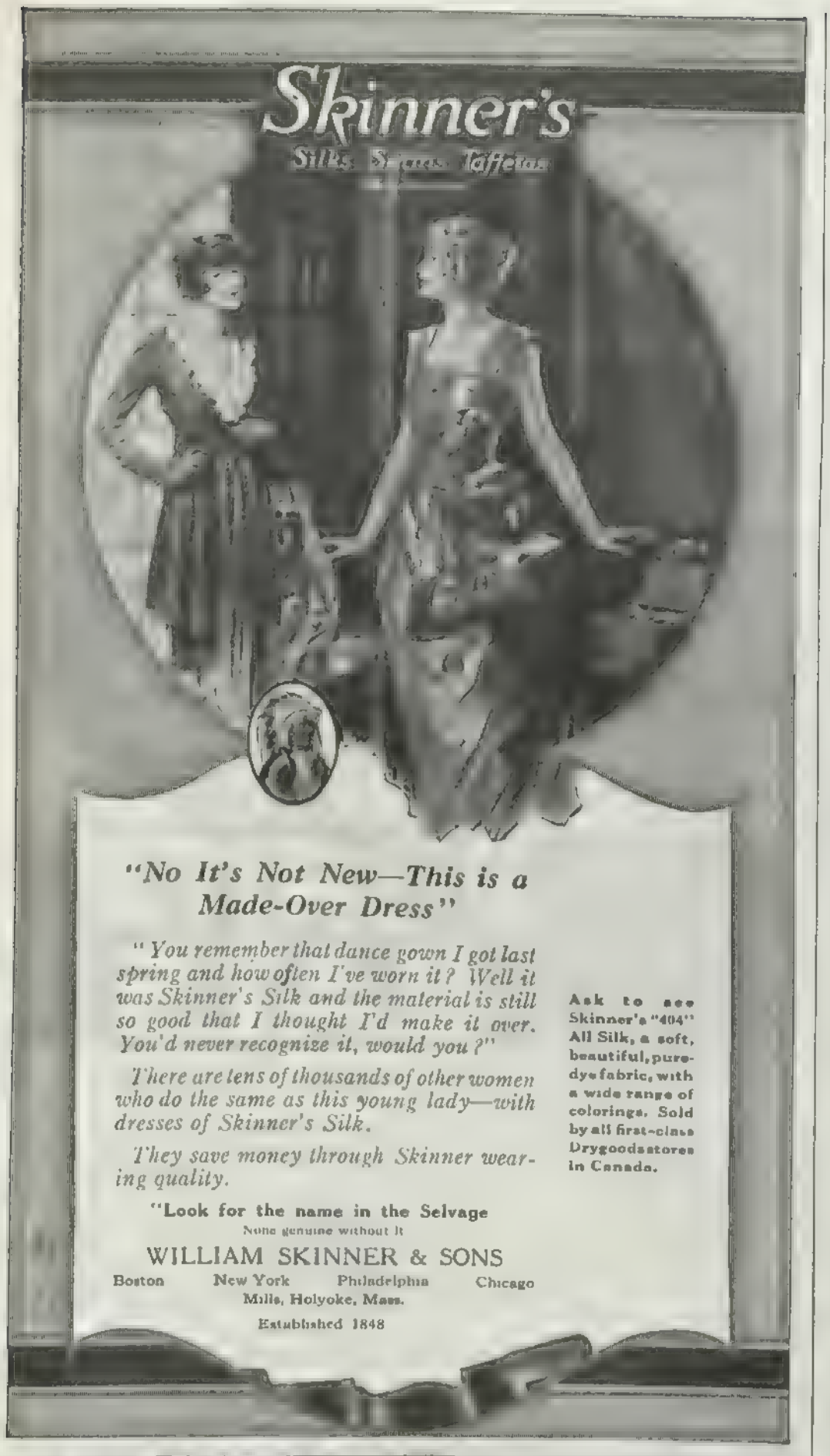

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Letitia's "Ophelia"

(*Continued from page 8*)

She spoke in a tone of deep emotion, and Letitia saw that her eyes were dim with tears

"Mother, mother!" remonstrated Arthur. "You really mustn't lecture Letitia on our family—she'll be bored to death!"

"What else can I talk about?" his mother asked quite simply.

"Oh, anything! Show her your treasures." He turned to Letitia. "Mother has a secondary passion; it is for china and old plate. When she isn't fussing about me she is gloating over a small but rather unique collection we have here. You may have heard of the Hope-Gordon collection. It is really rather celebrated."

"I should love to see it," said Letitia. She had no interest in such things, but she wanted to be alone with Arthur's mother; to affect an enthusiasm which she lacked seemed likely to result in Arthur's taking himself off.

It did so—the master of Hope Court did not follow the ladies into the long room lined with cases which served as a museum. Here Mrs. Hope-Gordon began what promised to be a somewhat lengthy discourse on the various articles of virtue, but Letitia, a trifle pale, but otherwise outwardly calm, interrupted her.

"Mrs. Hope-Gordon, why did you not send the carriage to meet us?" she asked. "Why did you refuse to see me until Arthur made you?"

THE WOMAN addressed stood fixedly gazing into the case before her. If she contemplated a reply she had not attempted to make any before the actress spoke again.

"You acted deliberately, wishing to irritate me into making a scene?"

"Yes."

"That I might reveal myself to Arthur, who would have his eyes opened before it was too late?"

"You are clever."

"I am not what you expected?"

"Oh, no, quite the reverse!"

"And yet you would not have me marry Arthur?"

"I think only of his happiness, and I do not think marriage with you would make for that."

"You are sure of your motives in the matter—sure that my origin has nothing to do with your dislike?"

"Don't call it that, my dear! I do not dislike you; if I did it would not weigh with me. I consider only his happiness. Your origin will weigh with him."

"You mean he is a snob?"

"That is a term very little understood in circles like ours."

"But surely this is absurd! He has asked me to marry him. If he were a snob, if he cared whether I was born—"

"You do not understand the Hope-Gordon temperament. It is easily overbalanced—for a time. Afterwards, when the balance is righted, there is suffering—acute suffering."

"But I love him. When that time comes I will go away. I will suffer out of his sight—he shall not see."

"Suffering is never borne alone, even if you would wish it so. He would discover his error, and it would spell misery. I do not mean that he would show it, for he would not. The Hope-Gordons believe in blood; with them it is an instinct to exaggerate its value. Call it snobbism if you choose."

"Mrs. Hope-Gordon, you make me angry, or you make me wish to laugh—I don't know which. I love a man passionately—with my whole being—and you tell me to forego my happiness because he is a snob! It is irresistibly comic. How can you seriously raise such a trivial obstacle?"

"My dear, it is not trivial. I know you love him—I saw it the moment my eyes fell upon you, and my heart went out to you then. It made my task the more painful because I knew what it would mean to you. Listen! Arthur is the exact replica of his father. Arthur's father married me—a schoolmistress with no 'blood,' nothing but a passionate love for the man whose wife I became. And what was the result? Life-long misery for both of us after the first year of our marriage. Gordon Hope-Gordon was a good man, and I do not blame him for my misery any more than I hold myself responsible for his. But I should blame myself if history repeated itself. I know the Hope-Gordons, and I know they are the last men who should marry beneath them."

"But Arthur dotes on you; you must have killed the snobbish instincts in him."

"For Arthur's benefit an ancestry for me was concocted—it was one of his father's last acts to ensure that his son should never know, and know he never must!"

Something in Letitia's brain seemed suddenly to snap—she had a feeling that the shadowy outline of some Nemesis which she had long felt to be about her had revealed itself to ocular observation.

"You wish me to go away," she said, breathing quickly, "but I shall not—I am his—I cannot go out of his life like an inanimate clod."

The other sighed despairingly.

"It would be better so," she said.

"He loves you—you have such power over him. It is always you and your opinions that weigh with him. You have no heart? Are you going to put all this in the balance against me?"

"Yes, until you are married. Knowing what I do, I have no choice. He is my son, though he knows it not, he is calling to me out of the wilderness now—calling that I may save him from his father's fate."

"Mother—mother!"

Arthur's voice came to them suddenly from the hall. In the semi-darkness of the room in which they stood the sound of it was eerie, uncanny, inspiring them with vague, unknown fears.

"Come," said Mrs. Hope-Gordon quietly, "let us go to him!"

SOMEWHERE a clock had struck twice. Letitia stood quite still and listened. Could it really be two o'clock? Had she been tramping her room backwards and forwards, backwards and forwards, for nearly five hours? It seemed scarcely credible, and yet she was terribly tired. Why had she not gone to bed and slept as usual? Was it because she felt she could not sleep—because Arthur—Oh, no, no! She remembered now. As she uncoiled her masses of black hair before the looking-glass, the strange desire to play "Ophelia" had returned. It had suited her mood to be perfectly weak. She had twined the flowers which she had found upon the dressing-table into a coronet, placed it on her head, and gone, with an odd zest, through the part which she would never play in public. Nobody would ever know, so there could be no harm in it. Arthur would have thought it mad, but Arthur was a Hope-Gordon—no Hope-Gordon could ever understand her craving for that mad woman's role.

It was strange how she lost consciousness in her performance. After the first few words she remembered nothing, yet she must have repeated the whole over and over again. And now it was two o'clock, and people were stirring in other parts of the house. Were they, or was her brain playing her tricks as the result of the strain which she had put upon it? Certainly her head was hot and buzzing, but that would not account for what she heard—for those half-stifled moans that came to her from behind the door. It was all very odd and needed investigation.

No thought of fear entered her already overwrought mind as she took up the lamp, crossed to the door, and opened it. Then as the light of the lamp lit up the landing and revealed Mrs. Hope-Gordon's bent figure at the top of the great staircase, Letitia joined her swiftly and looked anxiously into her face

"Are you ill?" she asked

The older woman did not look up. She was craning her neck over the balustrade, listening apparently to the sound of movement that came from below.

"My dear, they are taking my treasures!" she whispered despairingly.

"Do you mean there are thieves in the house?"

"Yes, yes! Can't you hear? Listen! Oh, why have I lived to see this? The treasures of the Hope-Gordons—they are going and can never be replaced!"

"But they need not go. We have heard in time. There are men in the house, and we must warn them quickly."

"There are no men except Arthur. I never allow men to sleep in the house. There is an alarm-bell in the dining-room—that would bring help from the lodge, but how can we get to it? My dear, I—I am so frightened.

"But there is Arthur! He will go down!"

"I should not think of telling him—it would be dangerous."

"Then I will tell him."

"You mustn't! I would not have him go—I would not have him go!"

SHE HAD turned and faced Letitia. Something in her expression made the girl start back and brought the colour suddenly to her pallid brow.

"You have told him!" she said.

For the space of a few seconds the women exchanged a searching glance, then with something like a sob Mrs Hope-Gordon — the quintessence of Hope-Gordonism, she who had submerged her being over long years in a cult in which she had come to believe with a consuming intensity—lowered her eyes.

"You have told him, and he is—a coward!"

Letitia's words were cold, dispassionate, but the little choking laugh that followed them was charged with agony—the agony of the woman who has lost her faith.

At the sound of it Mrs. Hope-Gordon turned and looked at her with a trace of apprehension, and as she did so, her face clouded suddenly.

"My dear," she murmured soothingly, "you are ill. You must go back and rest. And—and what have you been doing? Flowers in your hair—a coronet of flowers! Don't let Arthur see you like that! He—anyone—would think you were mad! Oh, where are you going?"

Letitia, holding the lamp high over her head, had turned and glided softly to the top of the staircase.

Somewhere from below came the sound of a door being stealthily opened, and immediately the actress took it as a cue. Her eyes, the wild abandon of her beautiful hair, the regularity of her movements as she slowly began to descend the stairs, all expressed a mind clouded by insanity. If anything realistic of horror was lacking to the performance, she supplied it by the emission of a little wild mirthless laugh.

"He is dead and gone, lady—
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone!"

She chanted the words in a monotone which would have been effective in the glare of the footlights; here, with the assistance of a naturally eerie setting, it was startling in its weirdness.

"And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead!
Go to thy death-bed.
He never will come again!"

She was halfway down the staircase now, and not by so much as the tremor of an eyelid did her aspect change as the light of the lamp revealed the waiting figure at the foot.

"His beard as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll;
He is gone, he is gone,
And we chase away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!"

SHE HAD come now within a yard of the man—had she stretched out an arm she might have touched his revolver, the aim of which had changed with every step of her descent—and for the first time she paused—paused and leaned forward eagerly, peering over the revolver and into his eyes. Slowly her lips and eyes relaxed into a smile as though she had vaguely realized his presence there, but was even yet uncertain.

"'I hope all will be well!'" she said dully, then stood upright and laughed hysterically, clutching with her left hand at the white folds of her nightgown.

For an instant the man regarded her fixedly; then he dropped the hand which held the revolver and an odd expression half amazement, half fear, crept into his eyes.

Letitia's attitude changed suddenly. She raised the lamp upwards and backwards as though she would throw it in his face. When she spoke her tone was high-pitched and commanding.

"'Come my coach!'" Then softly she added, "'Good-night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good-night, good-night!'"

With a cry of horror the man retreated a few yards, and instantly the actress slipping between him and the balustrades, crossed the hall and vanished through an open doorway.

"'There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you, and here's some for me.'"

Her words fell on his ears like music.

"Quite mad!" he said, and smiled contentedly. It was odd that in all their carefully-prepared scheming the burglars had no inkling that the house contained an occupant of this sort. She might have spoilt the whole thing. He had undertaken a task that seemed easier than packing silver and china into sacks—but he had never anticipated encountering a dangerous lunatic with a lamp. He realized the danger of letting her pass him, but there was none, at least not sufficient to justify him in disturbing the others by a warning. It would waste time, and time was valuable. Another half-hour and all would be well He smiled grimly as he thought of the system which involved keeping all the able-bodied men of the establishment in a lodge two hundred yards away from that valuable collection. But for that he and his "pals" would never have attempted such a "cinch."

He wondered what that woman was up to. She seemed very quiet. He did trust—but, no, that was absurd, she was quite mad!

At that moment his doubts were solved in an unmistakable way. In the darkness his muscles stiffened suddenly and he uttered a stifled cry. The alarm-bell was sounding a warning that could be heard miles away!

"LETITIA—Letitia!"

The sound of Arthur's voice came back to him through the night air, but no answering cry came along with it. He halted, irresolute, listening and peering through the gloom, but a moment later he leaped forward at a desperate pace, for some distance ahead he had caught a glimpse of a white figure gliding swiftly in the direction of the pool.

"Letitia, stop! Oh, for Heaven's sake, stop!" He was breathless and could say no more.

On the very brink of the pool the woman paused and looked around at him.

"I must finish my part. Ophelia drowned herself at the end, you know."

She spoke with the dead calm that not infrequently hides the deepest emotion.

"Ophelia be hanged!" he snapped. "Oh, of course, I know it's been splendid! You've saved the Hope-Gordon collection, but what's the use of anything Hope-Gordon without you? What's the use of anything at all without you?"

He had crept closer as he spoke and suddenly he grasped her by the arm and drew her back.

"Why did you do it?" he continued. "Why didn't you or mother come and waken me? It was perfectly idiotic! But it was fine—both clever and brave! Heaven knows, I loved you before, but now——"

"You slept through it all?"

"Like a log! It's taken me until now to get out of mother what really happened. And furious I was! I left her in tears. I'm afraid I was rather rough with the poor old thing, but, really, darling, it was too much! She actually confessed to letting you do what you did rather than allow me to run the risk of being shot!"

"Let us forget all about this wretched night."

"I don't know—I don't know! Funny how you think of things at times like this. Do you know, darling, as I followed you down here it came to me—seems a rum thing to say—it came to me that I'd neglected you. Not exactly that, either. Rather that I had not held you high enough—almost as if you have played second fiddle to mother in my affairs. Of course after to-night that must end. There must be a limit even to the cult of Hope-Gordonism."

Letitia gave a little cough, when he suddenly realised the seriousness of her position.

"I say," he gasped, "this is ridiculous. A nightgown and nothing on your feet! Out here at this time of night! You must be nearly dead with cold! Come on, let us run. It will warm you up!"

In his anxiety for her he would have started at once, but she held him back. She was not conscious of cold—she was no longer conscious of anything save that her mind was perfectly at rest. As she looked up at him shyly he saw a light in her eyes which he had never seen there before.

"Arthur," she said, "aren't you—aren't you going to kiss me?"

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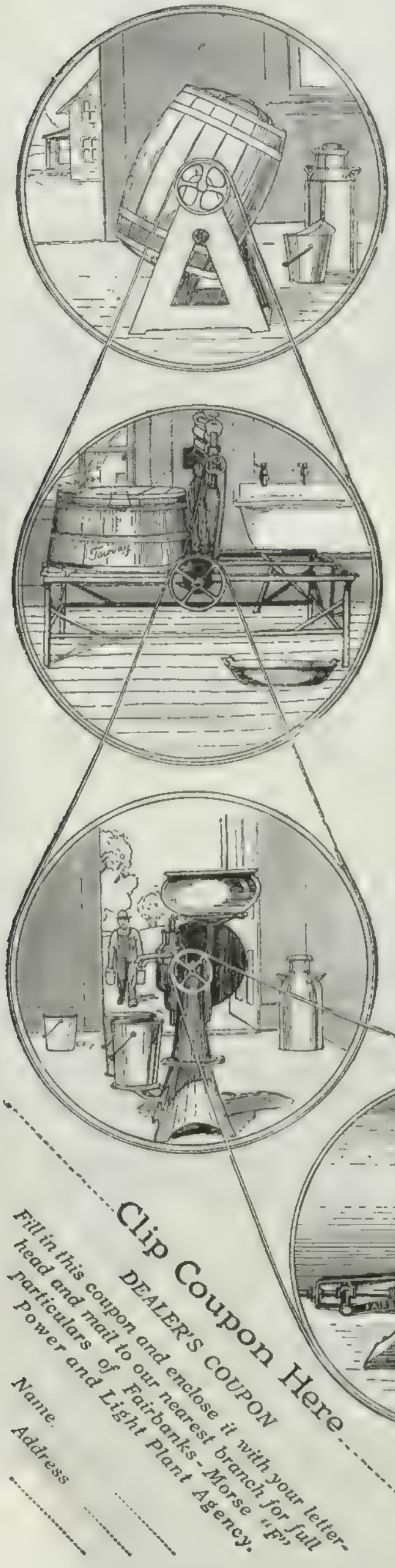

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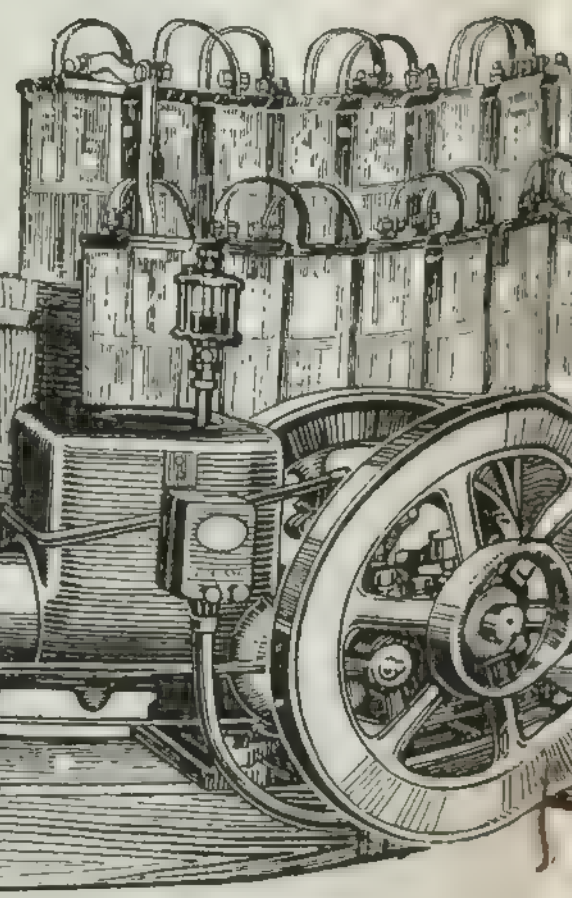

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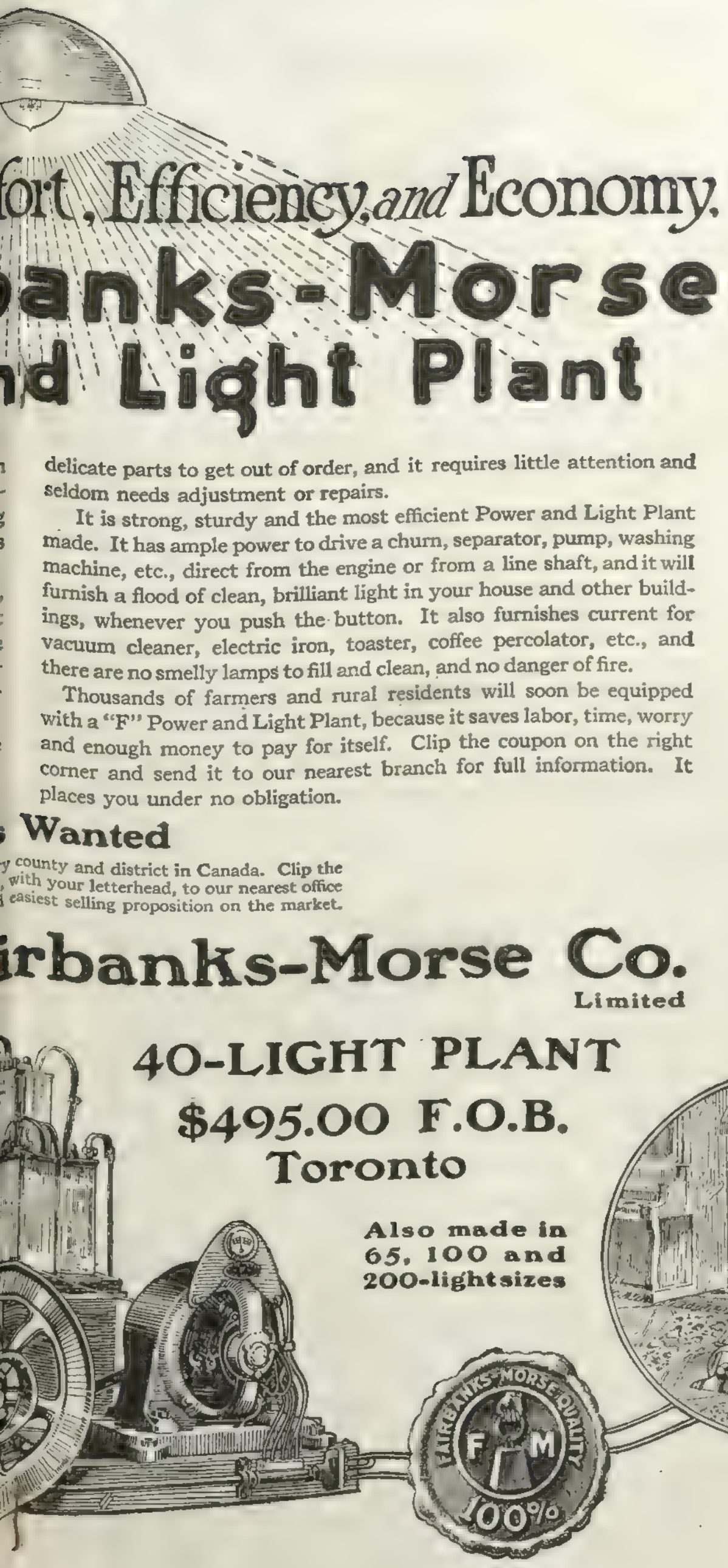

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Uncle Peter's Stories

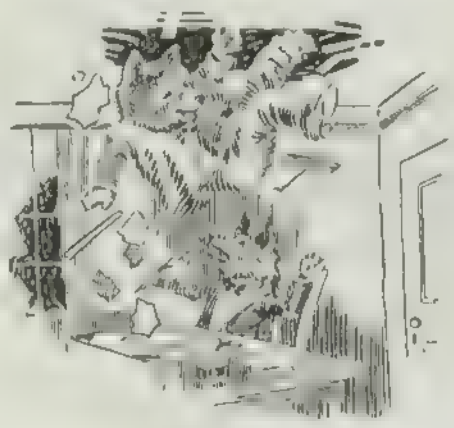
The Three Bears and The Foolish Fox

ONCE upon a time there lived, by the River in the Land of Fudge, a Clever Fox, who had for his servants six Big Bears. Three of the Bears were Black Bears, and three were Brown Bears, and the story has already been told of how the Six Bears became the Servants of the Clever Fox. And the names of the Three Black Bears were Temper, Haste and Ambition, and the names of the Three Brown Bears were Patience, Caution and Contentment.

FOR A WHILE all went well in the House of the Clever Fox. As he had had no one to look after him for a long time, there was a lot of work to be done, and every one of the Bears was as busy as a Bee. As they were busy they were fairly happy. But as time went on the work grew less and less, because there were so many to do it and the Bears once more began to think of the old days when they used to come out every morning to the bank of the River and tell the world how clever they were. And so the Black Bears and the Brown Bears began to quarrel and fight together.

Now the Clever Fox soon found out that these things were happening, so he divided the Bears into three pairs, a Black Bear and a Brown Bear in each pair, but even this did not make very much difference.

Now it happened that in an upper room of Mr. Fox's house was a window which did not



fit very well, so that the rain used to come in at the top of it. So Mr. Fox sent two of the Bears to replace the window, and while they were doing it he sat in the room below, very busy indeed, planning a box with a door in it which would open from the outside but not from the inside. *This door was just big enough for a rabbit to go through!* I wonder what Mr. Fox had in mind. We shall never know, because he never finished making that box.

Upstairs the two Bears went to work. First they got a step-ladder and set it up by the window. Then they had a little argument as to which of them should go up the ladder. They both wanted to go up, but there was only room for one, so finally it was decided that the Black Bear should climb the ladder, while the Brown Bear held it firm. Now the ladder was not very strong, and Mr. Black Bear was very heavy, so the further Mr. Bear went up the more the ladder began to bend and crack with his weight. "Be careful," said Mr. Brown Bear, "do not go any higher, you are quite high enough to reach the top." But the Black Bear was not satisfied. "Do you think I am afraid of falling?" he asked. "I can go up a little further yet," said he. And up he went another step. It was a step too far! Suddenly, there

was a loud crack, the poor over-loaded step-ladder broke right in half, and down came Mr. Black Bear with a CRASH! The floor was not very strong, as Mr. Fox's house had not been built for Bears, so Mr. Black Bear went bang right through the floor into the room below, where he fell plump on the top of Mr. Fox, who was working there.

CRASH! BANG! there was poor Mr. Fox underneath, with several bones broken. When the Bears pulled him out he was so badly crushed that he had to go right to bed and stay there for weeks.

"When the cat's away the mice will play," and when Mr. Fox was ill in bed, the Bears had things their own way. They *did* repair the house, and they still worked, but they did not work well, and by the time Mr. Fox was better again, they were not on speaking terms with each other.

MR. FOX thought the matter over, and decided that he would have to send away three of the Bears, but which three should it be? Even the cleverest people make mistakes sometimes, and Mr. Fox made a big mistake when he decided to send away the Brown Bears from his house. Instead of being a Clever Fox, he became a Foolish Fox, a *very* Foolish Fox. Instead of making peace between the Bears, he sent the poor Brown Bears away, and kept the Black Bears with him.

Now it happened that as soon as the Black Bears were alone they missed the Brown Bears very much. They had got so used to quarrelling with them that they did not know how to get along without them. They just *had* to fight with someone, and now that the Brown Bears were gone they began to give Mr. Fox all kinds of trouble. They would not do anything he told them, and things got so bad at last that poor Mr. Fox had to get his own meals in the kitchen, while the three Black Bears had *their* meals in the dining room, and used Mr. Fox's best china (and broke a lot of it, too).

Then one day the Black Bears called Mr. Fox, and said to him: "You will now be our servant, and clean our shoes and carry our water from the well, or we will turn you out of your own house." So poor Mr. Fox, who did not want to be turned out, had to agree to their terms and became their servant.

And this is the story of how the Clever Fox became a Foolish Fox, and the Black Bears became his Masters.

NOW you really must understand and remember that the names of the three Black Bears were Temper, Haste and Ambition, and the names of the three Brown Bears were Patience, Caution and Contentment.

Caution told Ambition not to climb too high on the ladder, but Ambition climbed still higher, and wrecked the house.

And because the owner of the house, being foolish, did not make peace between the six, but sent away Patience, Caution and Contentment,

it happened that Temper, Haste and Ambition became too strong for him, and made him their servant.

NEVER mind, it does not follow that because a Clever Fox once does something foolish that he will always be a Foolish Fox. Next month I will tell you how the Foolish Fox became a Clever Fox again, and once more ruled in his own house.

Your affectionate Bunny-Uncle.

Uncle Peter.

MacKurd

(Continued from page 1)

"Now with regard to the position of cashier," said the banker. "I have not complete control of this bank, as you will easily realize. There are partners—fellow directors—to consult, and an immediate decision is impossible. You understand my position?—But I may tell you at once, Major MacKurd, that your proposal impresses me very much and I shall lose no time in going into the matter. Is that satisfactory to you?"

The V.C. smiled.

"Why, naturally. There's no hurry."

I expect to write to you almost immediately—and I may go so far as to say that I hope to be able in any case to make you a proposal. I shall need your address, of course."

MacKurd, V.C., gave it—a West-end hotel. He was quite "loose," he said—campin' just anywhere."

"And I should be very glad, Major, if you can find time to lunch with me to-day."

"Pleasure, sir."

"Shall we say one o'clock?"

"Couldn't be better. I'll drop in for you at one, sir. I've got a bit of shopping to do and it will fit in beautifully, what?"

So it was settled.

Sir David accompanied his visitor to the big doors of the bank—and that was an event which the staff discussed throughout the luncheon hour.

"He said he had a proposal to make to the owner of the bank," mused Mr. Wilson, the chief clerk. "It must have been a proposal of the very greatest importance — something unique, I fancy."

And that was true—though it was not the kind of uniqueness which Mr. Wilson meant.

The old Chief Clerk realized that when presently Sir David sent for him.

"You are pretty good at deciphering hand-writing, I believe, Wilson," said the banker.

The Chief Clerk, an old ally and henchman of Sir David, smiled a little.

"I should be, Sir David," he admitted.

"Can you read me the line in that letter which is marked with a red cross?" He passed a letter, folded very narrow so that only a few lines were visible.

"It is Mr. David's writing," said Wilson, and read aloud:—

"'His name is'—ah! poor Mr. David wrote this in a hurry, sir—h'm——" Mr. Wilson stared at the sentence intently for a moment, then decided.

"'His name is Claskind'—yes, undoubtedly 'Claskind.' An unusual name, sir."

Mr. Wilson handed back the letter.

"Thank you, Wilson, 'Claskind'—yes. I had decided on 'Claskind' myself."

Sir David turned to his writing-table again and the Chief Clerk went out quietly.

Then Sir David unfolded the letter again and read it throughout—and reread it.

Presently he took a pen and a clean sheet of paper and wrote busily, constantly referring to the letter spread out before him. At the end of a quarter of an hour he had written the words 'Claskind' and 'MacKurd' dozens of times in as many different handwritings as he could accomplish. He surveyed his work for a few seconds, then shook his head ruefully.

"Ah, Davie, boy," he said, "is it 'Claskind'? or have you made 'Claskind' out of 'MacKurd'? It seems impossible, but out there—as you say——" He turned to the end of the letter and read aloud:—

"Forgive the scrawl, father, but I'm writing with shells joggling my elbow, so to speak—Jerry's evening strafe—and time's short."

The banker muttered the last words softly.

"'Time's short'."

The old man stiffened abruptly, compressed his lips, put all away, and stared blankly before him, thinking.

At last he rose.

"IT'S impossible to make him a cashier—although he's 'rather a dab at arithmetic'." A faint smile twitched his lips. "We can't have unknown quantities of notes sleeping out of the bank at any odd moment the fit takes him. It's impossible. And yet I have an instinct that he's the man who saved Davie from that terrible thing. I shall do something for him—whether my instinct is right or wrong. That, at least."

His lips twitched again as he thought of Major MacKurd's airy proposal.

But as he took his hat his face grew very serious, for his mind harked back yet once more to Davie's letter—to the few phrases that were burnt in on the father's mind.

"He saved me from myself, father. I was in a blue funk—in another minute my nerve would have gone and I should have bolted. My God, think of it, father!—bolted—in front of my own men. He came like an angel from heaven—I mean that absolutely—as cool, as steady, as self-possessed as steel. How I envied him. He spotted my trouble in a flash. 'It's pretty hard when it gets a claw into you, eh?' he said. 'I was that way at Ypres. Most fellows are—once—you know.' We talked for a few minutes and presently I went right—with a click—as swiftly as a camera shutter. The relief of it! I was no longer afraid, father. I could have kissed his boots. He saw it and he laughed a little and nodded. 'It's gone?' he said. 'Quite,' I said. I shall never be able to repay you.' But he laughed and shook hands. 'My dear chap, it's nothing! I had *my* dose at Ypres. I'll be moving.' And soon after we went 'over,' and I was as right as rain. His name was Claskind and I owe him far more than my life—far more, father——"

Yes, it was burnt in on Sir David's mind, all that letter. And somewhere deep down in his heart there was established a wonderful instinct—developing momentarily to a conviction that the hastily-scrawled "Claskind" stood for "MacKurd."

The clock struck one while Sir David pondered the thing, slowly pacing his room—one, two and three o'clock, but Major MacKurd, V.C., did not return.

"It is the 'Buzz'—he's forgotten the appointment," said the banker, rigorously controlling himself. It was the bitterest disappointment he had ever known.

"I was wrong to let him go—in that state. The folly of it!"

He touched a bell and ordered his car.

But MacKurd, V.C., was not at his hotel, and nobody there appeared to know when he would return.

Sir David went back to his bank and wrote a letter. The clock struck four as he signed it.

Then he went to lunch—what time MacKurd, V.C., drifted to quiet harbourage in an ornate West-end *chemin-de-fer* den, started on his second bottle of champagne, and broke into the third hundred pounds of his financial reserve. The Buzz was rather bad that day, and he had an idea that a little champagne and a little relaxation were good for it.

The other matter, his City enterprise, had quite slipped his mind.

BUT at eleven o'clock the next morning MacKurd, V.C., opened and read the following letter from Sir David Glende:—

"I have thought a great deal about your proposal, and I am very glad to be able to say that I have a plan to propose which, I think, will render it unnecessary for you to go through the drudgery of a cashier's work at this bank, in order to acquire financial experience. For some time past I have found myself increasingly in need of another private secretary at my home, and I am very glad indeed to be able to invite your acceptance of the position. The actual work will not be excessive, but it will, as my arrangements for the future develop, become more and more important and confidential. The salary I suggest is one thousand pounds a year, and I must stipulate that you live at my house. I can promise, I think, that you will have, in this position, opportunities of acquiring an experience of finance, which might not be easily available to you in any other position.

"I trust, my dear Major MacKurd, to have the pleasure of receiving your acceptance verbally from you, and hope that you will find it convenient to call and see me at the bank to-day.

"Yours very sincerely,
"DAVID ROSS GLENDE."

MacKurd put the letter down and surveyed the smoke of his cigarette as it curled ceilingwards.

(Continued on page 40)

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Grant your children the boon of learning to keep their teeth lustrous, white and free from the influences that make for decay. They do it willingly, gladly, with the pleasing

ROYAL VINOLIA TOOTH PASTE

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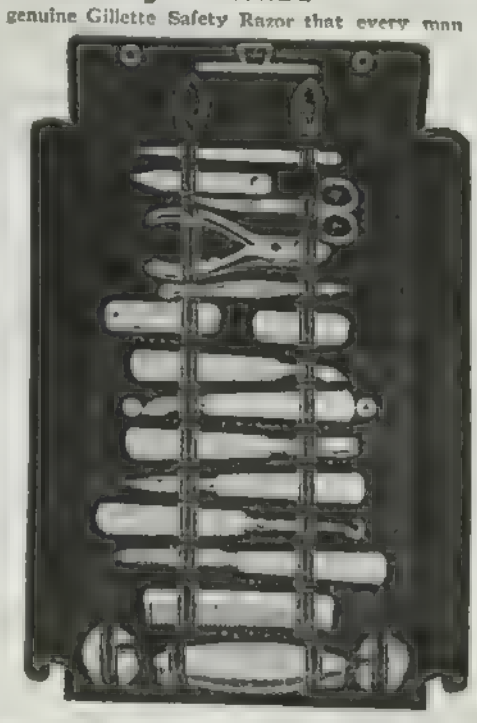

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Everymother's Monthly Service Club

(For Membership Coupon see page 42)

Conducted by One of Canada's Foremost Child Specialists

Save Babies from Respiratory Diseases

You Can Do This by Making the Baby Strong and by Protecting Him from Disease

GREAT strides have been made in recent years in the reduction of infant mortality. This has been accomplished in the main by extensive propaganda along the lines of proper infant dietetics. For example, in the City of Toronto, during the summer months in 1913, there were 470 deaths under two years of age due to summer diarrhœa. About this time an active campaign was inaugurated through the Department of Child Hygiene for the better care of babies. Infant and child welfare clinics were established throughout the city to teach mothers how to keep the babies well by using proper feedings, etc. At the same time, pasteurization of milk was made compulsory by the Board of Health. Good milk was given the mother and she was instructed how to use it. At the Hospital for Sick Children, a milk, called protein milk, was prepared particularly to be used in cases of summer diarrhœa. The result of these efforts was soon seen in the reduction of infant death rate. In 1915, the deaths were reduced to 149 as compared with 479 in 1913. In 1917, there were only 96, and in the past summer the remarkably low figure of 84 was reached. This shows what has been done along the feeding line, and been put down in detail to emphasize by contrast one branch of disease in which as yet very little advance has been made towards the reduction of infant mortality—namely, the so-called respiratory diseases, such as broncho-pneumonia and so forth.

It is to this aspect of child welfare the writer wishes to refer in this article

A well-known authority, in comparing the percentage of deaths under one year of age, states the percentage of deaths due to gastro-intestinal conditions (such diseases as summer diarrhoea, dyspepsia, cholera infantum, etc.) at 28, and the acute respiratory deaths at 18 per cent. One must remember in this connection that a large number of premature and badly-fed infants are carried off by some respiratory disease. Speaking of the pneumonias it is only necessary to say that in infants under one year, one-third of all the cases die, and under six months that one-half die, to emphasize the terrible toll exacted from our infant ranks by these diseases.

Another fact must be put plainly, and that is the lack of success, so far, in producing any form of treatment that will stop the rapid progress of the respiratory diseases. Of course, the infants in the best condition have a better chance of surviving than those whose resistance has been lowered by improper feeding. Even the best succumb, and that too often. What can be done? Never was a saying more true than that "Prevention is better than cure."

Prevention First

PREVENTION! That is the great avenue of attack at present. It resolves itself into two channels.

First—Doing everything to increase the babies' resistance to disease.

Second—Doing everything to keep the baby away from the disease.

How can the babies' resistance to disease be improved?

It is now an established fact that the mother transmits her resistance to disease to her baby by her milk. It is well known that a patient seldom has a second attack of typhoid, or measles, or scarlet fever. During the disease something is produced which protects that particular individual from a second attack of that disease. Now, while this resistance is not produced in all diseases, and if produced, does not last in all cases; still it is known that protection from a good many conditions is established in this way. It has also been proved that these protecting bodies are transmitted in a considerable degree to the child, by the mother's milk. It does not protect the child from the so-called communicable diseases (as measles), but does offer considerable protection against other conditions we are anxious to guard against. The breast fed child seldom has the worst form of pneumonia, but a type which rapidly limits itself. In other words, the breast-fed child has a much better chance of surviving than a bottle-fed baby. Therefore, if you would protect your baby, nurse your baby! Join the mothers' club of this journal and obtain the letters, on breast-feeding. Do not wean your baby unless absolutely convinced you have to do so.

Another way you can increase your baby's resistance is to see to it that the respiratory passages have no defects such as adenoids or tonsils. Under eighteen months, the adenoid is the worst offender. In a previous article it was shown that the adenoids harbour infection and act mechanically in preventing the air from being heated and otherwise prepared before entering the lung. This, of course, lowers the resistance of the lungs and the health of the child. If a child is having repeated head colds, the adenoids should be removed, no matter what the age. If this be not done, one is taking the risk of having an apparently simple head cold develop into an attack of bronchitis which may end in broncho-pneumonia, to which the baby under one year runs one chance in three of succumbing.

This may appear to be too radical and may be even laughed at by some physicians. Do not let this deter you. The operation is simple—take no chances. The writer thinks the day will come when all adenoids and tonsils will be removed early in life as a prevention measure to disease.

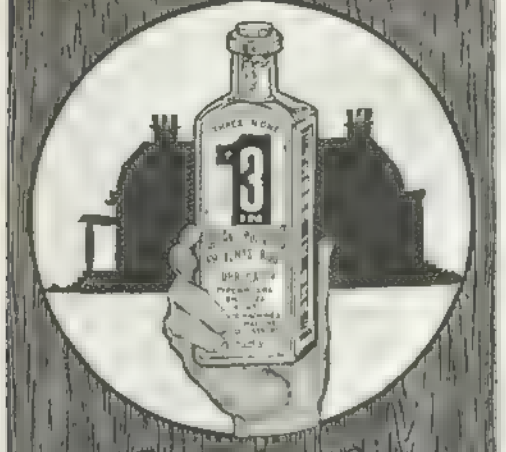
Second—What can you do to keep the baby "away" from the disease?

Sometimes this is impossible. Infection appears suddenly, or may come insidiously in spite of all you can do. But this is no excuse for taking chances. Everything must be done to protect your child. Follow the principles laid down in the following instructions and you will go a long way towards affording that protection.

Simple Protection

IN THE first place, protect the child from yourself. The mother is the one coming in contact with the infant to the greatest extent. She, therefore should take every precaution to keep herself free of head colds, influenza, etc. The mother should have a clean, washable gown to slip on when working with her infant. An all-over apron does nicely. If she develops a head cold, or cough, or any respiratory infection, she should wear a mask. A mask is easily prepared by getting a yard of surgical gauze (such as the druggists sell), and cutting into oblong pieces about 6 inches by 3 inches, and fastening together three or four thicknesses with a piece

(*Continued on page 42*)



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Is the Government Neglecting Canada's Youth?

(Continued from page 4)

things than that. Some of the teachers are insufficiently fed and lack proper clothing. Others are obliged to do without dental or medical attention and the great majority of them have no savings accounts and lack even the money to educate themselves for better positions in the future. Many of them have to do other work in their spare time to make both ends meet."

Bad as is the situation thus described it must find much more than its parallel in the Province of Quebec, where, according to official reports, the salaries paid to teachers are almost beyond belief. There are in the Province 4,253 male and 14,150 female teachers. In the report of the Inspector General of Schools it is shown that there are 2,619 teachers getting from $150 to $200 a year, 2,755 getting from $200 to $250; 686 getting between $250 and $300, and 446 between $300 and $400.

As for conditions in the West, they have been strikingly set out in a speech delivered in the House of Commons last session by H. A. Mackie, Member for East Edmonton. Said Mr. Mackie:

"A young girl receives from $60 to $80 a month to teach in a school which is 150 or 200 miles away from any large centre. Probably she is from sixteen to nineteen years of age, possessing only a permit, or sometimes the requisite diploma. How can children of this age—because they are children in reality—impart Canadian mentality to the younger men and women of the country? A girl of sixteen or eighteen has to teach boys, Russians and Ruthenians, of twenty-two and twenty-three. These young people require more than the attention of a girl of sixteen to nineteen.

"Again, how can you expect education in the Western Provinces to be properly carried out by teachers who do not intend to make teaching a profession. With the man it is a stepping stone to the study of medicine; with the girl, it is often an interim occupation which she is prepared to give up at any time for a suitable marriage."

And Mr. Mackie, who was contending for Federal control of education, went on to say:

"In my opinion the Government of Canada has as much to do with the education of its people as it has to do with its national defence. If the State is the fountain of all rights, on that principle I would say that it is the source of all duties and it is the duty of the Government to make some arrangement with the Provinces whereby the teaching profession shall be made one of permanency whereby an inducement shall be given to men and women to remain in the teaching profession and whereby such remuneration shall be given to teachers that they may be enabled to travel and themselves acquire that education which they have not been able to acquire and can never acquire except by travelling."

Other Vocations More Lucrative

IT IS small wonder, then, in the light of such facts, that public school service has become progressively less and less attractive to the type of young manhood and young womanhood that the nation needs for this important work. Recent developments, the growth of commerce, and the advent of women into the economic scheme of things, have intensified the situation, and have created throughout the country a real crisis. In the old days conditions were at least tolerable. Teaching was a stop-gap occupation, it is true, but many of the strongest and most promising young men and women were drawn into the schools for a brief period and some of these, finding the work to their liking, remained even in the face of meagre rewards and inadequate recognitions. The girls, particularly, who entered the schools, were usually of a fine type, coming from homes that represented the best ideals and traditions of Canadian life.

TO-DAY all this is changed. Almost no men become classroom teachers in the urban elementary schools; they are rapidly deserting the rural schools, and those seeking even temporary appointments in the high schools are diminishing in numbers and apparently deteriorating in quality. Industrial and commercial enterprise has been quick to see that it pays to catch ability while it is young and to pay generously for its training. Indeed, it is intelligent enough to recognize ability in those no longer young. And the inevitable result is that not only are young men shunning the teaching profession for commercial life, but that teachers of

(Continued on page 38a)

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SIRS,—I thought you would like to know of the splendid results after using Virol. My baby was suffering from DIARRHŒA badly, and I was advised to leave off milk for a time and give him *Virol and water only*. This I did for over a week; the diarrhœa and sickness stopped, and I was able to gradually add the milk until he was back on normal feeding. I continued the use of Virol with his milk for about 2 months. He was 8 weeks old when I started with Virol, he is now 10 months, and as you see by his photo he is the picture of health.

I remain, yours truly,
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Virol increases the power of resistance to the germs of disease and replaces wasted tissue, It is therefore a valuable food in Measles, Whooping-cough, Infantile Diarrhœa, Influenza, etc.

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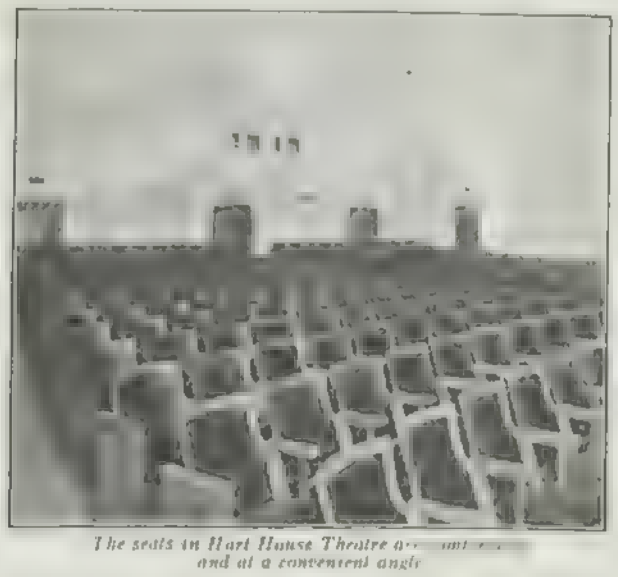
Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

DRAMA AND THE PEOPLE

With the Wonderfully Equipped "Little Theatre" of Hart House, University of Toronto, as a Text.

By KATHARINE HALE

THE recent opening of Hart House gave to the University of Toronto a building for men, a Centre for the life of the students, apart altogether from class rooms, the like of which in point of beauty and completeness is not to be found in any other university in the world.



The seats in Hart House Theatre are unusually wide and at a convenient angle

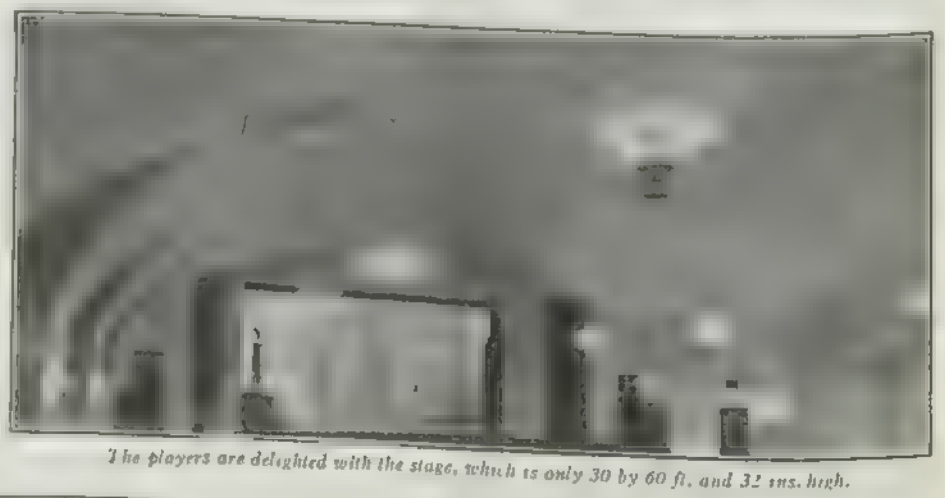
Those of us who watched the pile of grey stone slowly rising through the years —seven years since the building was begun—wondered at the magic that could command building resources in the face of a great war, and few of us realized that as time went on the Minster-like structure was to echo to the tramp of many soldiers and to bear its part in this same war, for no less than six military units have occupied its great rooms and drilled in the long corridors from 1914 to 1919.

Hart House is the gift of the Massey Foundation to the University of Toronto, and was planned and erected by the Trustees of the Estate of Hart A. Massey under the special supervision of Mr. Vincent Massey, a grandson of the founder.

as to give representations to the drama of all schools and periods, and each production but one will be given four times. "The Chester Mysteries" will be played every year for three twilight matinees preceding Christmas Eve and the midnight presentation. In June a production of Shakespeare will be given in the quadrangle on two successive evenings.

The Director, Mr. Roy Mitchell, was the late technical director of the Greenwich Village Theatre, New York.

Mr. Roy Mitchell, who directs the "Little Theatre" at Hart House.



The players are delighted with the stage, which is only 30 by 60 ft. and 32 ins. high.

One of the spacious corridors in Hart House.

But Mr. Mitchell is a Canadian, and he made his first experience in play directing at the Arts and Letters Club of Toronto, where he gave in a very clever yet very simple fashion certain plays of Tagore and other modern dramatists.

Uniting Drama to the People

HART House Theatre seats five hundred persons and in all its appointments has no superior among the "Little Theatres" of the continent. In addition to its stage mechanism, the theatre has its own workshops and scenic studio. Here I recently spent a most interesting morning with the wizard of the workshop who showed me his complete equipment for magic making.

I want to pass on much of what I saw and heard, for a "Little Theatre" is possible for any community, from a village of five hundred to the largest city in the land, and a successful theatre of the sort I should like to see introduced everywhere has no need of University support, much money, or even an "artistic atmosphere." It is for the Players to make the atmosphere.

Hart House Theatre follows the new trend by which we have broken away from the old "show-spirit" of play acting, and resumed our earlier relationship to drama, when drama (which really came out of the church and was expressed in the miracle plays) was enacted so close to the people that the difference between actors and audience was much less accentuated than in recent years

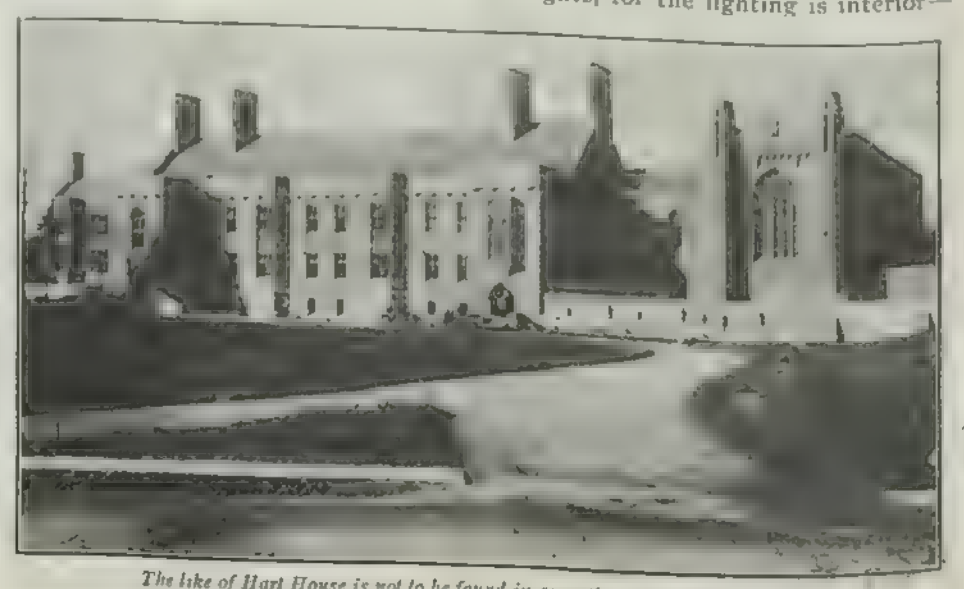
As I explored this delightful "Little Theatre" I saw much that is being advanced by reformers of the modern stage splendidly exemplified.

"We are getting away from higher stages and glaring 'set' stage scenes," said Mr. Mitchell. "This stage is only thirty-two inches high and its dimensions are thirty by sixty feet."

Gone, I noticed, were the ancient footlights, for the lighting is interior—

About a quadrangle of grass, with a broad stone terrace at either end, the grey walls rise. There is a Gothic archway in the west wing. The south section is given over to common rooms, library, reading rooms, lecture rooms, Y.M.C.A., and guest rooms. The east section contains the Hall and the Faculty Union with serving rooms and kitchens. The north section has the gymnasium, with locker rooms, showers and swimming pool. Across the west are the administrative offices with a large music room, graduates' common rooms and two common rooms on the second floor. On the basement level are the billiard room, sketch room, dark rooms, squash courts and barber shop. And under the quadrangle is the theatre.

It is in this theatre that the Players' Club of the University of Toronto, formed in 1913, is giving its first regular series of plays with a student company and a professional director and crew. The plays are made up in such a way



The like of Hart House is not to be found in any other University in the world

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Stuart's Calcium Wafers Are of First Importance to Those Who Are Troubled With Facial Pimples and Other Disfigurements.

If you have wondered how you can have a beautiful complexion, the kind you have dreamed of, the answer is, use

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These wonderful wafers are for relieving the accumulation of all those impurities that lodge in the skin to cause pimples, blackheads, liver spots, blotches, and such kinds of skin eruptions. The presence of skin eruptions is proof of nutrient poverty and to purify it is the purpose of Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

This fact has been demonstrated by hosts of women and men who realized that the presence of skin eruptions, due to such disfigurements, detracted from their usefulness in business, pleasure, society and their own self-esteem. And since Stuart's Calcium Wafers will relieve the skin of such kinds of blemishes, why have such imperfections? You will find Stuart's Calcium Wafers on sale at 50 cents a box at all drug stores. Get a box to-day.

Famous Old Recipe for Cough Syrup

Easily and cheaply made at home but it beats them all for quick results

Thousands of housewives have found that they can save four-fifths of the money usually spent for cough preparations, by using this well-known old recipe for making cough syrup at home. It is simple and cheap to make, but it really has no equal for prompt results. It takes right hold of a cough and gives immediate relief, usually stopping an ordinary cough in 24 hours or less.

Get 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth) from any druggist, pour it into a 16-oz. bottle, and add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, keeps perfectly, and lasts a family a long time.

It's truly astonishing how quickly it acts, penetrating through every air passage of the throat and lungs—loosens and raises the phlegm, soothes and heals the membranes, and gradually but surely the annoying throat tickle and dreaded cough disappear entirely. Nothing better for bronchitis, spasmodic croup, hoarseness or bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its healing effect on the membranes.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont

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it is natural lighting, and instead of the usual space for an orchestra below what used to be the flare of the footlights, there is a "fore-stage," or neutral space built out between the stage and the audience, where the actors may come forward and go back, dispelling that illusion of a barrier, a distance between audience and players.

Mr. Mitchell, talking of this innovation, reminded me of the "fourth wall" theory that we read so much about, but which is seldom simply explained. The practical application of the theory really makes the whole difference between the old theatre and the new Once upon a time we had the idea that the audience looks into a room from which some kind magician has removed the fourth wall. Now we like to think that the walls of the theatre are three walls and the stage is the fourth.

We do not see a room, but the end of a room, and the stage is lower and the audience is taken into the room. "It is all the more intimate," said Mr. Mitchell, "and this means that there will be a great simplification and a great beautification of everything that has to do with the theatre. All the old smart tricks are being done away with and the theatre is passing back into the hands of the people to whom it really belongs. So the most beautiful of all the community arts is being restored."

Why Not a "Little Theatre" in Your Town?

AND so, in spite of the fact that Hart House is most amazingly equipped, the lines on which the dramas will be enacted are so simple that you who live in the smallest town may also have your "Little Theatre" and enjoy, with your own actors, the purest form of art.

Mr. Mitchell, happy in his endowed plant, carries all sorts of equipment. He is a modern conjurer of elemental forces and effects. He possesses hidden music (the orchestra is all off stage) also uncanny devices for the production of rain, smoke, moonlight, flowing water effects, flame, lightning, zig-zag and sheet, and no less than three kinds of thunder.

But all this is not essential to your "Little Theatre." You may produce one that will be a success and a joy to your own community in spite of, more truly because of, your own individual efforts.

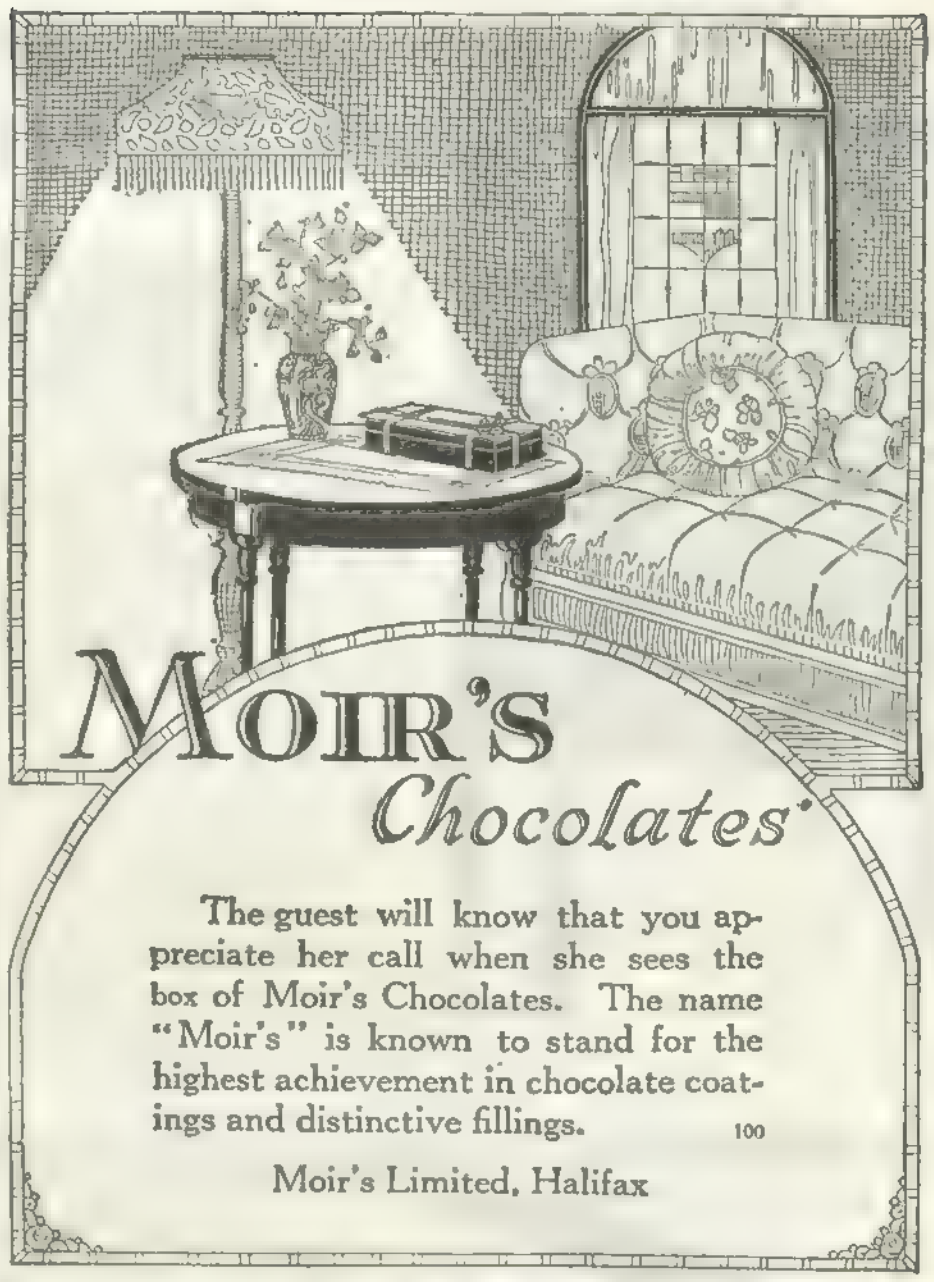
In the first place, one must get together a committee eager enough for the work to make it possible by expending some energy in interesting people beforehand, and incidentally getting the promise of a subscription list.

An American writer of experience says that in establishing a community theatre the first thing is to arrange for a "budget" where expenses of heating, renting, lighting, cleaning and painting would be balanced against what is taken in for seats. The price of seats too must be considered, whether twenty-five, fifty or seventy-five cents a performance. A season usually consists of six programmes to begin with, or even one performance a month for four months. As for the theatre itself, it may be made in a school, town hall, barn, remodelled store or empty house—if such a thing as the latter exists!

Then comes the real work of establishing it, for it must be everybody's theatre. Those who go in for carpentry and interior decoration will want to make furniture and scene frames, and the artists will want to experiment with scene painting, costume designing and the arrangement of curtains which often involves the dyeing of fabrics. There is a place for everyone. The woman who wants to experiment with her needle, the embryo Edison for the lighting effects and the "local talent" of the town or village and those interested in music and literature will be more than ready to go in for the task of acting and making up the orchestra.

The "Little Theatre" looks for student actors, it looks for "intimate" plays rather than time-worn melodramas. There are interesting plays to be found in those of Masefield and Yeats and Shaw, and many of the modern dramatists, frightening as their names may sound. And there are the little one-act sketches that you are always coming across in the magazines and thinking "that would act well—but one will never see it on the stage." Home-made costumes are often more effective than rented ones, and who knows but that new Margaret Anglins or Forbes Robertsons will rise up out of our Canadian towns and villages because the spirit of drama which has never through the ages ceased to be a Pied Piper, has called to the young and the unspoiled to follow him.

The "Little Theatre" at Hart House will indeed be a benefaction to all Canada if it arouses, as I am sure it will, a desire in other places to follow the community spirit in drama.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While they last you may secure both ballads free with a new subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

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Beneath the soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon. Mercolized Wax gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexions of true naturalness. Have you tried it?

Mercolized Wax In one ounce package, with directions for use, sold by all druggists.

To Beautify the Eyes and Mouth

MOUTH exercises will correct a tight mouth and make you look pleasant. Begin by making your mouth round (see illustration) and say Oh, then quickly change to Ah. Say Oh–Ah twelve times rapidly. Now say Oh–Ah EE–OO. Do this twenty times as fast as you can. Then let the lower jaw drop slowly and shake the head from side to side. The jaw should be so loose that it will move when the head is shaken. The tighter your jaw seems the more you need this exercise. This is good also for lines that run from nose to mouth.

IF your cheeks are beginning to wrinkle or get flabby, or if you have a tendency towards a double chin. First wash and dry the face and then dipping four fingers of each hand in some good cold cream, massage lightly upwards from each side of the jaw towards the temples. Finish with an ice rub or a dash of cold water, dab dry with a soft towel.

TO turn up the corners of your mouth, wash your face and hands thoroughly; dry them and anoint the first fingers of each hand with good cold cream or thick cream from cow's milk is a fine substitute. Place the fingers at the corners of the mouth and press gently upwards until you reach the base of the nose. Then start again just below the mouth and proceed as before. Do this twenty times four or five times a day, dashing cold water on the skin afterwards to brace the muscles.

IMPROVE a sluggish skin and sallow complexion by quickening the circulation and making the pores more active and entirely freeing them from all dust. Wash the face with warm water and a good complexion soap, rinse well and then dash on cold water; dry with a soft towel and then give a brisk rub with a Turkish towel to make the cheeks glow.

NOTHING adds more to the beauty of the eyes than thick lashes, but nothing should ever be put on them that could by any possibility injure the sight. Dip a tiny camel's hair brush lightly into a bottle of red vaseline and anoint the eyelashes with it every night just before going to bed. This will gradually increase the growth and darken them slightly.

THE eyes can be greatly strengthened by certain simple little gymnastic exercises. Hold in the right hand any small object. Now extend the arm at full length level with the shoulder. Look fixedly at the coin. Still riveting the gaze on the quarter, bring it to within three or four inches of the eyes; repeat the movement ten times. This will strengthen the muscles controlling the focus of the eye. Now swing the arm from side to side, then raise the coin so high that eyes are unable to follow it, and lower the coin until it disappears from sight.

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and saves your hair, complexion, eye and throat from the irritation caused by flying particles.

Sprinkle Dustbane on the carpet before sweeping and see how excellently it works.

Sold by all Grocers

THE ENEMY OF DUST

Is the Government Neglecting Canada's Youth?

(*Continued from page 35*)

several years' standing are being lured away from it.

This competition for ability, at first limited to young men, is rapidly extending to young women. In the cities, the gap between graduation and marriage may now be bridged much more rapidly, much more easily and much more pleasantly through any one of a score of other occupations. Even the girls in the towns and villages who, a few years ago, would have sought appointments in the neighbouring rural schools, now find more lucrative and attractive opportunities in business and industry. The logical result is that the recruits for the teaching profession are fewer in numbers and of greatly reduced capacity.

It is only when we view education as a national problem that the significance of such a condition can be seen in a true perspective. Upwards of thirty thousand teachers are employed throughout Canada in the rural and village service. Taken in the aggregate theirs is at once the most difficult and the most responsible task that public education imposes. Nearly sixty per cent. of the next generation of Canadians will have all of their schooling under the direction of these teachers. Most of the schools are of the one or two-room variety. The teachers are isolated; they lack the help and inspiration that the companionship of fellow-workers alone can furnish. They teach a varied programme. They must adjust their teaching to every level of ability represented by from twenty to sixty boys and girls, ranging in age from five or six to fifteen or sixteen.

It is thoroughly in keeping with the public attitude toward the work of teaching that the difficult and responsible work of the rural and village schools is given over to the youngest, the most transient, and the least well-trained section of the teaching population. An overwhelming majority of these thirty-five thousand teachers have not passed the age of twenty-one; many of them, very many, have not reached the age of eighteen. These girls as a group have had for their responsible duties no training that deserves the name. Some are products of neighbouring high schools; a large proportion of them have not completed a high school course. Indeed, it is a conservative estimate that no fewer than one hundred thousand Canadian children now enrolled in the rural schools are under teachers who have had no more than a common school education themselves—and many not much of that

Percentage of Illiterates Alarming

IN VIEW of these facts, there should be small wonder that the percentage of illiterates in Canada is high. In the Dominion of Canada, according to the census of 1911, there were 663,453 persons over five years of age who could neither read nor write. By provinces the percentage of illiteracy was given as follows:

Ontario	6.51
Prince Edward Island	7.61
Nova Scotia	10.04
British Columbia	11.61
Quebec	12.66
Alberta	12.72
Manitoba	13.31
Yukon	13.58
Saskatchewan	13.70
New Brunswick	14.05

Among other English-speaking nations Canada was placed in the following unenviable position:

Australia	1.08
New South Wales	2.00
Queensland	2.05
United States	7.07
Canada	11.45

What is the remedy? How can the nation improve the status of teaching, elevate the character and calibre of teachers, improve the quality of its school service?

The war has clearly shown that the Nation as a nation has distinct and fundamental educational needs and that these needs should have an adequate channel of expression. As Canadians we must come to the realization that commerce is not the be-all and end-all of life. We must bring ourselves to recognise that the care and culture of the Nation's children are as legitimate matters of national concern as is, for example, the care of the Nation's hogs, or of the Nation's health. Certainly ignorance, illiteracy, and superstition imperil the welfare and impede the progress of a Nation as a whole. In fact, every argument that serves and has served to justify the creation of a Federal Department of Agriculture, a Department of Commerce, or a Department of Labour, will serve with equal force to justify a Federal Department of Education.

Federal Bureau the Remedy

ONE can hear cries of dissent from those who declare that education is a matter for the provinces, and that we must not lay hands upon the constitution. But there is no question here of Federal interference with or domination or control of local education. That would not only be most undesirable; it would be entirely impossible without a constitutional amendment. What the writer has in mind, what he has recently discussed with a number of politicians and statesmen who would have no thought of interfering with the provisions of the B.N.A. Act is that since educational problems have become so acute, and since education has been shown to be so clearly and impressively a national matter, that there are a great many things that could be done to relieve the existing situation by a Bureau of Education in Ottawa. In the United States, where education is a sole matter for the states, just as in Canada it is a sole question for the provinces, they are at this moment providing for a National Bureau of Education. The matter is before Congress at the present time, incorporated into what is known as the Smith-Towner bill, prepared originally by the Emergency Commission of the National Education Association. The Bill provides for the creation of a Federal Bureau of Education. It provides for annual "continuing" grants from the nation to the states in the following amounts and for the purposes named:

$7,500,000 for the reduction of adult illiteracy in the native-born population;

$7,500,000 for the Americanization of immigrants;

$50,000,000 for "equalizing educational opportunities," particularly through the improvement of the rural schools;

$15,000,000 for the preparation and provision of teachers.

It provides further that each state accepting any of these grants shall match, dollar for dollar, the federal allotment for the purpose in question (a similar arrangement was made by the Dominion Government in regard to its grants to technical education). It explicitly safeguards the autonomy of the states by providing that nothing in the proposed law shall be construed to mean or to justify the imposition upon the states of uniform courses of study, uniform text-books or other uniform "plans, means or methods." It sets up no oppressive machinery of inspection; it is simply and almost wholly an attempt to have the nation co-operate with the various states to improve the status of education.

It ought to be possible to have something of the kind in Canada. There are objections, undoubtedly, but they could easily be overcome. They could easily be overcome by a gathering of Provincial and Federal authorities met together in a spirit of co-operation and with single-track minds for the welfare of their common country. It is simply a question as to whether Canadians, realizing the vital need for education, have the wish and the will to place their schools on the plane of efficient service that the responsibilities and needs of the nation plainly and imperatively demand.

Classed

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TRAMP: "Lady, I'll tell you me trouble. I'm an unhappy medium."

MRS. HOUSEKEEPER: "What do you mean by that?"

TRAMP: "Well, yer see, I'm too 'eavy for light work, an' too light for 'eavy work."

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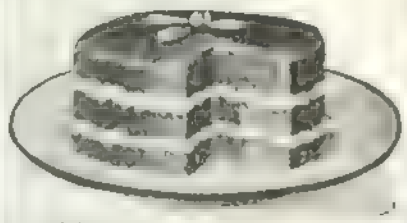

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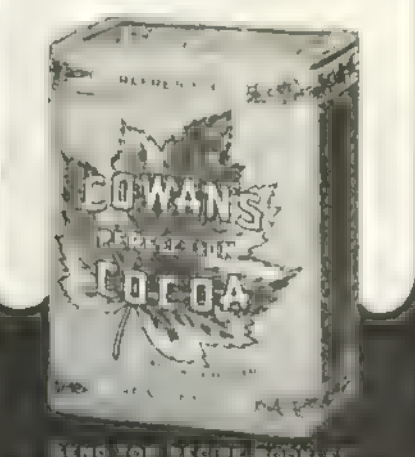

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"Pyorrhea," says his dentist. "He is but one of thousands of men and women who go to pieces in middle age because of this insidious disease.

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then, the gums recede and expose the unenameled tooth-base to decay. Eventually the teeth loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs that breed in little pockets about the teeth. These germs, which are carried in the blood-stream to other parts of the body, are now known frequently to be the cause of rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders, and other serious ills.

Don't let Pyorrhea get established in your mouth. See your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection, and start today to use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress, if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

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Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down*. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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Ethelwyn Wetherald

One of Canada's Foremost Poets

By MABEL BURKHOLDER

MRS. Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald (who, by the way, is a sister of C. G. D. Roberts), says in her appreciation of Ethelwyn Wetherald that she is a delightful letter-writer. This I proved true, for though her days overflow with duties, she has taken time to write to me, a stranger, in such a delicious vein of good humour and wit, and has revealed so much of the treasure of her heart, that I could make quite a complete article on her life, by simply putting her letters together and quoting them in full. She has made me feel that I know her well, though I only hold in my possession three of these delightful letters.

Miss Wetherald is the lodestone in that part of the Niagara district to which she belongs for all visitors who are even mildly interested in nature or in books. If you are that sort of person, of course you will wish to see this woman who is nature's interpreter, this priestess of trees, flowers, wind and rain. She will put into words just what you have felt a score of times as you were walking in the forest or beside the river; she will express in exquisite lyrics that mystic relation of the outer world to the inner soul.

If you visit at Fenwick, Chantler or Fonthill, you are almost sure to be lured along the trail that leads to her door. That door you will find hospitably open, for Miss Wetherald is not a difficult person to know.

Ethelwyn Wetherald, aged 15—when her first poem was accepted

Some kittens helped to introduce us the day I visited at her home. They were a defenceless quartette, destined to death by drowning, and Miss Wetherald wrote me afterward, in laughing apology, that she felt she had said "horrid things" about them. "I don't really hate kittens," she writes, "but the dread of seeing things destined to be drowned kept me aloof. Since it has been decided that all but one are to be given away (a kitten enthusiast wants the rest), I'm not nearly so horrid about them."

Miss Wetherald believes in the potency of the modern newspaper, and congratulates those who write for them on their big audience and their big influence

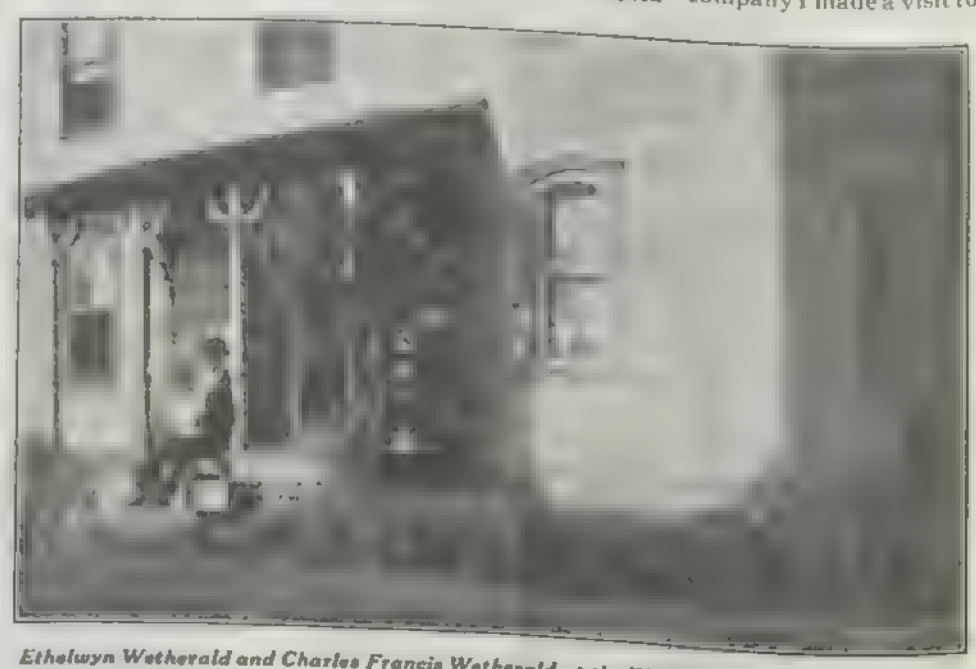
"I once wrote for the papers," she said, "under the name of Bel Thistlethwaite, and wondered why poets, essayists, lecturers and artists of the brush all loved to be noticed on my page. I know why now. It is because one in ten thousand reads a poem or an essay, and all the rest read the newspapers."

ETHELWYN Wetherald was born near Guelph, Ontario, of Quaker stock, her birthplace being Rockwood Academy, which was founded by her father, the Rev. William Wetherald, as a high-grade boarding school for young gentlemen, ranking fifty years ago with such schools as Upper Canada College, and Dr. Tassie's school at Galt. At this famous seat of learning, J. J. Hill, American railway magnate, got his early education, as did also the Hon. A. S. Hardy, and in later years Sir Adam Beck. J. J. Hill has mentioned Miss Wetherald's father as one of the three persons who had the most influence on his life.

Miss Wetherald says: "One of the first sounds that disturbed my infant slumbers was that of multitudes of boys roaring out at recess, or tramping down to dinner. Once, having crept upstairs, nearly to the school room door—my mother's sitting-room was in the basement—a bell sounded, the door flew open, and the tramp of many feet began. Not being able to creep downward and believing the end of all things to be at hand, since nothing but complete extermination could be expected from those relentless feet, I raised, so I am told, a protesting shriek and the rushing cataract of youth was stayed for a moment, while a nice red-haired boy lifted me to his shoulder and bore me downstairs in triumph. It is not too much to say that every time in my life when my imagination insisted that I was in a very bad way indeed, some unlooked-for help suddenly appeared to lift me lightly over."

In Miss Wetherald's company I made a visit to Camp Shelbi, the "House in the Trees," which is really an outdoor study and sleeping-room, built into the heart of a great willow, overhanging a stream. It is so named because the initial letters of the various woods used in its structure form that name. As thus: chestnut, ash, maple, pine, spruce, hemlock, elm, linden, birch, ironwood. What happy hours the poet has spent there, what dreams were woven, what verses were the result, I do not know. Can't you imagine her viewing lane, and field, and woods, from her leafy retreat and then writing words like these:

"Against the winter's heaven of white, the blood
Of earth runs very quick and hot to-day;
A storm of fiery leaves are out at play.
Around the lingering sunset of the wood,
Where rows of blackberries, unnoticed stood,
Run streams of ruddy colour, wildly gay;
The golden lane, half dreaming, picks its way
Through 'whelming vines, as through a gleaming flood."



Ethelwyn Wetherald and Charles Francis Wetherald at the Wetherald home, Fenwick, Ont.

WHEN I asked Miss Wetherald if she enjoyed public life, and especially club life, she replied laughingly: "I hope it does not appear conceited when I say I have always found a lot of quiet comfort in flocking by myself. I am often alone, but never lonely. I have never belonged to a

(*Continued on page 38c*)

Making the Furnace Economize

By ANDRE DUPONT

AT THIS time of year the man who lives in a house with a furnace feels very much like the individual in the old song who awoke one morning to find he had "an elephant on his hands." And this was not the worst of it, for "the elephant ate all night and the elephant ate all day." With coal prices where they are it often seems to the unfortunate householder as if that monster in the cellar, the furnace, never ceases from devouring fuel, and if the supply is economized the heat drops way down out of sight.

Now this is not really necessary. The average man almost always manages a fire in such a manner that he wastes a good part of the heat up the chimney, or shakes it through the grate instead of sending it up where it belongs. Coal consumption should be as nearly as possible in exact proportion to the heat required. In order to get as much heat as possible, and to burn as little coal, keep the slide in the fire door almost entirely closed. Just how much opening should be left, of course, varies with the kind of coal used and the make of your furnace. You must experiment a little until you find the right adjustment. Keep the slide in the ash-pit door open under ordinary conditions. In cold weather when a great deal of heat is required it is sometimes necessary to open the door itself. The damper in the smoke pipe should be opened only enough to permit the required service of heat to the rooms. As a general rule the damper opening should vary with the thickness of the fuel bed. The heavier the fire, the more the damper should be open. To get more heat, increase the draft by opening the damper wider. When no heat at all is required, but it is desirable to keep the fire going, put on coal up to the fire-door sill and then close all openings except the slide in the fire door. By thus cutting off the air supply, combustion is checked, but enough air is admitted to keep the fire alight. Never entirely close the damper in the smoke pipe except under the last condition described as this will fill the house with coal gas.

Coal is wasted by putting a great deal into the furnace at one time. When a large amount is added, it is necessary to heat this entire mass before any warmth can be generated, and this checks the fire and chills the house for quite a while. The fire should be banked up in the form of a mound, high in the centre, as this sends up the heat better than when the fire bed is flat.

The larger sizes of coal are preferable for use in a furnace, because they allow the air to pass freely through the fuel bed and make a good draught, but the smaller sizes can often be bought much cheaper and are therefore rather more economical. Pea coal is usually very much less expensive, and if one knows how to use it, it works very well. The only trouble is that it is so small that often a good deal pours through the grate and is wasted. When this is the case, a piece of heavy wire mesh can be placed over the grate. This will retain the coal and not interfere with the shaking, but it must be replaced once or twice during the winter as the fire destroys it in time. Sometimes a grate is just coarse enough so that it will let the coal slip through when it is first put in, but will support it very well after it is burning. This is because the combustion forms a clinker that holds the coal in the grate. When this is the case, coal may be saved by using a larger size to kindle the fire and then putting on pea coal when red coals are formed.

Do not waste coal by shaking the fire too often. Expert firemen say that the average fire only needs to be shaken once a day, or at most twice in very cold weather. If the coal is burned at a moderate rate, comparatively little ash will be formed. Shake the fire rapidly, but do not swing the shaker away back and forth, for if you do many unconsumed pieces of coal will fall through. Shake only just enough until the glow from live coal appears in the ash pit. The moment you see this reflection, stop. Any piece of coal falling in the ashes is just so much waste. The ash falling from clean coal should be an almost impalpable powder containing very few lumps of unburnable material.

Do not be reckless with the poker Never lift the coal from the bottom to the top of the fire with this instrument, as this strews ashes all through the fire and checks the combustion. Perforate the fuel bed with the poker to admit the air, if the fire does not burn well. This is all the poking necessary.

If any room in the house is difficult to heat, hot air can always be drawn up there by operating a small electric fan in front of the register, if you have electricity in the house. If your furnace has long horizontal uncovered flues, you are wasting a great part of your heat because the hot air in these pipes gets chilled before it can get up into the house. To remedy this condition, cover the pipes thickly with asbestos or mineral wool and keep the heat in where it belongs. Don't use thin asbestos paper, but get the thick sort especially made for the purpose. Careful attention to details will cut down the coal bills very considerably.

Ethelwyn Wetherald

(Continued from page 38b)

club, for no better reason, I fear, than the old lady who declared she was 'not a jiner'! Some people find the contact with other minds very stimulating, and I feel it sufficiently so in my correspondence and in reading my favourite magazines."

Miss Wetherald's literary activities have certainly been many and varied. She tells us she began to put her thoughts into a blank book at the age of twelve, and had something accepted by a publisher at seventeen, when St. Nicholas sent her a cheque for twelve dollars for a poem on her baby brother. Since then she has had poems accepted by Scribner's, Good Housekeeping, The Century, Harper's Weekly, the Youth's Companion, and many others.

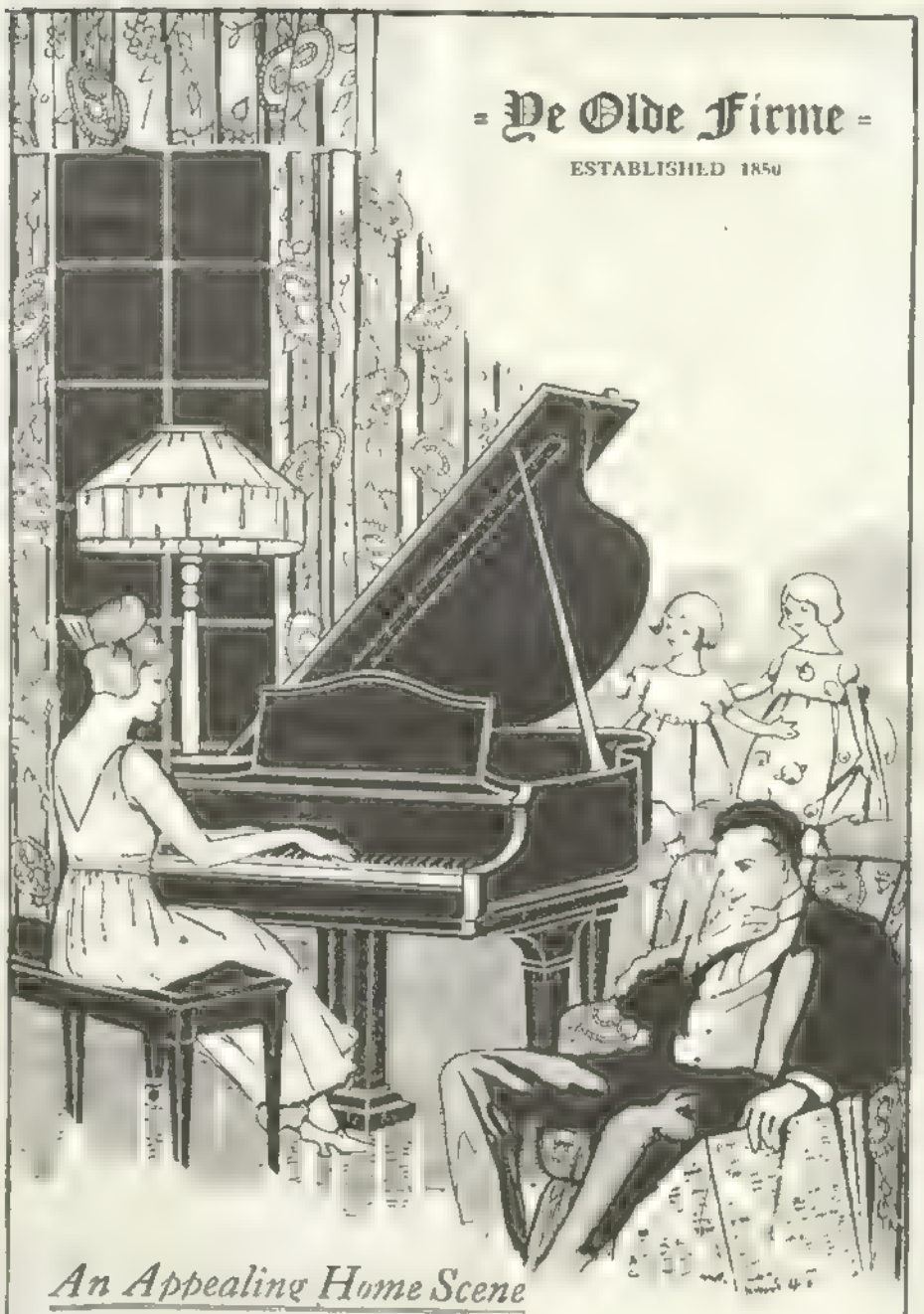
"But I never yet got a cheque for ten, twelve, or twenty dollars," she laughingly declares, "without wondering why an act of pure self-indulgence on my part should be so well rewarded."

That, as we all know, is just how things should be with a poet. The joy of creative work should far out-balance all thought of the material reward.

Miss Wetherald was one of the assistant editors on Charles Dudley Warner's "Library of the World's Best Literature," in Thirty Volumes, and spent a year very pleasantly in that work at Akron, Ohio. At one time she was assistant literary editor on the Ladies' Home Journal, of Philadelphia. One of her treasures is a letter from Earl Grey, when he was Governor-General of Canada, telling her what poems he liked best in one of her books.

Miss Wetherald has to her credit several books of poems, among which are "The House of the Trees," "Tangled in Stars," "The Radiant Road," and "The Last Robin."

The following scrap of verse, entitled "The Wish," she has written on a Christmas booklet; so that we may be sure it voices the wish of her heart to her many, many friends.

Life, like a wood-path, is a wavering
Love-shadowed, changeful, beauty-haunted thing.
Some gleam of sun-gold dazzles and is gone;
Some fleeting, fawn-like rapture lures us on.
Be thine the sense of wings, the subtle call
That comes from some bird-breasted waterfall,
The comradeship of trees, the hearts of friends,
And one Near Presence where the footpath bends.

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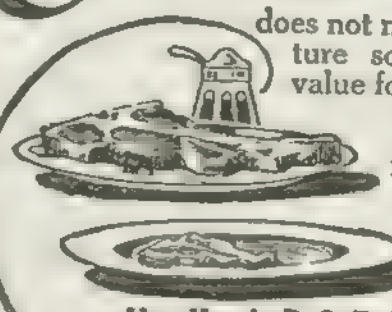

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Do You Wear "Shop" Hair?

however, does not prevent the remainder of the girls in the village from following her example

It sometimes happens that the young men of the place, who look upon the hair merchant with no kindly eye, will commence assailing him before he has succeeded in packing up his traps and decamping. He then has to trust to his horse to carry him beyond the reach of the enraged swains. Mud, stones, rotten eggs, and every kind of filth at hand fall in showers upon the hood of his shabby cabriolet, but, being too tolerably accustomed to this sort of thing, he takes care to be provided with an excellent horse, which soon places him beyond the reach of the mob, and next day he will sustain the principal part in much the same scene in some adjoining village

In Normandy most of the girls have their hair cut very short with the exception of the back portion, over which they coquettishly arrange their high caps, which, like the Brittany *coiffure*, so completely covers the head that they appear to have lost, or rather sold nothing at all

When a hair merchant has finished his *tournée* in the provinces he takes his merchandise to Paris, or some other large town, where he sells it, at prices varying from $4.00 to $20.00 the pound, to dealers who, after preparing it, make it up into the various styles worn On visiting one of the largest of these establishments, we found the four walls of the sale room lined round with shelves, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, on which were piled up bundles of hair of all qualities and all shades of colour, from raven black to the most delicate blonde, done up in packages of six, the smallest number sold by the house, which does no retail trade. Half a dozen assistants were executing orders which customers gave in person, or which had been received that morning by post from the travellers of the firm In an adjoining warehouse the raw material was lying in heaps upon the floor beside scores of young women, who were sorting and weighing out the *coiffures* of the future, allowing so many grammes for one sort and so many for another. The place, in fact was redolent of hair. There was hair in all the drawers, hair in the cardboard boxes, hair hanging from the ceiling and clinging to the walls, hair upon the counters, upon the chairs, and in the very inkstand; there was even hair in the very air itself, moving about, as it were, in clouds, which, when you agitated them disagreeably caressed you. Most of the hair, we learned, reaches the establishment in bulk, in large sacks, each holding about a couple of hundredweight. It is first of all subjected to a thorough washing in boiling water to remove all the impurities, after which it is placed in a bath of potash and then thoroughly dried The various tresses are now sorted roughly according to their length and shade, then what is termed in technical language the *rentrage* takes place This consists in separating the principal locks of the same tress that do not resemble each other closely in shade. Then comes the *recarrage*, or equalizing of the upper ends of each tress, after which a second and more careful sorting ensues and the hair is arranged in bundles, weighing from ten to twelve pounds each, to undergo a new series of operations.

First of all the hair is taken in small handfuls by the workmen who powder it thoroughly with flour; it then receives a vigorous combing upon iron carders, after which a second carder comes to the assistance of the first, and holds the hair tightly while it is pulled out in lengths, of which the longest are separated first. The final operation to which it is subjected is styled the *delentage* and consists simply in again combing it upon carders of extreme fineness False tresses are now formed by mixing together, in certain proportions, hair of the same tint and slightly varying in length.

When *chignons* were in fashion, the hair worker made use of the spoils derived from the heads of no less than thirty women to arrange a large one.

Auvergnat hair is too coarse to use alone, though it works up very well mixed with other kinds. Spanish hair, good enough in itself, is too decidedly black, too sombre, to suit ordinary complexions; it is also requisite to mix this—to soften it in fact, with hair of a more delicate shade; the same with the tow-like tint of the Flemish hair, which has to be made more sunny looking by the addition of German hair of a rich blonde. Neapolitan hair is little esteemed in the trade, a circumstance at which we were surprised, as the hair of the Caprian peasant women, which is dark, lustrous, long and massively rippled, is among the finest in the world. The long hair pulled out of ladies' heads by the comb, and which in Paris is thrown every morning on the rubbish heaps of the city, is carefully picked up again by the *chiffonniers*, and sold by them for making what is called *tetes-et-points*, that is, the cheap curl or tuft of hair, the roots of the individual hairs composing which are not all at one end. Nothing in the way of hair is wasted; that of a bad shade of colour is dyed, generally black, and even the clippings, which the hairdressers can turn to no other account, are sold by them to be manufactured into *perukes* and *coiffures* for the more expensive class of wax dolls.

When golden-tinted hair was the rage in Paris, and women in despair of otherwise acquiring it, powdered their hair with gold, a hair dresser of the Rue Vivienne exhibited in his window a *chignon* formed entirely of the finest gold thread, and the price of which was $200; but whether he ever manufactured more than this sample aureate *chignon*, or persuaded a single fair one to parade these veritable golden locks, I am unable to say.

We all know that the wearing of false hair by beauties in their prime dates back anterior to the Christian era, and that Ovid speaks of the German slaves' hair with which the Roman women sought to enhance their charms, going publicly to make their purchases at the shops of the Gallic hair merchants situated near the Temple of the Muses, and under the peristyle of the Temple of Hercules. The *chignon* was only known by that name since about the time when *coiffures* themselves first came into vogue in the middle of the eighteenth century.

In the building of the splendid Buddhist temple of Higashi Hong Wanji, at Kioto, a pile of rope was used —each strand as long and large as a ship's cable—made of women's hair, twisted and spliced with hemp These ropes were the offerings of poor but devout women, thousands of whom, in nine Japanese provinces, having nothing else to give, contributed their hair, to be woven into cables for hoisting beams and tiles in the construction of the temple. One rope, 250 feet in length, was the gift of 3,500 women in one province alone.

Now Write It!

TAKE a lot of money,
Take a lot of style,
Take some words of honey,
And some words of guile,
Take a little dinner
Lighted up with candles,
Now and then a sinner
Telling all the scandals,
Take a little carriage,
Take an Auto, too,
Take a little marriage,
Take a drink or two,
Take a bit of travel,
Take a sneak, or worse,
Then a sin unravel.
Then a great divorce,
Take a girl, quite killing,
From a little hovel
And you have the filling
For a modern novel. —L. A.

Thin People Need Bitro-Phosphate

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Judging from the countless preparations and treatments which are continually being advertised for the purpose of making thin people fleshy, developing arms, neck and bust, and replacing ugly hollows and angles by the soft curved lines of health and beauty, there are evidently thousands of men and women who keenly feel their excessive thinness.

Thinness and weakness are often due to starved

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Increase in weight also carries with it a general improvement in the health. Nervousness, sleeplessness and lack of energy, which nearly always accompany excessive thinness, should soon disappear, and eyes ought to brighten, and pale cheeks grow with the bloom of perfect health.

Miss Georgia Hamilton, who was once thin and [illegible] reporting her own experience, writes: "Bitro-[illegible] brought about a magic transformation with me. I gained 15 pounds and never [illegible] so well."

CAUTION: While [illegible] is unsurpassed for the relief of nervousness, general debility and thinness, those who do not desire to put on flesh should use extra care in avoiding fat-producing foods.

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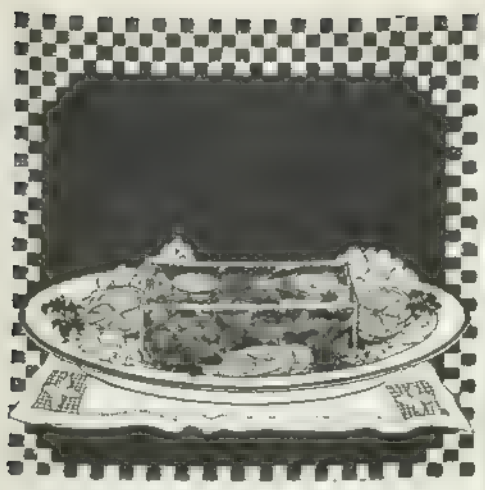

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½ cup chopped pimentoes or olives

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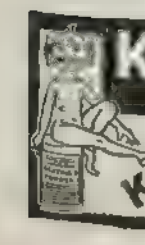

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Mouth Hygiene—Its Importance

As Briefly Viewed by Half a Dozen Authorities

IT WAS a decidedly homely and unpleasant simile that a member of the Clinical Society of the New York Post Graduate Medical School pictured at a recent meeting when he said:

"Keep a pail of garbage just inside your front door—the house will be filled with flies, smells and disease germs. The front door of the human body is the mouth; a bad tooth is like a garbage pail that is never emptied. It does to the body just what the garbage pail would do to the house—fills it with poisons."

But none of his colleagues objected, none disputed him, and if some of the lax parents could have heard it, it would have no doubt been better for their children.

First of all, there are simple but important rules for practising mouth (oral) hygiene:

Brush your teeth morning and night.

Brush your teeth up and down, never from side to side

Have your teeth examined by a reputable dentist every six months

At the first suspicion of a hole in a tooth, have it filled. Don't let it go a day longer than necessary.

Make your children eat crusts, crackers, apples and other foods that must be chewed. Soft and sloppy foods cause decay of children's teeth.

And if any doubt the need of this—if any consider this precaution as "new fangled" and unnecessary, let him read this formidable list of diseases which physicians have unmistakably traced to unclean mouths caused by uncared for teeth:

Acute rheumatism	Chorea
Nervous degenerations	Nephritis
Rheumatic arthritis	Rashes
Synovitis	Herpes zoster
Septic anæmia	Gastritis
Pernicious anæmia	Colitis
Carbuncles	Appendicitis
Boils	Cholecystitis
Endocarditis	Pleurisy
Pericarditis	Pneumonia
Adenoids	Laryngitis
Tonsilitis	Pharyngitis
Inflammation of the neck glands	Diphtheria
Toxic Neuritis	Angina
Neuralgia	Enteritis

Millions of Germs!

THE REASON is so simple that any child can understand it. A hole in a tooth is due to decay. The animal matter of which the tooth is composed is decaying. The particles of food that get into the hole are decaying. In that mass of decaying matter the germs of all sorts of diseases find a hotbed of fertile matter in which they thrive and multiply and grow strong. Great swarms of them go down into the stomach every time you swallow. Flocks of them are drawn down into the lungs with every breath we take.

It is difficult to pick out a single disease to which human beings are subject that may not enter the body by way of a decayed tooth.

Statistics from reformatories, prisons and schools all over the continent can be adduced in proof of these statements. The most impressive figures come from Charles D. Hilles, President of the New York Juvenile Association, which manages the Children's Village at Dobbs' Ferry, where an average of 550 delinquent boys are trained in an effort to turn them into respectable citizens.

Mr. Hilles says that 91 per cent of the boys committed to this institution have bad teeth. After staying there two years, in which time their teeth are thoroughly repaired, and they are taught to use a toothbrush, 90 per cent of the boys are no longer delinquents, but good, and almost all of them go forth into the world and become valuable members of society.

At one of the meetings of the Clinical Society of the New York Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital, there was a symposium on oral sepsis. Many of the most famous men in the medical profession spoke on the subject.

Dr. R. M. Taylor gave a list of the disease germs that are found in the mouth.

Cause of Rheumatism

MR. M. I. Schamberg, lecturer in oral surgery at the Post Graduate Medical School, mentioned the lungs, kidneys, heart ,muscles and glands as organs liable to receive infection from the mouth. He also found many cases of neuritis due to the same cause.

"For many years," he said, "tonsils have been credited with being the seat of infection producing rheumatism, and, while this may be the case, it is highly reasonable to suppose that the tonsils receive their infection from the mouth."

Dr. Robert L. Morris, the famous surgeon, said:

"The bacteria of theoral cavity are very apt to produce a distant impression which is overlooked for the reason that they are not recognized as being active in the mouth. This occurs in many ways.

"Mouth bacteria carried to the acid stomach may be killed in large quantities. When that happens they are stripped down to their protein nuclei. A protein poison is set free. If this is absorbed and not metabolized, it becomes a somatic poison, and we may have such a marked systematic effect as scurvy from a protein poison derived from a bacterium living about the roots of the teeth and not in evidence at the point at which it lives."

According to Dr. Morris, the commonest local result of neglected teeth is infection of the lymphatic glands of the neck.

Dr. Beaman Douglass, professor of diseases of the nose and throat, cited the observations of Dr. Hartzell, of the University of Minnesota, who took a series of cases of ulcer of the stomach, endocarditis and neuritis, and before he subjected them to any treatment sent them to specialists, who made careful examinations and treated them for oral sepsis only (pyorrhœa), and all the symptoms of the other conditions, rheumatism, etc., disappeared.

Dr. R. H. Halsey, adjunct professor of medicine at the Post Graduate Hospital, spoke of a decayed tooth as an incubator of disease-bearing bacteria, from which poisons are given forth uninterruptedly. A very small, unnoticed cavity is enough for this. If caps or bridges have been put on without perfect asepsis, decay starts underneath and may cause almost any disease before pain or tenderness attracts attention to the tooth itself.

Sweets and Sallowness

By LESLIE GORDON

THE GIRL tried on her pretty new spring hat and was dismayed to see how sallow she looked in it. "It must be the shape," she thought, "or else the colour of the ribbon."

But it was neither of these things. It was the chocolate creams and the fudge and the caramels she had been living on all winter, and the eclairs and layer cake she partook of every afternoon with her tea. Now I know this young girl is going to object right here and declare that I am talking nonsense. "Sugar is nourishing," she says, "and it is necessary to eat a certain amount of sweets to keep in good health."

Well, this is true as far as it goes, but unfortunately for what the girl is trying to prove, it does not go very far. A well known authority on dietetics says that one-quarter of a pound of cane sugar is all that anybody who wants to keep in good condition should eat in twenty-four hours. Now, when you subtract from this amount the quantity of sugar that is used to sweeten the ordinary food served on the table you will find that very little is left to be taken as candy. I don't say give up candy entirely. In moderation it is a very good thing; two or three pieces taken directly after a meal will do no harm and may assist in fattening a person who is too thin. But by the same token they will add pounds to the woman who is already too lavishly cushioned with flesh.

Habitual candy eating between meals is sure to ruin the complexion, as it disturbs the digestion and brings on an acid fermentation in the stomach and impairs the appetite at the next meal and causes a distaste for simple, wholesome food. It invariably makes the skin sallow and may cause pimples and other facial eruptions.

If the spring sunshine shows you that your skin has an unbecoming sallow tinge, add half a cupful of good cider vinegar or the juice of a lemon to a wash bowl of water and bathe your face in this, being careful not to get any into the eyes. Sallowness indicates that there is too much acid in the system and if either of these acids, which in the body turn to alkalies, is absorbed by the pores, it will help to clear the skin. But first clear it internally by letting up a little on the candy-eating habit.

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Cash Prizes for Best Answers

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We have not known the meaning of THRIFT.

Thrift does not mean the hoarding up of money in an old sock or in a bureau drawer; it is rather a matter of spending—spending or investing or saving wisely.

Since there is need that each one of us Canadians get the right idea about this very important matter, the publishers of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD want your definition of THRIFT.

Can you cite an example of your experience with Canadian-made goods which has specially contributed to your practise of thrift?

Name the article or product and also tell us what you considered its best quality to be.

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Write on one side of the paper only. Do not have your letter exceed 300 to 400 words in length. Send your letter early, or before April 1st.

Sender of first prize letter will receive $5.00 in cash, second prize $3.00, third prize $2.00. Decisions will be placed in favour of the ideas suggested rather than for fine writing.

We shall expect you to take part as a patriotic duty, and we hope, as well, that you will win one of the cash prizes.

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Address answers to

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A

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This issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD contains the second lesson of the finest and most complete course on cooking ever compiled. The articles give the best and most up-to-date instruction on this subject taught in the Technical High Schools and Domestic Science Classes of this country. Each step and process will be illustrated and explained so thoroughly that a woman who knows absolutely nothing about cooking can soon learn to produce meals that are real treats. The many ways for employing substitutes so as to obtain the best results will be shown and discussed. Women who are already good cooks can learn from these lectures how to economise in, and improve their cooking.

Think what a priceless opportunity this course affords.

Every woman now has the chance to obtain the instructions of the best cooking schools without attending them.

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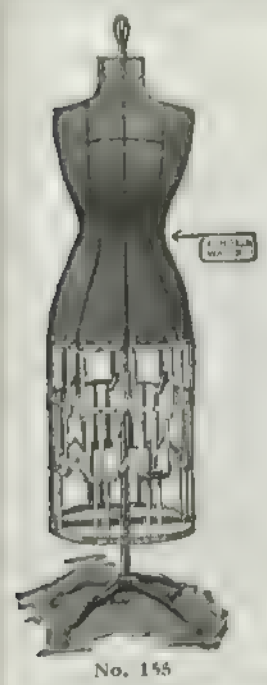

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MacKurd

(Continued from page 33)

The Buzz was rather pronounced this morning—also his brain seemed queer—shaky—quivering steadily like heat-waves

But he realized that this was an extremely kind letter.

"He's a decent old boy and I'll give it a bit of a trial, what?" said MacKurd. "I'm not so keen on it as I fancied—but, hang it all! it's a chance to learn how to run banks, form fours—no, companies — ha! ha! Promote 'em, what? Promoted plenty of men in my time—promote companies now. Not too bad, what? First shot! Hang this Buzz!"

He touched his bell and ordered a bottle of champagne.

It occurred to him to look at his bank-book before he left the hotel. A little figuring showed him that he had precisely five pounds left with which to carry on. The cheque he had written overnight at the *chemin-de-fer* den had reduced him to that.

When, presently, he stepped into the taxi which was to take him down to the City the Buzz was no more than a faint far, tiny drone. He had seen to that. He was a little pale, but one watching him would never have dreamed that MacKurd, V.C., was a nervous wreck, flying at a fearful speed upon a swift, golden stream of champagne to the rapids of insanity and the deep falls of death.

It never occurred to him that the offer of the old banker was anything unusual—that, viewed as a purely business transaction, Sir David had been liberal to the point of absurdity. Had some truth-teller, with a heart of marble, arisen and told MacKurd, V.C., that his value in the market as a secretary to the financial magnate was not a thousand a year and a luxurious home, but literally *nil*, the V.C., would have laughed, jokingly called the truth-teller a pessimist, and suggested a small bottle.

Sir David Glende was on the point of going to lunch when MacKurd, V.C., reached the bank.

The banker's face lighted up a little as he saw that, this time, the Major had kept the appointment.

They shook hands, and without embarrassment MacKurd asked the banker to pay the taxi-driver.

"So you have decided to accept my proposal? I am very glad—very glad," said Sir David. "You won't mind living mainly in the country."

MacKurd smiled rather vaguely, for the Buzz was bothering him.

"Certainly not, as long as there's plenty of champagne, what?" he said.

"You are fond of champagne?" asked Sir David, steadily.

"Not especially—for myself, you understand. But it keeps the Buzz quiet. Somebody suggested morphia last night, but I don't fancy that morphia's got quite the kick of champagne, do you, sir?"

The banker appeared to ponder.

"No, I should say not. I think you will do better to stick to champagne. I think there may be a medical friend of mine lunching with us." (He had arranged that.) "Suppose we put the question to him?"

"Sound scheme, sir—very, what?" said the V.C. secretary.

ON AN EVENING about six weeks later, Sir David Glende was sitting in his library with an old friend—the local practitioner in the village whereof the banker was the modern equivalent of the old-time squire—largely the owner, that is. Dr. Owen Fansley and Sir David had played a round of golf that afternoon, dined together, and had come to the big, cool library for a chat and a game of chess.

They had been there some hours already, sitting by the open window, staring out at the grey velvet twilight of the midsummer evening, but their conversation was still earnest, and the set of chessmen stood neglected on the table close by.

"The matter is worrying me more and more, Fansley," said the old banker. "It is all going wrong—wrong. I know it, I see it—anyone could see it. The man is headed straight for insanity and death. They are ugly words for some of the things he has done—and few men would hesitate to use them. I suppose I am soft—weak. That is not my reputation, either—but I suppose the hardest man has somewhere in him a soft spot—a weak link."

He paused musing, staring out across the shadowy park.

Then he spoke abruptly.

"You have had to do with a side of human nature which is not very familiar to me, Fansley," he said. "Advise me. What am I to do about MacKurd?"

The old doctor moved his head in a gesture which deprecated urgency.

"You must tell me more of the peculiarities and eccentricities of which you complain before I can suggest anything, David," he said.

Sir David nodded.

"Yes, of course. Well, you know him—and you know that he is not normal."

"Far from it," said the doctor, gravely.

"And it is possible that he is seriously deranged?" There was a question in the banker's tone.

"Well—let us leave that open for a little. Go on."

Sir David hesitated a moment, then spoke abruptly.

"The fact is I'm afraid he's devoid of common honesty!"

"Ah! But I thought he warned you of that?"

Sir David shook his head.

"NO. He told me that he might take banknotes—*not as* money but as—er—toys! Because they fascinated him. He was very precise and insistent about returning them. He meant it, too. I am quite sure of that. He meant it *then*, at any rate. He appeared to regard it as amusing in the way a truly humourous thing is amusing not as that which is cynical or sardonic may be amusing. I am quite convinced of that. Let us leave that for a moment. He drinks enormously — champagne — though during the last week he has been drinking brandy with it. He adds champagne to a stiff brandy as one adds water to whisky. But he is never drunk. He never gives the minutest sign that he has touched alcohol. That is—frightening, Fansley. And he gambles with the wild magnificence of one insane. I have accompanied him twice to evil, discreet dens in the West end, and I have had almost to pinch myself to be sure I was not dreaming. He is incredibly unreliable. You know, my idea was to give him a sinecure to ride about the place, amusing himself with the supervision of the shooting, the rearing of the game, such as the war has left us with, the trout, the farm, reconstructing the golf course and landscape gardening anything, a tree here and there, and, practically *carte blanche*. Was that difficult?" There was an odd, unexpected quaver in the banker's voice. "Was there anything in that which any sane man with the instincts of a gentleman such as MacKurd obviously has been could find onerous or irksome? Yet this wild man has failed to keep even within such bounds. Bounds, do I say? Why, there were *no* bounds—in all human reason. I have made him free of all I have—except only that I cannot bring myself to let him meet Madeline. That is the real reason why she has been in Scotland for the last six weeks."

Sir David paused, breathless, for a second. Then, dropping his voice, he said: "Owen, listen to this! MacKurd has thrown away eleven thousand pounds of my money in the last six weeks—and I find to-night that he has——"

He stopped short as the door opened and MacKurd, V.C., looked in.

"Are you engaged, Sir David? Shall I switch on the light?" he asked in his pleasant voice.

"No, no—switch on, do."

The bunches of electric bulbs on the carved ceiling and panelled walls glowed softly, revealing MacKurd in evening dress under a magnificent fur coat, at the door.

"I am sorry to interrupt, but if you are not using the big car to-night, sir, I had rather plotted out a little run up to town."

There was a brief silence. Then the banker cleared his throat.

"Very well, my boy," he said.

"Thanks very much, sir."

MacKurd half turned, then stopped.

"Oh, by the way, I'd quite forgotten. I owe you five hundred of the best, sir. I ran out in town yesterday; you were down here and it was rather awkward. So I wrote a cheque, signed it for you and cashed it at the bank.

Rather sound scheme, what?" He laughed pleasantly, said "Good-night," and went.

Sir David looked at the doctor, his lips trembling and his eyes full of misery.

Fansley had flushed slightly, half rising from his chair.

"Oh, but this is absurd——" he began, restrained himself, and sat again.

"You see? That is what I was going to tell you! And how can one call it forgery? He must be mad!" said the banker.

"Mad? No. I have examined him—how many times? I will stake my reputation that he is sane!" exclaimed the medical man.

He waited, but Sir David said no more.

"Why do you permit it? Has he a hold on you?" asked Fansley.

"Yes."

"It is a strangle-hold! Are you being blackmailed?"

"God forbid! No—I give. Freely I give. It's not the actual money I mind, God knows——"

"Why do you give?"

Sir David took from his pocket the letter in which his dead son spoke of "Claskind."

"Perhaps I am wrong—an old fool," he said, humbly. "But this is one of the reasons I want to befriend MacKurd."

He told the doctor the story of Davie, read him the letter, and explained his singular fancy that Claskind and MacKurd were the same man.

LONG before he had finished the doctor's face had cleared, and when the old banker had said his last word and was returning David's letter to his pocket, he leaned forward, speaking briskly, with the air of one who would finish the matter forthright.

"He, MacKurd, does not remember Davie—or any occasion upon which he encouraged or steadied him?"

"No. He says so frankly. I have often asked him. But his memory is appalling!"

"Nevertheless it is highly improbable that he was the man who befriended poor Davie. Why—what real grounds are there for believing he was? He is of a different regiment——"

"But both were in action at Davie's first battle!"

"True—and many others, David. Let me go on. The fault is with you—no, not in any personal sense—I mean, your health——Listen. You came very near to a breakdown during the war—nearer than you suspect. Only I, whose duty it is to know—know how near. This man—this feather-headed adventurer—came upon you in a moment of reaction—and the idea that he was the man Davie meant lodged itself in your mind—like a seed in a crevice upon a cliff-face. You did not dislodge it—on the other hand you welcomed it. One easily understands that you would welcome it. It is natural that you should. Also there is no doubt that MacKurd, in spite of his fatuous irresponsibility, is a man of singular personal charm. A nice boy, prematurely aged, who has suffered horribly for a long time. So the seed rooted—and so it is just that much more difficult to dislodge. Confess it, David—you look upon MacKurd very much as one might look upon a son of whom one could be proud were he not so—wild?"

The grey head of the old banker drooped

"Yes, that is so."

Fansley nodded slightly, and continued:—

"But, you see, David, that you are doing him no good—indeed, you are giving him the means to do himself harm. He will throw away all you give him—all you allow him to take—to his own detriment. He needs discipline, not indulgence."

He pondered a little.

"You can't send a man to hospital because he drinks too much champagne to lull a buzzing in the head, which a period of peacefulness in country-side silences, fresh air, wholesome food, exercise, and lots of sleep, will cure. You can't put a man in a nursing-home because he gambles and signs another man's name to cheques to pay his losses. You can only discipline him."

"You may as well speak of disciplining a butterfly, my dear Owen," said the banker. He is utterly irresponsible."

"Why?" asked Fansley. "You don't know. I will tell you. He is as he is because he is aimless—without an objective. He needs nothing. He is striving for nothing. Sex, you say, means nothing to him, and he is not susceptible to feminine charm or influence—but, wisely, you do not wish your daughter to meet him. Money he has in plenty—thanks to you—and everything else."

THE DOCTOR leaned forward, putting his hand on the other's arm.

(Continued on page 42)

When You Buy an Ivory Brush—
Study the Bristles

THE health of your scalp, the luxuriance and lustre of your hair depend so much upon your hair brush.

Have you ever used a brush whose bristles were nearly all the same length? How ineffective such brushes are! The bristles fail to reach and stimulate the scalp.

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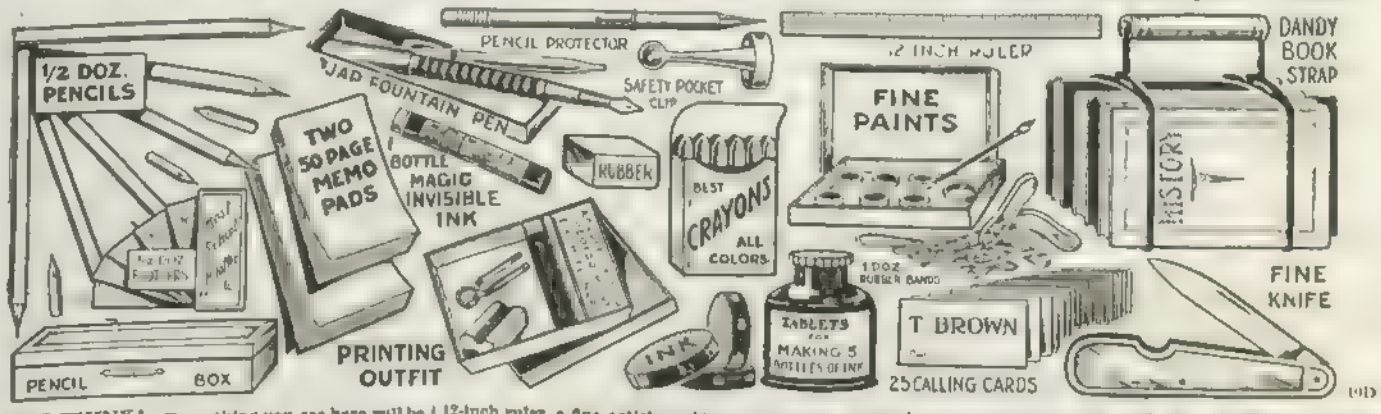

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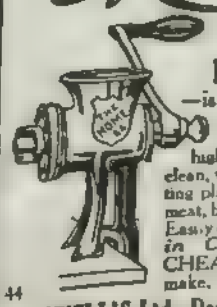

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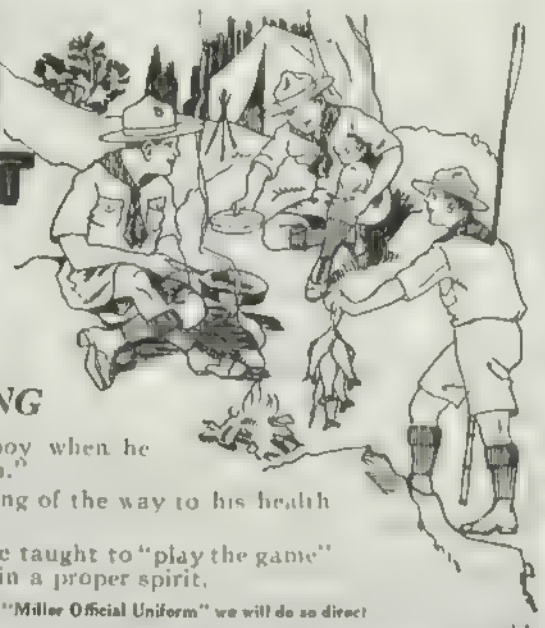

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Address Acton Burrows, President, Canadian National Newspapers & Periodicals Association, 70 Bond Street, Toronto.

MacKurd

(Continued from page 41)

"David, old friend, you must harden your heart if you are going to prove a real friend to this man," he said.

"But—what am I to do? I still believe he is the man Davie wrote of. Am I to turn him out—penniless, save for his pension? Why, he would be in prison before a month was up."

"Better a prison ward from which there is an exit than that *cul-de-sac* the grave," said the doctor.

The banker drew a sharp breath.

"My God—a man who has fought so—for us, who sat snugly at home and took the profits that were literally thrown at us! A man who had been torn apart with hot metal—as he has—as so many have! Aren't there any proper places for such cases, in the England they paid flesh and blood and sanity and souls to guard?"

"His health is excellent," said the doctor, inexorably truthful. "His 'Buzz' would die out in a month of sane living. He——"

A muffled telephone-bell rippled gently on the big writing desk. Sir David answered abstractedly, but that was only for a second. A sudden flush burnt on his thin face; and he spoke sharply.

The doctor watched him, not without affection. They were old cronies, these two. Perhaps it was that which rendered the medical man harsher in his judgment of MacKurd than he might have been had Sir David been an ordinary client.

The Sir David of private life had disappeared now, though — it was Glende, the money-captain, that shrewd keen, skilled navigator on the treacherous sea of finance, who was speaking at the telephone now—clearly, incisively.

"I am grateful that you have notified me without delay. Yes, bring him as quickly as possible. Ignore expense, please. Are there preparations of any nature for his reception which you require to be made here? I have a medical man—a personal friend—here with me now, and he will remain."

He was speaking with an iron control over his voice, but Fansley saw that the hand gripping the receiver was shaking.

"Very good. I shall be ready for you. Thank you. Good-bye."

He replaced the receiver and turned to his friend. He was stone pale now. He sat down, resting his elbows on his knees and his head on his hands.

"Oh, God!—please—*please*——" he muttered, brokenly.

Fansley sat silent, watching him but leaving him alone. *(To be Continued)*

Save Babies from Respiratory Diseases

(Continued from page 34)

of tape sewn to each end. They are made more serviceable by taping all around before adding the tieing tapes. Half a dozen can easily be made and kept ready for emergency. Add these to your supply when getting ready for baby. The whole success depends on acting promptly, using the mask just as soon as you feel the least suspicion of cold. It is better to use the mask even if later events show you were not getting, say, a head cold, than to wait until the condition is well-established before taking the necessary precautions. It pays to be over zealous in this regard. Remember that any respiratory infection may result in the death of your child. It is a good plan to have washable clothes for house clothes because they are so often disinfected by washing.

Secondly, protect your child from your sentimental relatives and friends who are so often devoid not only of good judgment but also of good taste. No infant should be kissed or even handled by outsiders. If you permit this look out for trouble. Many a precious life has been lost through infection brought to the child in this way. You are the guardian of your child. You take care that it gets a square deal—even at the expense of the feelings of your friends. No baby should be kissed on the mouth, even by its parents.

Thirdly, as a routine procedure, every child becoming sick should be isolated at once until the doctor has diagnosed the disease responsible for the sickness. That is, try to limit the spread of the disease. If you have two or three or more in the family, only in this way can you hope to prevent the spread of the sickness throughout the household. Nip it in the bud—confine it to one member.

The person looking after a sick child should be protected from the child by wearing a mask and gown using lots of water and soap to keep the face and hands clean.

Fourthly, practise the golden rule in regard to communicable diseases.

If your child has whooping cough, make it your business to see that it does not go near your neighbour's child. See that your physician reports to the Health Department any communicable disease you may have in your household. Have your house placarded to show your neighbours you have a disease you do not want them to get. Remember that the Health Department is trying to prevent the spread of disease. Get behind it and help all you can. Treat your neighbour's children as you would like your own to be treated if the other little folks had measles or whooping cough These two diseases are mentioned because they are responsible for a great many deaths—due usually to the development of some respiratory disease. Remember, therefore, to do everything in your power to make your baby strong and likewise everything in your power to keep it strong.

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Dear Madam,

I wish to avail myself of the information on baby's health and upbringing and service so generously offered by you

Please enter my name as a member and supply me with the valuable reading matter offered for which I enclose 25c in stamps to cover cost of mailing. My baby is:

Age Sex Weight

Name

Present state of Baby's health

Present state of Mother's health

Name

Address

Fill in legibly (ink your own name and address)

Aladdin Readi-Cut Homes

How to Reduce Present Home Building Costs

$100 minus Lumber Waste $82 — Save The Waste — $100 minus Labor Waste $70

SAVE THE WASTE AND REDUCE THE COST. The ALADDIN SYSTEM scientifically prepares the materials and conserves the cost. You can save 18% on the cost of the lumber and 30% on the cost of the labor. The ALADDIN SYSTEM prepares all the lumber in our Mills ready to be nailed in place. Waste of lumber is reduced to less than 2%. Cost of labor is reduced 30%.

Send To-day for a Copy of Aladdin Homes

Before you build, get a copy of the beautiful book, "Aladdin Homes"—the most wonderful book ever issued for homebuilders. It pictures many homes—the most popular type—bungalows of California design, attractive dwellings of one and two stories, summer cottages, garages, etc., complete with pictures of each, floor plans and descriptions. This book has an important message for every homebuilder. Get your copy today.

This Aladdin book is a complete homebuilding library of 100 designs—100 ideal homes.

Besides this there is a vital message for *you* in this most remarkable book.

Aladdin's Guarantee

Aladdin "Readi-Cut" houses are the finest produced. The choicest stock available is used in their construction. The Aladdin *unconditional guarantee of satisfaction to the customer* is but one evidence of the built-in quality which is a part of every Aladdin "Readi-Cut" Home.

A Handsome, Substantial Home

Aladdin houses are identical in construction and finish with any other high class dwellings. Do not make the mistake of assuming that they are allied to the flimsy portable house or summer cottage, merely because they are supplied "Readi-Cut". The C.P.R. Building, the Woolworth Building and all that family of towering steel sky-scrapers were supplied "Readi-Cut."

What You Get With Your Aladdin House

Aladdin houses are cut-to-fit, no waste of lumber or labor. The Aladdin price includes all materials cut-to-fit as follows:—Lumber, millwork, flooring, outside and inside finish, doors, windows, shingles, builder's paper, lath and plaster, hardware, locks, nails, paint, varnish.

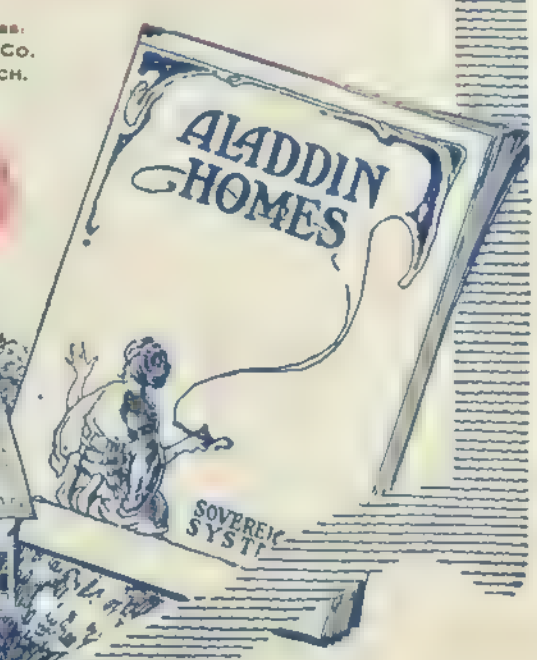
The material is shipped to you in a sealed box car, complete, clean and bright, ready to erect; safe arrival of the complete material in perfect condition is guaranteed.

Send stamps to-day for catalogue 40, Aladdin Homes.

CANADIAN ALADDIN CO.

TOR... ...ITED

U S A. ADDRESS:
THE ALADDIN CO.
BAY CITY, MICH.



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AN OLD FAVORITE.

DESIGN
"THE VICTORIA."

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BY THE DIRECTOR OF
THE PROVINCIAL HOUSING SCHEME

...ND FOR
CATALOGUE No. 40
ALADDIN HOMES

"Mother said I could"

The little ones think there is nothing so good as Pure Gold Quick Puddings. They want them "between meals" as well as at dinner-time. The grown folks share their enthusiasm too. The inviting appearance and delicious flavors of Pure Gold Quick Puddings are a constant source of delight.

Keep a supply in the house and serve them often. They're so wholesome—easily prepared — and enjoyed by everyone. Tapioca, custard and chocolate, 15c. a package at all grocers.

Pure Gold Desserts
QUICK PUDDINGS

Pure Gold Mfg. Co., Limited
Toronto

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

"You said I Could Earn $1.00 an Hour"
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"I Have Earned $3.00 in One Hour"

This is what J. R. Lovett, a returned soldier of Montreal, wrote us after he had partially completed his Course in Show Card Writing. He found the work light and pleasant. He writes that he made

$25.00 a Week

working evenings and spare time only. He received $6.00 for one card.

We have just as big an opportunity for you. You can make from $1.00 to $2.00 an hour writing Show Cards. Quickly and easily learned by our simple method.

No Canvassing or Soliciting
We teach you how and sell your work. Write to-day for full particulars.

American Show Card School
206 Ryrie Bldg., Toronto, Can.

GIVEN!

Lovely Baking Set With Real Groceries and This Beautiful Walking Doll

GIRLS Just think—here is a baking set with real groceries—so cute and useful that every girl who sees it is wild about it. And not only can you get it complete without spending a cent of money, but you can also receive this magnificent WALKING DOLL—the wonder of toyland—a beautiful big doll such as the stores are selling at $5.00 to $10 each. She can walk across the floor just as if she were alive.

The baking set contains lovely toy utensils—a bakeboard, rolling pin, mixing bowl, baking pans, scoop, tea spoon, recipe books and the cutest outfit of groceries ever seen. There is a bag of flour, a yeast cake, can of baking powder, box of baking soda, box of salt—in fact, everything complete, so you can bake just like Mother and serve five o'clock tea to your friends. And as for Dolly, she will amaze you and your friends because she is so big and beautiful and can walk so well.

GIRLS—If you want these beautiful rewards just send us your name and address to-day and we will send you, all postage paid, just 30 big handsome packages of 'Dewkist Bouquet, our exquisite new perfume which we want you to introduce among your friends and neighbors, at only 25c each. This perfume is so delightfully sweet and lasting that it just sells like hot cakes. Everybody wants 'Dewkist Bouquet, because one 10c package will perfume more articles than a dollar bottle of ordinary perfume. It's no trouble at all to sell it. Return our money, only $7.50 when the perfume is sold and we will at once send you the lovely baking set just as shown and the beautiful walking doll you can also receive, without selling any more goods for showing your lovely reward among your friends and getting only six of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

REMEMBER—You take no risk. We pay all delivery charges on your rewards and will take back any unsold perfume and give you fine prizes or cash commission for whatever you do sell. Write to-day, girls a postcard will do, and in a few days you will be the proud owner of these beautiful rewards. 251

Address REGAL MANUFACTURING CO., DEPT. B. 4 TORONTO, ONT.

The Chinese Wedding

By MISS SZE ME TSUNG

THE CHINESE wedding, according to the old custom, is a very interesting ceremony. Although each province has some distinct feature, yet generally the custom is more or less the same. The description of a wedding given here takes place in well-to-do families and still holds in the interior of China.

A lucky date is selected by the parents of the groom and sent to the parents of the bride before anything can be arranged. If it is agreeable to both sides they begin to make preparations for the special occasion. When the appointed day comes near both families send out the announcements together with their invitation. These invitations are sheets of red paper about five by eight inches in size on which gilt characters are printed. They are in red envelopes of the same size. When the relatives and friends get them they prepare gifts for the bride such as silver or porcelain dishes and curios, beautiful silks, and gold ornaments. As for the groom, his friends do not give him things like that, but present him with large red satin scrolls four by six feet in size, on the centre of which is a great gold paper character meaning "double happiness." These scrolls are used to hang on the walls of the big hall where the marriage ceremony is going to be held.

Usually three days before the wedding day the bride's parents invite all of their friends and relations to dinner and at the same time they show them the bride's trousseau, ornaments, jewels, and bedding. A bride is supposed to have eight trunks of clothes at least, eight or ten different kinds of fur lined garments, silk and cotton ones. She must have sufficient clothing of every kind for each season to last three years, also silver dishes, bowls, chop sticks, and different kinds of embroideries with other decorative things.

Then the beautiful jewel-flowers made of pearls, pearl necklaces, bracelets, rings and ear rings are given to her. When the guests have finished seeing the things, a feast is served at which everybody considers it a duty to tease the bride. On the next day the bride's things are carried to the groom's home. The long, bright coloured procession passing along the street is a pretty sight.

The night before the wedding day a farewell dinner is given to the bride at which only the members of her family are present. Before the dinner comes to an end everybody drinks a toast to the bride. The groom's family also invites people to their house and lets them see the beautifully decorated bridal chamber. These guests usually stay for dinner.

ON THE wedding day there are many guests in both of the homes. They come in the morning to give their hearty greetings. The groom's family sends the bridal chair accompanied by a band to the bride's home. Everything connected with the ceremony has a symbolic and fortunate meaning, so even the hour when the bridal chair leaves the groom's house and the hour when the bride enters it to go to the groom's home are carefully selected. The band plays continuously as the chair arrives. By this time the bride is already dressed in red silk heavily embroidered with gold and silver as well as with rainbow colours. A crown of countless imitation pearls, jades and rubies is on her head, and a heavy red silk cloth, ornamented with strings of pearls, hangs over her face. A crown of genuine pearls and jades is used in the wealthier families. The last thing which the bride puts on is the red satin embroidered shoes which have red paper pasted on the bottoms. This is done to prevent the bride from taking away any dirt from her old home to the new. Before the bride enters the chair the groom comes to her house and kow-tows to her parents and meets her friends and relatives. After a little while he leaves without having seen the bride however. Then the bride comes down from her room attended by four maids. She bids farewell to her ancestors by kow-towing before the altar of her forefathers and then before her parents and near relatives. As soon as she gets into the chair the red papers which are on the bottom of her shoes are torn away. Soon the beautiful screen of the chair is put down and eight men carry the chair away while the different instruments are being played.

The groom's home is easily distinguished by the decorations at the great entrance. An arbour of red and green silk artistically designed is formed outside of the door. Six or eight large red lanterns add to the beauty of the scene. Guests are arriving all the time and being announced by the orchestra that is seated just inside the first entrance. Crossing an open court the guests pass through a beautifully decorated doorway into the main hall, which is also nicely arranged. On the walls the beautiful red scrolls are hung; the chairs and tables have the most exquisitely embroidered red satin covers. This hall is full of well-dressed, merry men, women and children. All are expecting and waiting for the arrival of the bride. When the continuous music of the bridal band approaches they crowd on both sides of the room, leaving a big empty space in the middle for the bride.

SOON the georgeous chair appears and is stopped at the entrance of the hall. Usually the bride is kept in the chair for one hour or more for it is believed that the longer she is kept there the better temper she will have. Afterwards the big red candles are lighted. The first thing for the bride and groom to do is kow-tow to each other. There is a saying that whoever kneels first will be under the control of the other, so neither of them wants to do it first. This causes much merriment and always takes a long time. Finally they kneel down together. Because the bride is so heavily veiled and crowned she is helpless in the hands of the maids who bend her body at the proper time. The bride and groom kow-tow to the groom's ancestors and then to heaven, finally to his parents and his near relatives. When the ceremony is over the pair of big candles is removed and carried to the bride's room and put on the dresser which is near the bed. Then the groom leads the bride by two strips of green and red silk to the bridal chamber. They sit side by side on the bed for a few minutes and then the groom's mother comes in to take off the bride's veil.

After that the visitors go out and have their feast while the bride and groom have their dinner by themselves in their room. But the guests will come back soon, for they want to have more fun teasing and playing tricks on the bride. Of course that is rather hard on her as she is very timid and blushes over lots of things. When it gets late in the night the guests begin to leave.

On the third day the bride must be well-dressed again and returns to her parents' home with the groom to see their mother. A great feast is prepared for them. They remain for the meal but return to their home before dark.

This practically ends the old fashioned wedding, but since everything is changed so greatly many of these customs are not kept. The Christian families especially have much the same ceremony as is common in the west.

Concerning Roads

JOHN London McAdams was the name of the man who began to make really good roads for the modern world, and it is in honour of him that we call our roads "macadamized."

Mr. McAdams, however, did nothing more than to revive the ancient art of road building. And, in fact, there is still a question whether he actually succeeded in reviving it, for we have not had time, as yet, to see whether they will bear travel as well as the old Roman roads in England and Italy, which are almost as fine to-day as they were when first made, two thousand years ago.

The Hills of Desire

(Continued from page 7)

bridge and left as comfortable as was possible, while the lieutenant called up to Wardwell:

"We'll have to depend on you for a lookout, Wardwell. They might try to rush the creek from above or below, though I don't think the outfit across there is anxious to rush anything this way. Stay where you are while you can. But if you think they've spotted you, make your rush for the creek bed. Don't stay if it should become—useless."

"Right, Sir," said Wardwell, smiling to himself among the leaves. He knew that the young officer had started to say: "Don't stay if it should become too hot for you."

NO, THERE was nothing left to chance, or to any number of chances. Everything that had happened, and that was happening and going to happen, moved into place as the result of something that had gone before, as inevitably as one pebble is moved by the pressure of another pebble.

In his ignorance—it is only in ignorance that the fatal things are done, malice is not cunning enough—he had committed the one unforgivable sin. He had taken money from one woman to give to another.

He had not known at the time that it was the unpardonable sin. He had not, as he remembered it now, thought of anything except that he could not stand Augusta's grief for the loss of her horse. To get her pet back for her at that time he would have taken money from anybody.

It was true enough that the other woman had owed him the money in an entirely business-like way. He had loaned her the money at a time when she needed it.

Afterwards she had married a wealthy man. Several times when they had met she had laughingly tried to pay him back his loan, but he had always talked her around the matter, and later he had dropped out of her sight into the seclusion of Rose Wilding's house to make his fight for his book and a reputation.

That morning when he had seen Augusta grieving in the empty stable, and after he had talked with Jethniah, he had gone down to the station and sent the telegram to the woman saying simply that he needed the money and asking for it.

He had had no misgiving that he was doing anything that would ever hurt Augusta. He had thought no more of the matter than if he had been asking any man for the return of a loan at need.

The trouble was that the woman was discontented in marriage—as she would have been discontented in singleness, or discontented in jail, or discontented in what was her idea of heaven. She was looking for diversion, and her discontent took the form of imagining herself to be sadly and irretrievably in love with Wardwell. (If she had been obliged to live two weeks in a cabin with him she would have come to the point of murdering him.)

Not long after he had sent the telegram and received his money Jimmie had begun to be troubled with a sharp premonition of something wrong. Something was brewing up for him somewhere. He was quick to understand that the one contact which he had established with the world without was probably the source of his worry. He mooned around for a day or so, waiting for something to drop, as he put it to himself. Then he went fearfully down to the station.

There were six letters waiting for him.

He read the last first. It seemed that the woman had somehow learned that Wardwell had gone away sick. From the last of the letters he gathered that she had pictured him to herself as lying penniless and alone, and at the point of death, somewhere in the woods, and that she was about to fly to him. She was capable of doing it, he knew.

With the choking, hopeless feeling of a man being drowned, he wondered if she had already started. In his panic he telegraphed:

"Do not come. Am leaving here."

No sooner was the wire gone than he repented the last words of it. Why had he lied? He should not have lied, for it would only lead to other lies. The woman was one to revel in mysteries, and his evading her now would merely determine her to come and search him out. He was not going away from here, and he should not have lied to say so. Now he would have to write, at once, and take back the lie.

Then and there he borrowed paper and wrote. He told her, circumstantially, that he was in perfect health. He explained that he and his wife—the woman evidently had not thought of the possibility of his being married—were living away up here in the woods in order that they might be able to go on with their writing without interruptions. He apologized abjectly for having annoyed her. He hoped that she would remember that only a temporary and acute crisis had made him trouble her, and at the same time he hoped that she would forget the whole matter.

The letter was so unlike his usual clear handed methods that he felt sure the lady would either think him deranged or that she would disbelieve the whole of it. But he sent the letter. At any rate he must try to keep her from coming here.

Then he started home to Augusta, dragging with him a weight of hangdog misery that increased at every step.

Never had Augusta's sweetness and the dear simple beauty of her faith in him been so precious to him as in those minutes. He hated the other woman unreasoningly, viciously; and yet more he hated himself, because, somehow, he seemed to have thrown a slur upon Augusta. That day, when her heart was high and sweet with its sacrifice for him, he had forced her, in some shameful way it seemed, to take something—money in fact—which he had taken from another woman.

He knew, even in that walk home, that he had done a fatal thing. And the anxieties and the nightmares of the winter that followed came upon him inexorably and without surprise.

In alternate letters, and often alternately in the same letter, the other woman upbraided him for having deceived her, in being married, and being well, and on the other hand vowed that she did not believe a word of what he told her but was sure that he was there sick and alone and that she must come to see.

THROUGH all the winter and into the spring he lived under the constant dread that the woman might come, and he was obliged to answer every letter, profusely and carefully, lest something which he omitted to answer might give her the impluse that would bring her flying to find him.

That the whole business was melodramatic, and entirely foolish, did not lighten the matter in the least. And at all times he was convinced with a miserable dull certainty that all he did was useless. Augusta would inevitably come to know, anyhow. He had never expected to be able to hide anything from her. He had sworn that he never would have anything to hide from her. He was certain that she would come to know of this, and in the most shameful and pitiless way. He had no hope that it would be otherwise.

Even now, as he watched the German gun being poked into its place above the line of the dirt on the far hillside, he shuddered at the humiliation and the ignominy of that winter. Augusta had known that there was something wrong. She had, of course, seen it in his eyes and sensed it in the air about him, from the very beginning. But he had never been able to tell her. He knew Augusta's peculiar jealousy. It was not the usual property-holding interest by which the average woman clings to her rights in a man, because she is afraid of the consequences of letting him slip away from her.

Augusta was in this, as in so many things, different from any woman whom Wardwell had ever known or imagined. Like all people that live a great deal within themselves, the things that were her own, even the little things had a sacred and a touching value to Augusta. If a thing was not entirely her own she did not care for it at all. She wanted nothing near her that she had to share in any way with another person. Wardwell remembered that she had once given away her best coat because another girl had put it on herself just for a moment to see how she would look in it. And as for the loaf of her love, so far from being able to think

(Continued on page 46)

"Nine in Ten Are Underfed"

Late statistics show that average food cost, since 1914, has risen 85 per cent.

A Chicago Board of Health authority is quoted as stating that, on this account, nine folks in ten are being underfed.

That is Unnecessary

Study the facts below. Foods are commonly measured by energy units, by calories. A man must have 3,000 calories daily, else he is underfed.

In meat, eggs, fish, etc., those 3,000 calories cost about $1.50. Most folks can't afford that. In Quaker Oats 3,000 calories cost 16½ cents.

Note these facts about some necessary foods, based on prices at this writing:

Compare These Costs

Quaker Oats
costs 1 cent per big dish, or 5½ cents per 1000 calories.

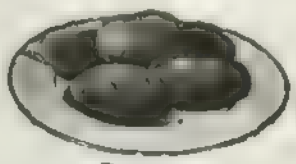
Meats
1 cent per bite, or 45 cents per 1000 calories.

Fish
1 cent per bite, or 50 cents per 1000 calories

Eggs
70c per 1000 calories

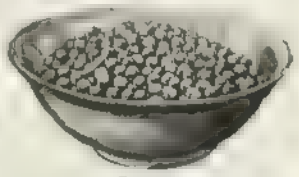
Bacon
1 cent per slice

Muffins
1 cent each



Potatoes
1 cent each

Custard
4 cents per serving



Peas
54c per 1000 calories

Note that meats, eggs, fish, etc., average nine times Quaker Oats cost for the same calory value.

Yet the oat is the supreme food. It is almost a complete food. It costs but one cent for a big dish. And folks who eat it are not underfed.

We don't urge living on Quaker Oats alone, but make it your basic breakfast.

Quaker Oats

World-Famous for Its Flavor

Quaker Oats has won a world-wide fame through its exquisite flavor. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Yet it costs no extra price.

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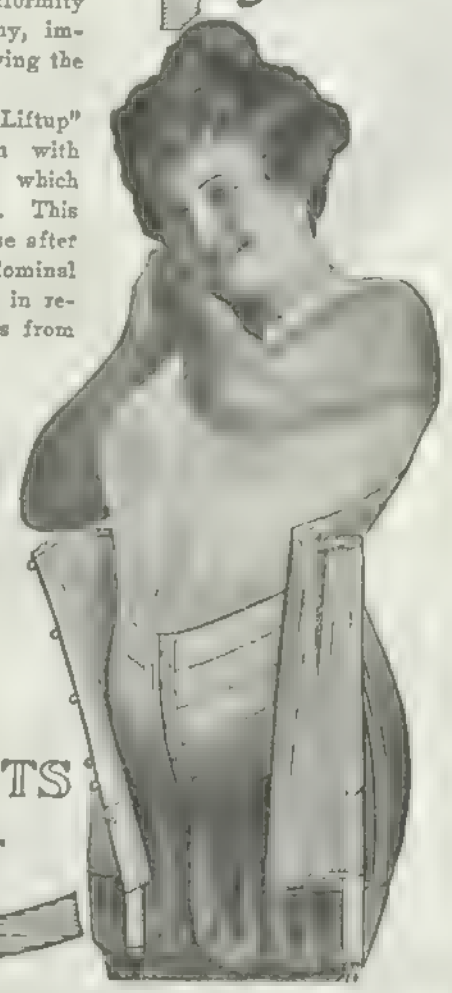
The Perfection of Style—

The "Liftup"

ALL BIAS FILLED CORSETS are designed in conformity with the science of Anatomy, improving the figure and conserving the health.

Illustration shows the "Liftup" model, a patented invention with non-slip elastic inside belt, which gently supports the abdomen. This model is very beneficial for use after an operation involving an abdominal incision, and is most effective in relieving those physical ailments from which many women suffer.



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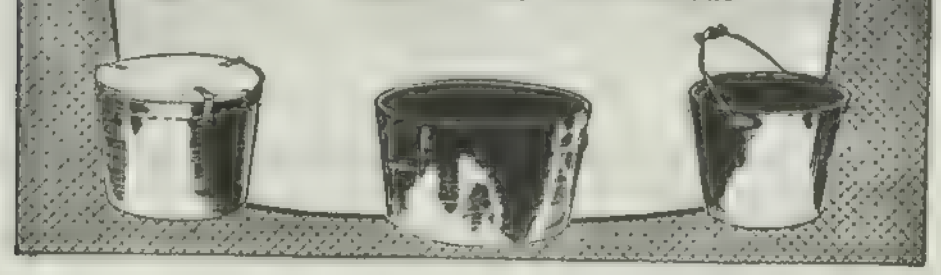
Eddy's are made of wood pulp, moulded to shape in one single piece under tremendous hydraulic pressure—then baked to flint-hardness under terrific heat.

They have a glazed surface and are strong as steel, light as wood, easy to lift and carry, cannot leak, cannot become dented or battered.

Not just woodenware—but moulded, pressed, baked Fibreware

The E. B. EDDY CO., Limited
HULL, CANADA

B29 *Makers of Eddy's Famous Matches*



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RESTORES COLOR AND BEAUTY TO GRAY AND FADED HAIR

AT ALL DRUGGISTS
HISCOX CHEMICAL WORKS
PATCHOGUE, N.Y.

The Hills of Desire

(Continued from page 45)

of sharing it with anyone, he knew that the thought that another had even looked at it would be enough to spoil it for Augusta.

And he, with this full knowledge of her fiercely proud little heart, had brought another woman in to despoil the sacred shrine of Augusta's love. He knew that she had thanked him for getting her pet back for her as the dearest thing he had ever done for her. And now when she should come to know the truth—as she would—it would embitter her to know that she owed it to another woman

As the letters continued to come and the worry and humiliation of keeping up what seemed like an intrigue grew upon him he moodily wished that Augusta might learn the truth.

He could not tell her, for the very fact that must be his excuse, that he had done what he did for the love of her, would be the very reason why Augusta would resent his going to another woman. Explanations were always useless to Augusta. She cared not at all for the details. She would understand instantly, he thought, and understand more justly than he could tell her. But she would be mortally hurt.

It did not occur to him that Augusta would be just like every other woman. He never thought that Augusta in the supreme test when her love was threatened, would lose her almost inspired insight and go blind to everything except the one condemning fact—that he was corresponding secretly with another woman.

When the end came, when he came home that day to learn that Augusta had left him, and to read her note with its stark and yet prophetic finality, he was stunned by this thing which he had expected least of all.

The first emotion that he remembered was a furious anger with Augusta. It seemed that she had read but a part of one of the letters and had immediately jumped to the worst of conclusions. He was angry with Augusta, he remembered now, not because she had gone, but because she had allowed herself to be stupid.

How could she have misunderstood? Why should she have misjudged him so? She must have been deliberately blind, for Augusta had not only an unerring instinct for truth; she had also a keenness of judgment such as he had hardly ever seen in man or woman.

But that was all very, very long ago, and he scarcely remembered now the boyish rage in which he had raved and had torn the hated letters and stamped them into the floor of the cabin.

He had chased feverishly to New York after her, and he had walked the city, without a starting point and without direction, looking for her, as he and she together had once walked the streets looking for Rose Wilding. Then, when at last he had become convinced that it was useless, that he would never find Augusta until the time that she should choose, he had gone back to the lake, to the Hills of Desire, to wait for her.

He found Donahue browsing contentedly among the trees much as he had left him, and a world mockingly unchanged.

Of course, he could not stay there. The haunting, whispering sweetness of Augusta's presence was there at every turn of his eyes, in the breath of every breeze that brushed his cheek, in the song of every bird that piped. There memories choked him, of the nights when she had fought the fever with him, of days when their hearts had danced together in the joy of work. There he had learned why the human race continues to wish to live—he had learned to know a sweet woman's heart.

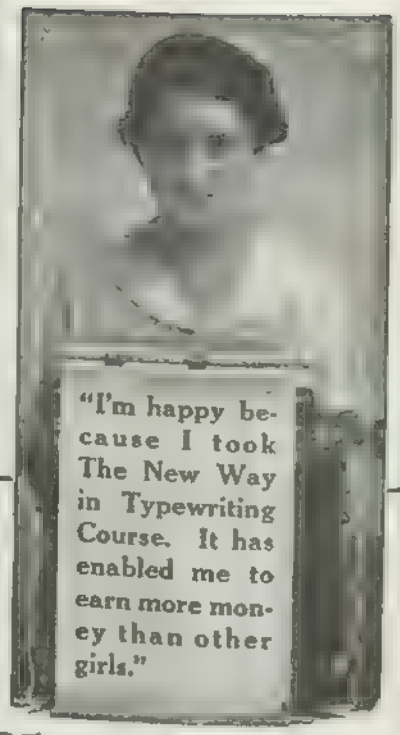
ON THE morning of the fourth day he went down to the station and bought a ticket for Montreal. The station agent-postmistress told him with a simper that there were letters for him.

"Will you please keep them," Wardwell requested politely, "until I call on my way back. I—I might lose them."

The next day he was a member of a Canadian infantry regiment, on his way to an assembly camp.

Through two years he had lived and fought, as others men lived and fought He had lain sick and had thirsted and despaired, as other men did; and he had seen how other men died. About the last matter he was not surprised, except at the unwinking simplicity of it.

The sense of injury and misunder-



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Please send me your free book on Typewriting. This incurs no obligation whatever on my part.

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Crawled— Now Walks

Infantile Paralysis caused the deformity. Two years after treatment at the McLain Sanitarium his mother writes:

"When we took our boy to the McLain Sanitarium he had to crawl on his hands and knees; after six months treatment (Summer of 1917) he could walk alone. It is now two years since he took the McLain's treatments and he has continued to improve every day since he came home."

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For Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip Disease, Wry Neck, etc., especially as found in children and young adults. Our book "Deformities and Paralysis," also "Book of References," free, Write for them.

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A vast new land of promise and freedom now open for settlement to returned soldiers and sailors in 160 acre blocks Free; to others, 18 years and over, 50 cents per acre.

Thousands of farmers are responding to the call. Here, right at the door of Southern Ontario a home awaits you.

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standing which he had at first nursed had drifted away. Neither did he feel any of the self blame with which he had loaded himself in the beginning. Augusta had not done this thing to them. Neither had his foolish doing effected it. Destiny working with its dull tool, chance, was fashioning out their lives. He did not understand. But it seemed that Augusta understood. So, then, he should not go until he heard her voice calling him.

Then there had come the long looked for call of his own country. He had gone gladly back across the ocean and they had at once given him work in the training of student officers. He gave no thought to the commission which might have been his for the asking. He was not looking for the high adventure of war as these boys and men strained toward it. He was heartily sick of war and all that went with it. He had come back to help raise the posse which would put the ramping beast in pound. When that should be done, and he knew that it would be done quickly and properly, his work would be finished. But first he would see Augusta.

He had submitted to his loss of Augusta much as a maimed man submits to the loss of a member. He could undoubtedly live on without Augusta. But it is years before a man, who has, for instance, lost a right arm, can remember that the arm is no longer there. He was forever turning to her mentally, and in every crowded street he saw the sweet girlish figure of Augusta just slipping from sight away from him. He had submitted passively to the decree of fate, or whatever it was that had taken her from him, but the living delight of her presence never left him. It was not memory, nor, in any sense, imagination. It was a fact. In those wonderful months which they had had together, Augusta had not merely lived with him. She had so lived herself into his life that she had become an indefinable, but vital, part of the being that was called Jimmy Wardwell. Without her this Wardwell did not exist.

It was out of this feeling of Augusta's persisting presence with him that there grew up in him a conviction.

Sometimes it seemed mere impudence. Again it seemed entirely reasonable reasonable and possible only, of course, in connection with Augusta.

He remembered the night when he had lain out alone in a shell hole at Messines. He was wounded in the chest and there was no hope of help coming to him. He could feel the life running out of him, as one after another of the conscious and unconscious grips of life slipped away from him. He was dying, so it was plain. But even as he was coming to that point where he finally surrendered consciousness, he was aware of a force of life within him which was not being dimmed. That part of him which he had come to think of as being of Augusta, that much of him was still living and untouched by death. It was not that he dreamed Augusta was there with him. Nor did his groping senses conjure up for him a vision of her. She was there, in him, a living part of him, which did not and would not die.

From that night he had known that he would not die so long as Augusta lived.

But his thought sometimes went further than this. At the oddest moments, often when hands and body and brain were busiest with the surface of things, more than once when he was actually fighting for his life, there had come to him a flash of something—he did not know whether it was of foreknowledge or of crazy presumption. But it came to him.

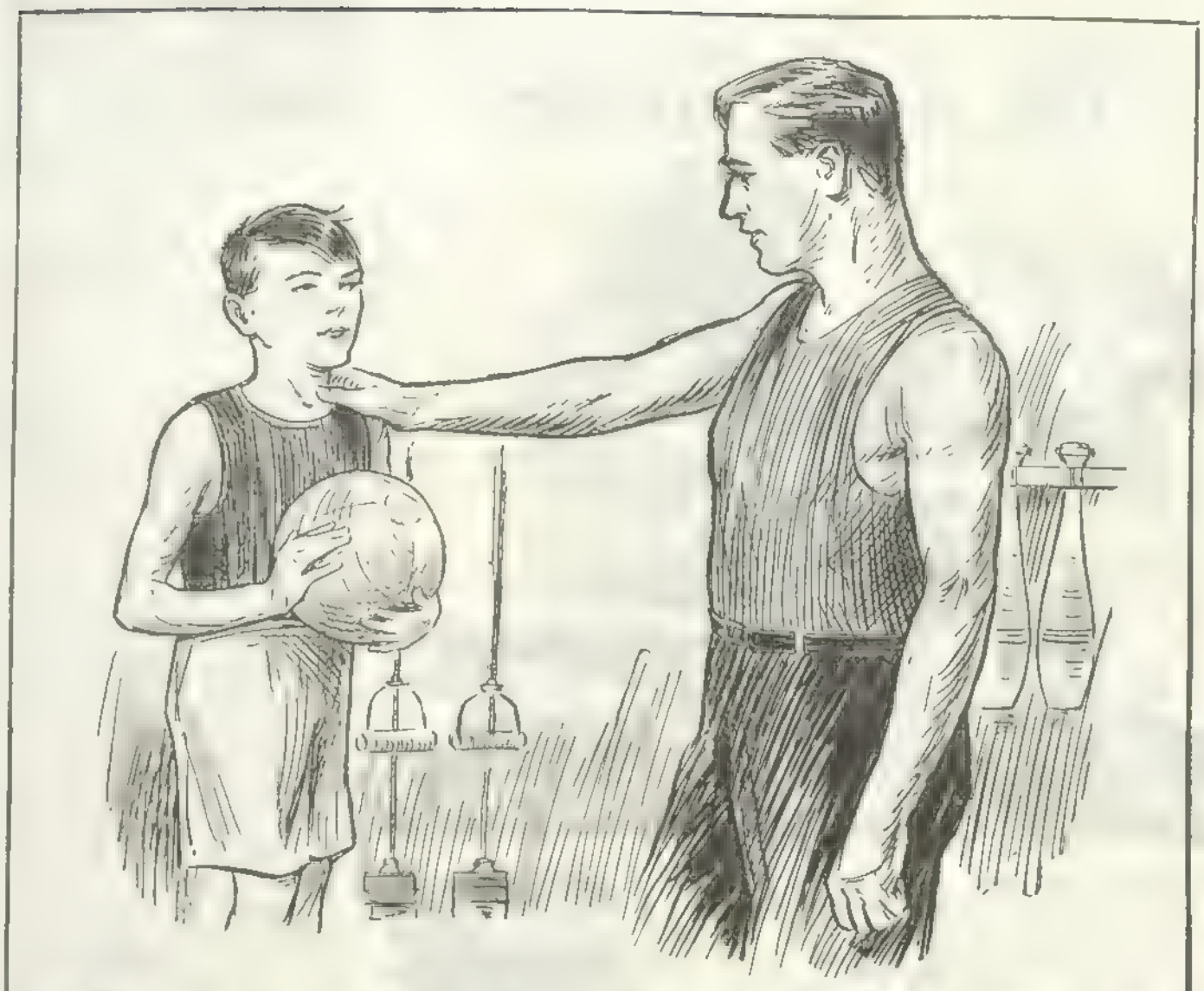
Might it not be that Augusta and he were actually coming to the adventure of death together—to *survive* it!—to hold to each other *beyond* it!

If he had believed that the thought was his own, he would have given it no heed. But he was sure that it was not his own. Augusta had given it to him. Of that much he was sure. And in that much he did not reject it.

In the last three weeks Jimmy's feeling that Augusta was living in his life in every moment of the day's work, had been growing so strong that he knew it could not go on. The end must be near. He would soon see Augusta. He began to look for it hourly.

It was peculiar that he now no longer thought of the original cause of his losing Augusta. War and life had ground all that away. He knew that he would find Augusta looking only to the future. They would keep only the memory of those months of dear love

(*Continued on page 48*)



"You Are Under Weight, My Boy"

"YES, sir."

"Do you know what that means?"

"No, sir."

"It means that your body is not properly nourished. You are not getting the right food, or else not obtaining full benefit of the food you eat! Are you easily tired?"

"Yes, sir."

"How are you getting along at school?"

"Not very well."

"Now, I am going to send a report to your parents, so that they may know your condition, and I want you to do what I tell you, so as to regain your normal weight."

"All right, sir."

"You can never expect to get far in athletics, or school either, so long as your blood is thin for lack of proper nourishment and your nerves starved and exhausted."

"We shall go a little easy on exercise, and I have asked your parents to see that you eat plenty of plain, nourishing food. I have also suggested the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, so as to enrich the blood and tone up your nervous-system."

"Is that a medicine?"

"Yes, I suppose you might call it that, but it is entirely different to most medicines, because it builds up tissue instead of tearing it down. It is what is called a restorative. It sharpens the appetite, improves digestion and helps you to obtain full benefit of the food you eat. We are not much on medicines around here, but Chase's Nerve Food has helped so many under-weight boys whom I know that I never lose an opportunity to recommend it."

"I hope it helps me, for I would like to be able to do 'stunts' like the other fellows, and I don't seem to have the strength now."

"You are ready to do your part then? That is what I want to know."

"Yes, sir, I am."

"We will weigh you every week, and I am sure we shall soon have you all right."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 for $2.75, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

The Proper Food for Baby

Unwholesome and unsuitable food causes most of the diseases of infancy.

The bottle fed baby should receive the best substitute for human milk,—cows' milk, properly modified and diluted with barley water made from ROBINSON'S "PATENT" BARLEY.

Robinson's "Patent" Barley

is the best for making barley water.

For older children use ROBINSON'S "PATENT" GROATS which is also excellent for invalids and nursing mothers.

Sold by all druggists and grocers.

Write for our booklet "Advice To Mothers" containing information about feeding and care of children. No mother should be without it. Free on request.

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A HEALING CREAM

Mentholatum

Always made under this signature A.H.Lo

for burns

STOP the pain with cooling, healing Mentholatum. Gentle in its action—and antiseptic to prevent infection if the skin is broken.

The dependable "little nurse" for cuts, chaps, bruises and many other "little ills."

At all druggists' in tubes, 25c. Jars 25c, 50c, $1.

The Mentholatum Co., Bridgeburg, Ont.

Live To Old Age in Comfort

Much care is advised to men and women who are just turning forty.

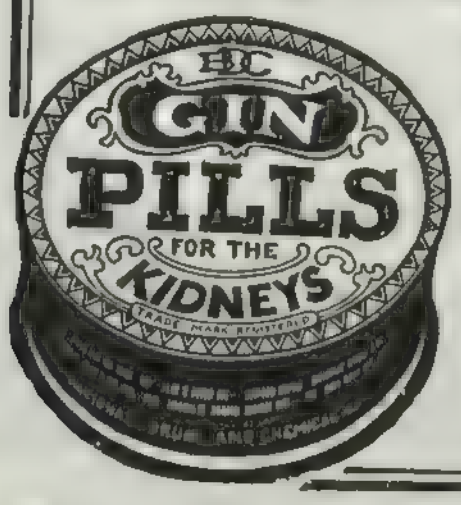
At forty, many ailments that have lain dormant, become active. Kidney and bladder troubles show themselves, and it is only through exercising great care and caution can these dread diseases be overcome.

At the first sign of pain in the back, or across the groins, or when dizziness, constant headaches, swollen joints, rheumatism, sciatica or gravel bring suffering or discomfort take

Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS

Gin Pills, taken in time, will prevent serious complications. They strengthen weakened kidneys, relieve congestion, soothe inflammaton, and help the vital organs to purify the blood so that the poisons, uric acid and waste are duly eliminated.

Gin Pills contain no alcohol. Their great efficacy depends on the valuable principle derived from the Juniper Berry, which, combined with seven other valuable diuretics and antiseptics, result in a pill that is, we believe, the best ever prepared for allaying the pain caused by deranged kidneys.



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Free sample sent on request to

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A Tubful In Ten Minutes!

That's all it takes for this wonderful washer to thoroughly clean a big tubful of clothes. No rubbing, scrubbing, backaches or headaches for *you*—the washer takes all the work, all the responsibility! You can go straight on with the ironing the same day, yet feel fresher and brighter than you ever felt on the old-fashioned washdays

Maxwell

"Home" Washer

is light-running and noiseless. Enclosed gears make it safe. "Spring" lid lifts easily. Made of cypress, handsomely finished. Runs by hand-power or water-motor. See it at your dealer's and write us for booklet "If John Had To Do the Washing."

MAXWELLS LIMITED, Dept. K, St. Marys, Ont. 35

The Hills of Desire

(Continued from page 47)

that they had lived together. Their work which they had loved with their souls, the dreams which they had had together, even these things were of the past, and done with.

Wardwell knew that, left to himself, his mind would have thought only of going back—when this was over—and, with Augusta, trying to rebuild and live in the home of dreams that had been their house of love in the Hills of Desire. But Augusta never went back. She was too vital. She was too much like life itself.

If he was to have Augusta, to be with her, he must go on.

He was coming swift to the Great Adventure. He could feel the pulse of his being rising to it.

He did not fear, for he believed now that Augusta wanted him. And if her eyes saw a light through the dropping darkness, then it was a true light. He had only to stumble after.

So he smiled contentedly at the young officer's hesitation in speaking to him of danger.

Augusta had always had her will.

Then he happened to remember—for the first time in many months—that book which had once seemed more to him than life or death. In New York the publishers had told him that it had done well, considering war times, and all other things, it had done very well. The royalties, they said, they were still holding, because up to that time they had not been able to locate Augusta, to whom he had assigned the ownership of the book three years ago. He had merely told them to keep on looking for her.

Still smiling, he wished that he and Augusta might have just one good picnic on those spoiling royalties.

FROM behind the little mound of dirt on the hillside the machine gun was dripping a line of bullets along the wall where the Americans had been. There was nobody there, but the German gunner was not yet convinced of that. A gentle, steady breeze was coming down from the slope, clearing the light smoke from the machine gun nests and rolling it slowly down toward the dry creek bed and the bridge. Wardwell thus had a perfect view of the ravine.

But the enemy was cautious. Not a head nor even a hand showed above the line of dirt along the face of the hill. Wardwell searched the ravine itself. A bush in the midst of the dark green centre of the ravine seemed to be moving about grotesquely. Wardwell, over his sights, watched it sharply, until his eyes and his imagination working together resolved it into its component parts. It was a man with green branches tied all about him, and he was tugging a heavy machine gun into a new position.

The effect of his shot gave Wardwell a thorough surprise. Not only did the man with the branches tied about him disappear, but what had seemed to be an almost solid hedge of green shrubs across the mouth of the ravine fell away instantly, revealing some bare rocks and two guns. Wardwell mentally rubbed his eyes and stared. There must, before, have been at least three or four men standing about the guns and all draped in heavy bushes.

As he watched, one of the guns began to fire again, though he could not see the hands that managed it, and a sudden flutter of twigs and leaves came pattering down upon his head. They had guessed him out in his tree.

He shifted his position to get the full protection of the body of the tree, and gave his attention to the lone gun out on the hill. He would like to put that gun out of working, not because it was doing any harm just now, but because of what might have to be done later. He watched patiently for several minutes, while the gun in the ravine continued to trim the little branches from his tree, but it did not seem that he would get a chance. The fellow in the ditch was keeping entirely under cover and working his gun with a stubborn fixity of idea against the line of the bridge wall.

The sputtering explosion of a soft shell on the bridge startled Wardwell. Now, if the Germans had found the creek bed with gas and, of course, they had every range studied down to a matter of feet—then there was a bad time ahead. He waited while another shell fell into the creek bed below the bridge and another dropped down in front of him right near where the two wounded men had been placed. The foul poison was practically colourless, but, immediately, he could see the little green tufts of grass in the creek bed withering to death.

He slid to the ground and made a low running dive down the bank of the creek. The lieutenant was already giving orders to get the two men up from the bed of the creek and to make holes for them in the top of the bank on the north side. Wardwell saw that the lieutenant had taken his decision. They could not stay here. The creek bed would soon fill with gas. If they were to go back, they must go at once, across the half mile of open field between them and the river. They must carry at least one wounded man, and, from the elevation, those machine guns could follow them every inch of the way. What was worse, the gas would soon fill the creek bed, and then the wind coming down from the hill would carry it back so that it would follow them to the river.

Well, they were not going back. Or at least, Wardwell judged from the lieutenant's dispositions, they were not going back until they had made a try for those machine guns.

Three minutes later they were all strung out just on the edge of the upper bank, with intervals of about fifty feet between them, their bodies curled up tight for a spring, their eyes fixed on the spitting guns up the hill before them. The two hundred and fifty yards of sloping hillside looked as smooth and bare as the top of a slightly tilted table. There did not seem to be a hollow anywhere in it, not as much as the suggestion of a furrow into which a man might drop for breath and an instant's respite in his rush up toward those guns.

They were stripped of everything except their rifles and the one or two bombs that each man could carry in his rush. They had not needed details of instruction. They had done this thing before.

A man rose silently from the edge of the bank. It was the young lieutenant himself. He did not stand poised, or look at his men. He came up running, and shot forward with that peculiar side-wheeling motion that many men acquire from running with a football under one arm while warding off tacklers with the other arm stiff. He ran with his pistol clutched stiffly in his right hand, his other arm curled in against his side. Fifty, sixty, seventy feet he drove on, running low and pigeon-toed, always with that wheeling motion, while the machine guns dropped their other marks and turned their blazing eyes on him.

Before the lieutenant had dropped safe into a little depression of the slope, another man was shooting forward away out on the right. Then another, below the bridge, scooted ahead, dodging along in a way that was his own. Man after man rose running, dove forward for about the length of five seconds, a hundred feet maybe, then dropped flat into anything that looked like a slight protection.

There were no signals, no commands, no noise. It was a game which each man played in his own way. A simple game with only two rules. First, they must not bunch together, second, no man should be last—there must not be any last man.

Saying these two rules, they went forward, each in his own way, each playing out his own hand with death.

Some ran straight, their heads down, their eyes half shut, thinking only of speed. Others ran zigzagging and dodging, as though they were picking their way, although there was no cover at all and no choice of a way.

To the watching foe, who did not even now dare to raise his head above the ground line, there seemed to be not more than three or four men coming up the slope. Of course, it was puzzling that those three or four should be able to be continuously popping up at so many different places of a long line. There must be more than that number of men. But there was no way of telling how many. And that, of course, was the reason for the apparently haphazard manner of the rush.

Wardwell, at the extreme right of the uneven line, ran forward with longer sprints than was possible for the men near the middle of the line. In comparison with those others he was reasonably safe out here. His part would come later when, having gotten

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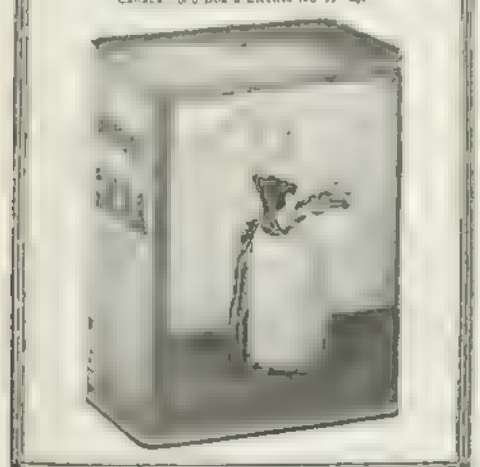

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beyond the line of the machine guns, he must circle down upon them shooting and bombing and yelling while the men in front made the final rush.

He was not often excited now in this business, which had come to be to him merely the day's work. But running up the hill, he felt a strange and wonderful tingle of excitation of spirit. Something was waiting for him at the end of this run. He was suddenly as sure as he had ever in his life been sure of anything that this was his last fight

He felt the breath of bullets driving by near his head and dropped, mechanically obedient to his training. But he was up again in a moment and running madly.

Now he was up to the line of the single gun that had been placed out on the hill. But his business was not with that gun. He must run clear over the brow of the hill and get down into the ravine before the boys in front were ready to run straight upon the guns.

He was running wildly now, his body and his spirit strangely lifted with the sense that the Great Adventure was right ahead. It was not the eagerness of battle nor the fever of fighting that ran in his blood. He knew that he was coming to the break in the wall, beyond which lay the Undiscovered Country—so Augusta was whispering to him.

From the edge of the ravine he saw below him ten or a dozen men lying and working at the three machine guns. Out in the open he saw the broken line of his own fellows. There was the young lieutenant lying flat, wriggling along the ground by inches, and digging impatiently with his toe. They were ready.

Across the space, on the other side of the ravine, there came running a youngster whom the boys called "Watertown" he was forever talking about the place. He came running to the farther edge of the ravine, swinging his bomb

Wardwell flung his first bomb down into the cluster of guns and men, and leaped, sliding, stumbling, falling down the crumbling bank.

Half way down he caught his balance lay back a little, and steadied himself to throw the other bomb. Then, without looking to see the effect he gripped his rifle, and yelling madly leaped down towards the guns.

Five seconds later he was lying quietly against the gravel of the bank. There was a hideous commotion going on about him, but he did not mind it. There was a sharp pain—it felt like a burn—in his throat, and he seemed to have trouble in breathing. But it did not seem to matter. He was going to sleep anyway.

And then, presently, he would see Augusta. And then he smiled to himself. Augusta had always had her will.

WHEN Wardwell awoke he was petulantly disappointed. He was not quite clear as to what he had expected, but that he should be awakened by the old hated smell of anesthetics was a distinct injury.

He did not feel any immediate physical discomfort, but he knew that this was only because his body had not yet begun to wake up. There were even now vague nerve stirrings in various scattered places through his body, though not connected with each other nor, directly, with him. He knew that these sensations would soon begin to link up with each other, and then they would connect up with him. Presently torture would begin. He knew the whole business. He had watched the process before, and he cringed at its advance.

He felt like a boy who has been cheated of some wonderful promised adventure which he had just been about to begin. He was lonely, and he had been cheated, and if he tried to make the slightest move now somebody would come and begin to poke at him. Why couldn't they leave him alone? He wanted to cry.

And yet there was a sort of elusive contentment about this place—he did not know where or what the place was, and did not care—some kind of a pleasant memory, as though someone had been here. He thought he could dream here—if only they would not come poking at him. Maybe he had been dreaming. He could not remember.

There had once been a little white room somewhere. He could not remember where, but it did not matter. Augusta was in the little white room. In fact the little white room and Augusta were much the same thing.

(*Continued on page 50*)

Why Pearly Teeth

Grow Dingy and Decay

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

You Leave a Film to Mar Them

Millions know that teeth brushed daily still discolor and decay. This is the reason for it:

There forms on the teeth a slimy film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Brushing in the usual way leaves much of it intact. It may do a ceaseless damage. And most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Film-coated teeth are cloudy and unclean. So dental science has for years sought a way to combat film. That way has now been found. Able authorities have proved it by careful tests. And leading dentists all over America are now urging its adoption.

We Now Apply Active Pepsin

This film combatant is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And a 10-Day Tube is being sent for home test to everyone who asks.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

Only lately has this method been made possible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has now discovered a harmless activating method. And that method now enables us to fight that film with pepsin.

The results are soon apparent. You can see them for yourself. The 10-Day Tube which we supply will show. Get it and know what clean teeth mean. Cut out the coupon now.

REG. IN CANADA **Pepsodent**

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now advised by leading dentists everywhere

Send This Coupon

Then note how clean the teeth feel after using Pepsodent. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. In ten days you will know what is best.

(293)

Ten-Day Tube Free

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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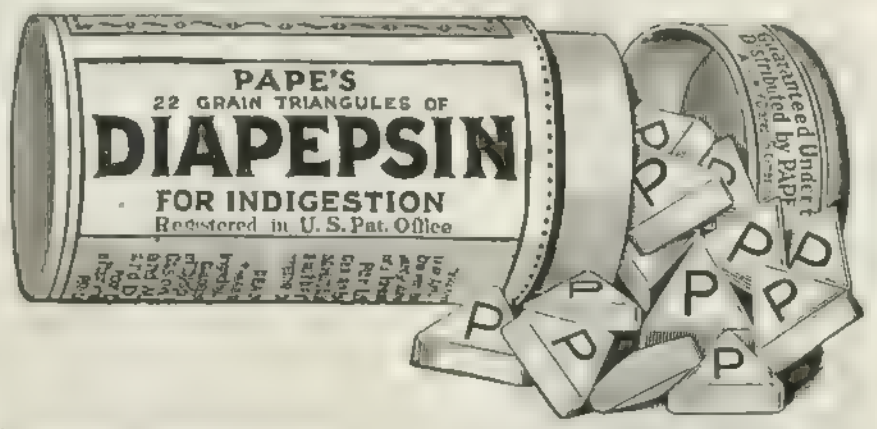

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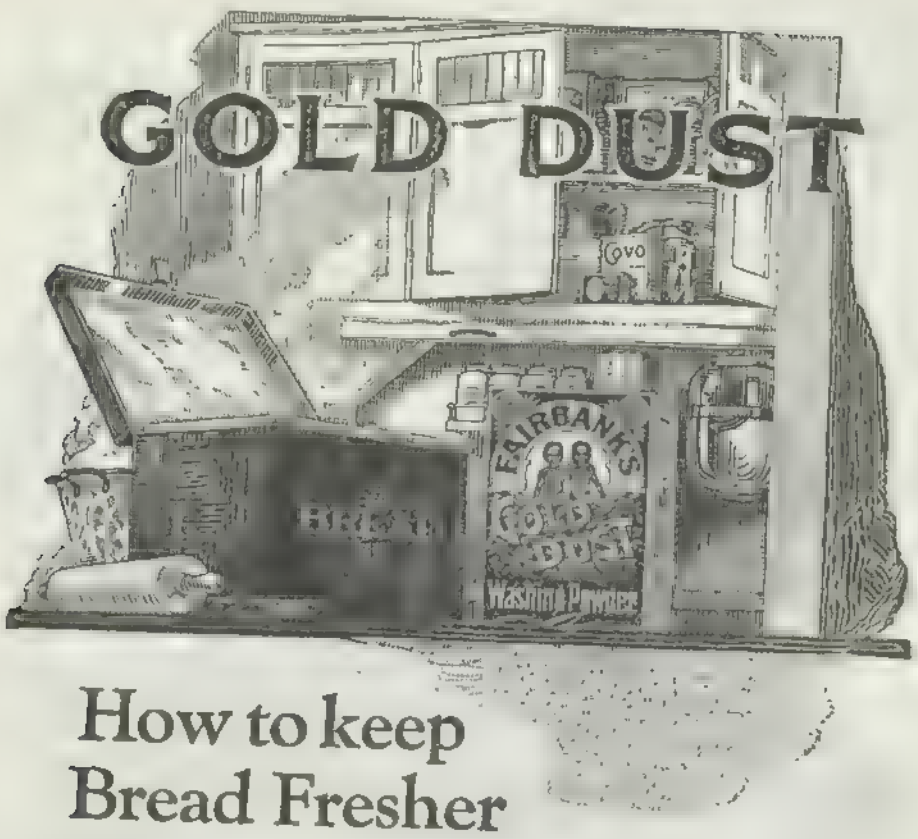
Eat "Pape's Diapepsin" like Candy—
Makes Upset Stomachs feel fine

Large 50 cent case. Any drug store. Relief in five minutes! Time it!



How to keep Bread Fresher

YOUR bread can't keep "fresh"—even for a day—in a stale bread box.

A tablespoonful of Gold Dust to a gallon of hot water takes wonderful care of Bread Boxes because Gold Dust dissolves every particle of grease in nooks and crannies. Now, scald with hot water and air thoroughly.

With this simple Gold Dust recipe you never need worry about stale or "mouldy" bread boxes.

Busy housekeepers know there is only one Gold Dust. They always look for the Gold Dust Twins on the package.

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Dye Old Dress Material

Really fun to dye. "Diamond Dyes" and a few easy alterations make discarded apparel fresh, colorful, and new.

Can't Make Mistake

The Direction Book with each package tells so plainly how to diamond dye over any color that perfect results are sure.

Save Old Dress Material

Suits, dresses, silks, blouses, skirts, sweaters, stockings, children's coats, also feathers, trimmings, draperies, coverings, —in fact anything can be diamond dyed into beautiful, up-to-date, stylish effects.

Don't fear you will spoil your material or give it a "dyed" appearance. Just use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any goods, whether it be wool or silk, cotton, linen, or mixed goods.

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Your dealer has a "Diamond Dye" Color Card which will help you match any color. Simple directions in package.

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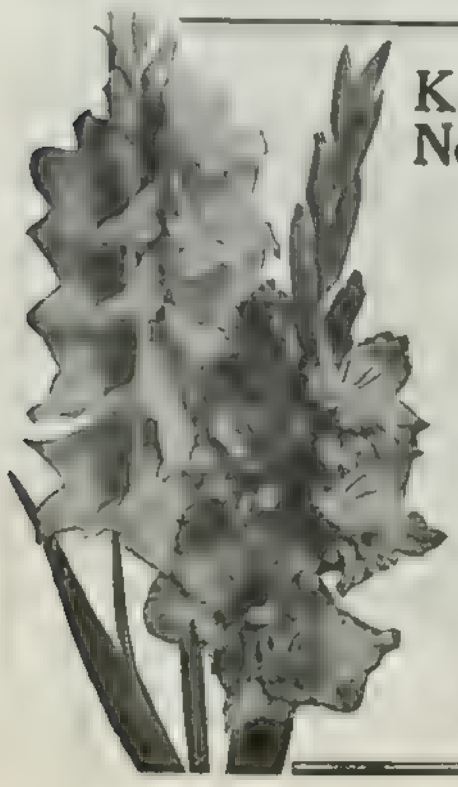

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A. E. Kunderd

Originator of the Ruffled Gladioli

Box 29, Goshen, Indiana, U.S.A.

The Hills of Desire

(*Continued from page 40*)

You could not seem to see one without the other.

Why should he think of that little white room and Augusta here? Had Augusta been here? Somehow it seemed like a place where Augusta had just been. That was a funny thing to think of, but that was true about Augusta. He remembered how she had only to be a moment in a room, or any place, and when she went away you could know that Augusta had been there. There was a blessedness, some sort of a happy sweetness, that always came with her and which you could feel after she had gone.

It was strange that he should feel that haunting, ethereal presence of her here. It had never deceived him before. Could it be coming here to mock him now? That would be too much!

If he could only get back to sleep before they came to poke at him, maybe they would leave him alone, and—maybe he could dream. He must have been dreaming of Augusta.

As a matter of fact, Augusta had been in that place, in that room, but a moment or two before. Perhaps some tone of her voice had touched something in Wardwell's numb brain and had waked him slowly.

She had not seen him. There was no good reason why she should go near him or see him. He was just one of twenty-five or thirty variously wrapped bundles that had just come down from the field stations, each containing a man. So long as the man slept after the jolting and the fainting fatigue of the journey, he need not be disturbed.

So Augusta had gone on about her affairs. For she was a very busy woman in a very busy place.

Now she was slowly following a surgeon as he worked his way down a long line of cots, stopping at each one to inspect the bandages which had been loosened by a nurse going before, giving instruction for the washing of a wound where he found that necessary, placing a few stitches where the condition of a cut or an open wound demanded, probing sharply and directly with never an unnecessary touch, a man who did three days' work in every one of his days, and often as much more in one of his nights, with a steady temper and a will that procreated discipline and swift service in those about him.

Every subconscious thought of her waking days, every half formed dream of day or night had of late been bringing Jimmie to Augusta, until it seemed that the terrible world about her—which she was still obliged to call reality—could not much longer persist. The end must be near. For she had felt the coming of her love so vividly that material, brute things could not much longer keep it from her.

Jimmie was coming to her! The mistakes, the travail, the dim misunderstandings of this phase of being which was called life, would soon be past. Jimmie and she would once more take to the open road out into the country of God.

For weeks her spirit had lived upon and breathed upon her dream, until it, the dream, had become to her the real. And it seemed to her that she was already going through the transition that would bring her out with Jimmie upon the glorious, untried road that lay beyond the world's death. She had no fear. The very daring of her dream had raised in her a faith in love that trembled at nothing.

And then, in an instant, everything had gone black.

She had seen Jimmie. And she had thought that she saw Jimmie die, and—and—*nothing*—

Jimmie was gone from her forever. And there was left to her nothing but the dry little reflection that she had been a fool.

In those two black days when her soul strained, listening and watching over the edges of the normal world, she had breasted the dark tide of despair running full down upon her, and not even she herself could have told how near she was to going down under it.

And in the darkness, as would happen, the old love came back to mock her. Oh, why, *why* had she not kept the love that was hers? Why had she not fought that dark woman for it? She had meanly run away, because it was not good enough, because it was not perfect. Because she had found a flaw in it she had thrown away her jewel.

Now it was given her for punishment, to know how good that love had been. The touch of Jimmie's clumsy hands as he had tucked her into her hammock at night burned her now with the maddening sweetness of a lost dream. The nights when she had watched over him, the pride and the swelling love of seeing rugged health come back to him, the memories of brave, struggling, laughing walks by his side through wind and snow, all these and a thousand dear, intimate memories came to haunt her with the mocking difference between a warm, happy, human love, and the empty dream that she had made for herself.

But she did not go down under despair.

Jimmie was gone. She would never be near him again. She did not say it. But she had no strength to deny it. She was dumb. She was defeated. There was nothing to live for, and, apparently, nothing to die for.

But her heart held on, beaten, unhoping, but living.

And to-day, not an hour ago, a wonderful thing had happened. A miracle had stolen upon her unawares. She could not now say just where she was or what she was doing at the time. She had heard nothing, seen nothing. But she had found that she was suddenly and unaccountably certain that Jimmie was not dead.

SHE did not try to think what might have brought this intelligence to her. Perhaps he had come back to consciousness and his heart had answered her. She did not care. She did not want to think. Her dream had sprung back to life again and was once more carrying her, happy but still trembling and fearful, up again through the heights from which she had fallen.

When Wardwell awoke again it was because his throat was hurting abominably. His mind seemed to clear instantly, and he could not remember to have felt so wide awake in a long time. He supposed that this meant that he was going to get well again. He was not pleased with the prospect, for the weeks of monotonous endurance just ahead were too well known to be welcome; but he guessed he would have to go through with it. This confounded pain in his throat was about the worst thing he had ever experienced. His mouth was all hard and cracked inside and the big bandage above his shoulders seemed to be set on purpose to choke him. He wanted to put up his hand and see if he couldn't ease it a little, but he was sure that as soon as he made a move someone would notice him, and they would begin the business of poking at him. He would rather stand this as long as he could if only he were left to himself.

Then he thought of Augusta. Curious, but he had been certain that she was somewhere near that last time when he had been awake. Now he did not seem to be able to feel her near. But just then his mind played a trick upon him. He did not know whether or not he had shut his eyes for the moment but he saw something that he very distinctly remembered having seen before. One feverish night, in the wagon, on the road, four years ago, he had wakened from an early sleep. A bar of white moonlight came in through a little square opening above the flap of the wagon and fell directly on the pale golden crown of Augusta's rippling hair. She was kneeling on the bare floor of the wagon, her arms and head sagged forward into her little hammock.

She had fallen asleep at her night prayers.

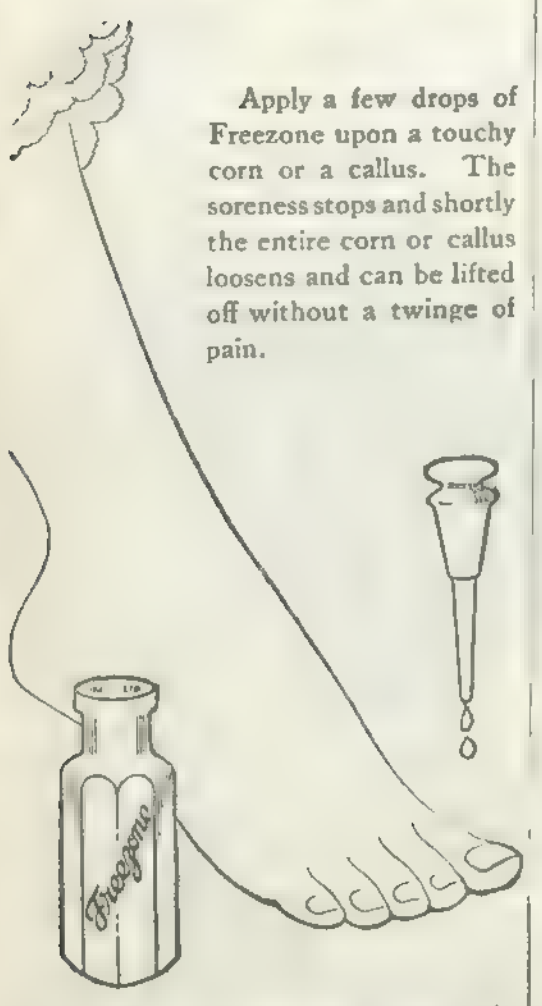
And he felt now the big choking throb of pity and tenderness and love that had come up in his throat at the sight of her. The memory dropped away instantly, and he was again staring through the dimmed lights at the bare board walls of the long ward room. But it did not seem that Augusta was quite so far away as she had been when he awoke.

It is of no connection here. But Augusta was at that moment, across the open court in the nurses' pavilion, in the dark by the side of her own cot, happily saying her tired night prayers.

Wardwell lay quiet a little while, wondering how long he would be able to hold out against the burning pain in his throat. Perhaps he was foolish after all. Maybe he might as well call attention to himself and let them have it over with. They wouldn't hurt him any more than this.

Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they lift off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a touchy corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

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There was a queer thumping noise coming from somewhere, which he could not make out, and which annoyed him. It was not gunfire of any kind—didn't he know every kind?—and if it were, what would it be doing around here? He must be miles and miles down from any fighting line. This was a regular, big, established hospital. He had no idea as to just where it was, but it was certainly a long way from where fighting was to be done. Yet there were explosions going on somewhere around here. He had no personal interest in the matter, but he wanted to know what the deuce they were thinking of. Didn't they know that there were wounded men here who ought to have quiet!

But the thumping kept on, and came closer.

Now there were other sounds, voices outside. Other people had noticed the thing, and they were going to have it stopped. Well, it certainly ought to be stopped. Wardwell saw that some of the fellows around him were being waked up by it, and he felt sorry and indignant for them. It was a shame. Some confounded fool—

The heavy thud and shudder of an explosion shook the light walls of the ward, and on its heels there followed a roaring, tearing, ripping sound of timbers and boards being torn apart and flung about through the air. Then there arose the cries of men and women, running together and shouting in the night. Then you could hear sharp orders snapped out of the confusion.

Another and more terrifying explosion blew out the end of a building just a little way from the ward where Wardwell lay, and a flying timber, driven endwise, jabbed through the roof and stuck six feet of its length into the ward, right over a fellow's head, fourth bed to the left. Wardwell was sure he counted right. He would like to know who the poor fellow—

NOW there came a continuous rock and roar that seemed to come up right out of the earth and turn to smash everything flat, and the popping of aircraft guns hurried up by cursing men began to announce the hideous truth of what was happening.

A man whose cot lay foot to foot across from Wardwell's sat straight up. He was an oldish man among the men here, with a good round face and a bald head.

"God blast them blind!" he said soberly. "They're bombing the Red Cross right over our heads!"

The wardmaster came walking up the line between the beds, speaking steadily through the roaring, splintering din.

"Silence, boys," he was saying, "and keep the blankets up over you. It's all we can do. They're passing over now. It can't last long."

Now Wardwell considered this thing, and his hands went slowly and craftily up to the bandages around his neck. He was fairly certain that if he loosened the bandages he would bleed and faint and die in a very short time. God! A man had *some* rights in this business!

He had stood out and lain out to be shot at from every angle with every kind of a gun that had been made. And he had not even complained at the gas. But to be butchered now, when he was lying here with a pain in his throat that would have made him dry if even the gentlest nurse's hand touched him! He would not have it! A man had *some* rights!

His hands found the bandages and began to tug at them, but a frightful crash up at the end of the ward, where the wardmaster had just walked, held his attention for a moment.

In the tail light of the explosion he saw boards, and men, and a medicine chest, and beds, and the end of the building, erupting all together out into the night. And then, when he could look again he saw through the open space the low horizon stars shining gently in their places.

The lights were gone now and he could feel the fright rising in the men around him. They were afraid in the dark. They began to yell. Some swore queer oaths, original ones, with tears in their throats. Some called to God. And some yelled pitifully to somebody to bring a light.

Wardwell began again to tug at the bandages.

But just then, above the cursing, and some praying, and the frightful, tearing roar of death all about, he heard a girl, down near the end of the room

(*Continued on page 52*)

Piano
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Cornet
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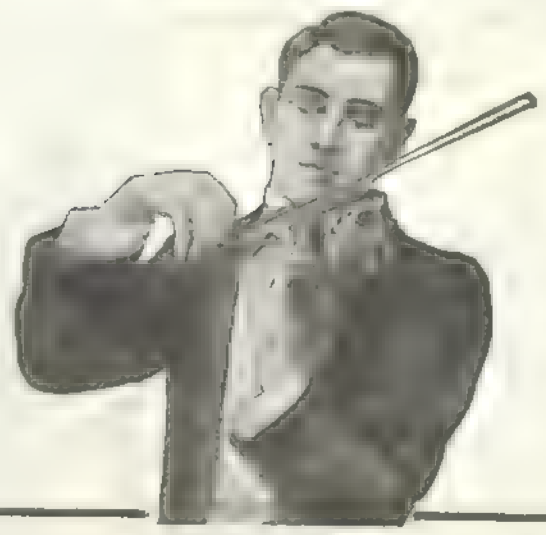
Banjo
Mandolin
Harp
'Cello
Trombone
Flute
Clarinet



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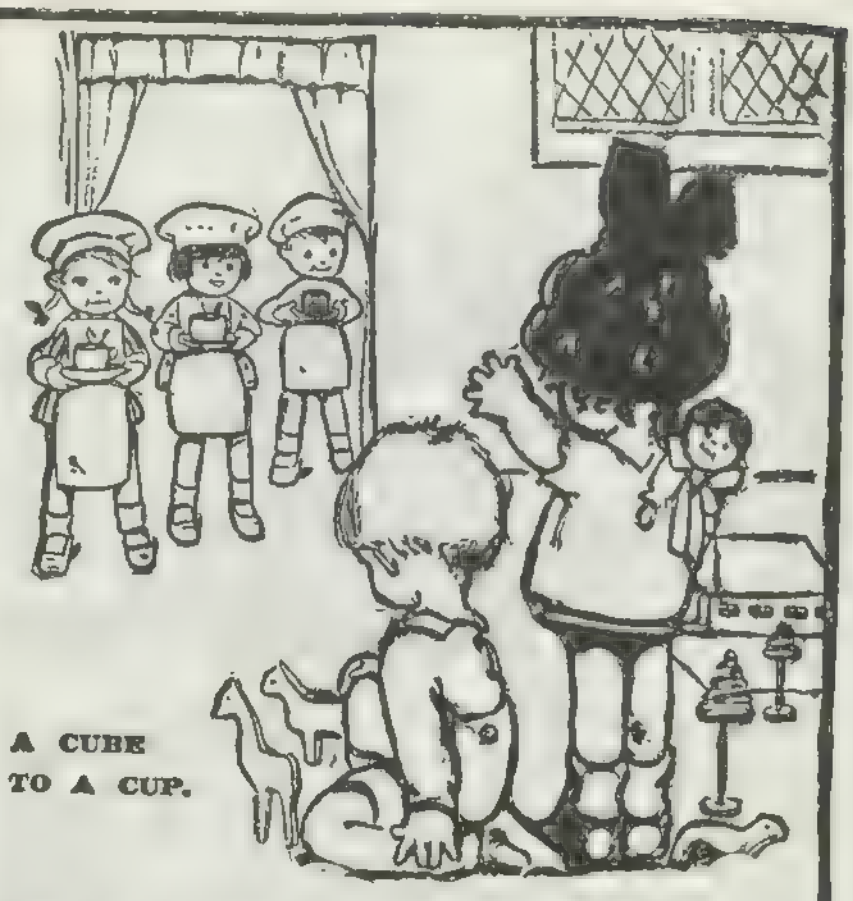

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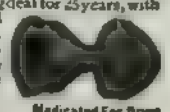

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The Hills of Desire

Continued from page 51)

that was still sound, a girl had come into the ward singing. He listened, and the words that he heard were these:

"Gyp, Gyp, me little horse?"
"Gyp-Gyp, again, sir."
"How many miles to Dublin?"
"Four score an' ten, sir."

High and sweet as the voice of a robin bird in the trees of the Hills of Desire, he heard the voice of his love.

Then the howl and the tearing jaws of death all around had their sway again. He had thought always that Augusta would somehow come to him before the end. But, My God! He had never bargained for this! This was real! Augusta was here, in this death hole! He must get her out of here. What business had she! Who had let her come here?

He was out of his cot and staggering, bumping down the cot frames, toward the voice that rang again triumphant, singing:

"Gyp, Gyp, me little horse?"
"Gyp-Gyp, again, sir."

Now he was coming near her. Now! Another staggering step or two, if he could only keep his feet straight! Now he was just going to touch her, to take her in his arms! He had almost lurched past her in the dark. Now he had her in his arms!

He thought he whispered her name, but it was really a wild yell in her ear:

"Augusta!"

In the first swaying, burning instant their hearts leaped together and were one at last. There was nothing from the past; nothing to be explained, nothing to be condoned. Love and truth had burned all things clear and true for them. They belonged to each other. They were of each other. And neither life nor death could touch their love now!

And now, curiously, it was Wardwell who did not resist what seemed to be the conclusion of fate. He did not want to die with Augusta. He had wanted to *live* with her! But now, if she had foreseen this, that they were to go together in this way: Well, he was willing to take her lead, as always. She should have her way. Her way was always right.

But Augusta had her love in her arms, and he was wounded and fainting and leaning upon her. The fierce, protecting surge of mothering nature rose up in her. She looked into the face of fire, and red murder, and death, and sprang into battle with them all for him. They should not have him! He was hers, and *she* would have him!

She had come into her ward singing her little song, to help the poor fellows through a bad few minutes. She could not have dreamed that it would be as bad as this fiendish reality, but she had already forgotten her indignation, her pity, her thought of anyone or anything but Jimmie Wardwell, who was swaying leaning upon her breast. To take him out of here to the blessed open, to keep him from being hurt, was the thing, it seemed, for which she had lived her life!

THE SHORT moment of darkness in which they had somehow found each other was blasted out into a white flaring light, and they were shaken stumbling and trembling together by an explosion which completely blew out the end of the building where Augusta had come in.

Looking over her shoulder she saw that she must take him, carry him if he could not help her, out through that band of fire where already the jagged sides and roof of the building were being fringed with scallops of licking flame.

She called to him for an effort, pleading with him to try, to put one foot before another, to help just one little bit. But his weight lay almost dead upon her shoulder. He was fainting from his last effort to come to her and from the shock of the last terrible explosion. She must do all herself. The hoop of fire flamed before her, through which she must drag him, and her mind and reason quailed but her heart fought on for its love, blessing God for the strong sure feet that the hills had given her and the cunning strength in handling the helpless bodies of men which her training had taught her. These things had been given to her for this her moment.

Her ears were full of the fearful cries of men in madness, her eyes were open only to see that ring of fire toward which she was staggering with her burden, but her heart was strong and sure. What cared she for the dreams of a heaven that she had made, when she had the warm body of her love in her arms!

All the women in creation might write love letters to him, but he was hers and she would take him through that ring of fire and out to safety! He was hers, and she would have him.

Men shouted to her, to go back, that help was coming quickly another way, that she was crazy to try to go out that way. But she fought her way out step by step, through all the blurring horror, up to the ring of fire, and, staggering, whispering, praying to her love, she went stumbling through wreck and spitting flames, half carrying half dragging her man out into God's open

A little way out in the grass, away from the worst of the danger, she stopped—she could go no farther—and let him slip, cunningly and gently as she could, full length upon the ground.

For the moment they were left alone. Men running shouting to the work of rescue did not heed them. And Augusta knelt fixing the big bandage to Jimmie's throat, and whispering to him. For now, when the strength of her body was exhausted, her heart went cold with the fear that he had died in her arms.

But the cool freshness of the grass came up like a reviving shock to Wardwell's body. He stirred easily, drew two or three good breaths, and then he spoke, slowly and easily.

"How is it, dear," he asked, plainly knowing that Augusta was there with him. "Are we going on, or do we stay? Whichever it is, you know, I'm for you."

Augusta gave one little animal cry of pure joy. For, instantly, she knew that all was well, that she would have him again, alive and strong! Then she bubbled over in tears and the hysteria of gladness, crying:

"We're going to stay, Jimmie darling, we're going to stay! And if I wasn't afraid of hurting you I'd hug and kiss you till—!"

"Oh, you might take a chance—" said Jimmie. And he went contentedly off to sleep.

Out of the chaos of noise and the uncertain light a big tall doctor man came striding across the grass to them, dressed in a long white operating coat which he had forgotten to throw off.

Augusta rose to her knees and to her overstrained senses the tall white figure advancing upon her must have taken on some kind of a supernatural appearance. We do not know just what was in her mind, probably it is not important. But she raised her hand in a foolish little salute, and said, somewhat apologetically, to the doctor

"If you please, God, we've changed our mind. We'd much rather live."

Then she slid quietly down in a faint beside Jimmie

To this day that surgeon thinks that he did not hear correctly.—(THE END).

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters of "The Hills of Desire"

AUGUSTA'S Mother having met with an accident, Jimmie Wardwell, a writer [illegible] with Augusta, marries her and together they decide the sick woman until her death. [illegible] while, believing that Jimmie had married her only to befriend her. His health, required a change so they bought a caravan and [illegible] started out to seek their Hills of Desire.

Being directed by an old man to a [illegible] camping spot they meet there a man who calls himself "Smith" and whom they take for some one fleeing from justice. Augusta takes a fancy to him, however, and although not knowing who he is, they stay on at the little lake. Funds begin to run low and Augusta decides she will have to sell their trusty friend, Donahue. They discover at last that the man who gave his name as "Smith" and whom they took to be anything up to a murderer, is really John McQuade, who owns the camping ground.

Jimmie's health gives way slightly, he loses interest in his story so Augusta takes up the thread and continues it. He catches her at it, and together they [illegible] it. She then follows this by another story of her own. Augusta's dearest possession is the horse Donahue, but needing money [illegible] Jimmie does not understand this. Finding it out he buys the horse back again. Then comes a cheque for Augusta's story. Her joy is only marred by a feeling that all is not well between them. She begins to brood on his reason for marrying her. Then, unawares, she comes upon a letter a woman has written Jimmie—evidently one of many. She is crushed by this discovery. She decides to go away and leaves him a queer message reading: "We may not live together. We shall not die apart."

Then as she approaches the post office she sees [illegible] in the distance. He had not gone fishing as he had said he intended to do.

"Pick My Leading Man"

—MARY PICKFORD

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8th Prize,	15.00	19th Prize,	3.00
9th Prize,	10.00	20th Prize,	3 00
10th Prize,	10 00	21st Prize,	3.00
11th Prize,	10 00	22nd Prize,	3 00
12th Prize,	10.00	23rd Prize,	3 00
13th Prize,	5.00	24th Prize,	3.00

And 25 Extra Prizes of $1.00 each.

$500.00 Additional Cash Prizes will also be awarded.

MISS PICKFORD Wants You to Send Her the Names of These Five Well-known Movie Actors. *Can You Do It?*

1. Plain Rachelich

2. Learn a Lass

3. Jet Black Rig

4. Sell Raw Hip

5. In for a Bad Glass Uk

I HOPE to release one of the greatest motion picture plays of my career this year. I have taken this play from a wonderful story written by America's happiest author. This story is abounding in love and humour, pathos and happiness. I am not going to tell you the name of this play until after this contest is over, but if you are one of the contestants, you will be one of the fortunate ones who will hear the name of it before anybody else. I will also write and tell you the name of the actor I select to play the leading part with me.

Of course I am going to play the Leading Lady's part in this photoplay, but I have not yet chosen the actor to play the Hero's part with me. I have recently met many of the greatest motion picture actors, but none of them would be suitable for this part. There are now five left to choose from, whose pictures are shown above, and it is from one of these five that I am going to pick the man who is to play the Hero's part with me in this production.

If you wish to help me select him—although this is not required of you in the Contest—you may select from these five the one actor whom you think should play with me in this new production.

I Want You to Send Me the Names of These Five Favorite Actors. Can You Do It?

I want to test the skill and ability of those who know me and love me through my plays, and I have made the object of this test to recognize and name these five most prominent movie actors. When you have recognized them, and in order to help you name them correctly, I have put their names underneath their pictures in jumbled letters. I want you, if you can, to unscramble these letters and put them into their right order and you will have their names. In case you are not familiar with the names of the most popular motion picture actors of to-day, I am adding a list of their names, which you will see below. This list may help you.

Names of Some of the Favorite Players—Fred Huntley, Allan Sears, Owen Moore, Milton Sills Jack Pickford Charlie Chaplin, Charles Ray, Elliot Dexter Wallace Reid, Francis Ford, Dustin Farnum, Henry Walthall, Warren Kerrigan Jack Gilbert Harold Goodwin, William S. Hart, Thomas Meighan, Antonio Moreno, Stuart Holmes, Francis X. Bushman, William Farnum Robert Harron, Douglas Fairbanks, Earl Williams, Ralph Lewis, Tom Moore

I am not Going to ask You for a Cent of Your Money to Enter this Contest

I am going to tell you frankly why this contest is being run. I am a Canadian girl and proud of it. I love everything Canadian and am anxious to see Canadian things reach the highest pinnacle of success. I have therefore pledged myself to help EVERY-WOMAN'S WORLD obtain 25,000 new or renewal subscriptions to their splendid magazine. I am doing this because EVERY-WOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Greatest Magazine, is such a lovely magazine that I personally want every woman in Canada to be a reader. Will you help me?

The Continental Publishing Co., Limited, who publish EVERY-WOMAN'S WORLD, stand back of this contest in every statement that I have made in this advertisement.

When I acknowledge your entry to this puzzle and you know your standing for the prizes, I am going to have The Continental Publishing Co., Limited, send you a complimentary copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Then I am going to ask you to help me in this good work by qualifying your entry. The way you can do this is by just showing the copy I send you to four of your friends or neighbours who will appreciate this really worth-while Canadian magazine and who will subscribe to it through you.

As soon as you have done this for me, I will have your entry marked "Qualified" to go before the four prominent gentlemen, having no connection with this competition, who have been chosen as Judges.

MARY PICKFORD.

Miss Mary Pickford, as Honorary Judge, and three independent judges, having no connection whatever with this firm, will award the prizes, and the answer gaining 250 points will take first prize.

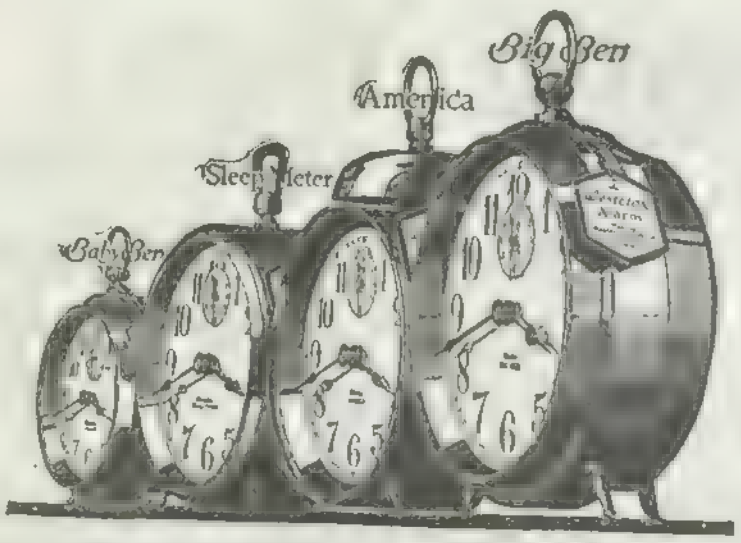
Use one side of the paper only, and put your name and address (stating whether Miss, Mrs. Mr. or Master) in the upper right hand corner. If you wish to write anything but your answers, use a separate sheet of paper

How to Send in Your Solution

You will get 20 points for every name solved correctly, and 40 points will be given for general neatness, punctuation and spelling; 10 points for handwriting and 100 points for fulfilling the conditions of the contest. Contestants must agree to abide by the decision of the judges. The contest will close at 5 p.m., May 31st, 1920, immediately after which the answers will be judged and prizes awarded.

DON'T DELAY! Send your answers to-day; this announcement may not appear again in this paper. Address your entry to

MARY PICKFORD, CONTEST EDITOR,
257 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.



Westclox
—for these dark mornings

IT takes real courage to get up when the room is dark; when the floor's like ice; when you dread that dash to the open window—when the bed clothes hug you warm as toast!

Your Westclox understands: it lets you sleep right up to the last tick.

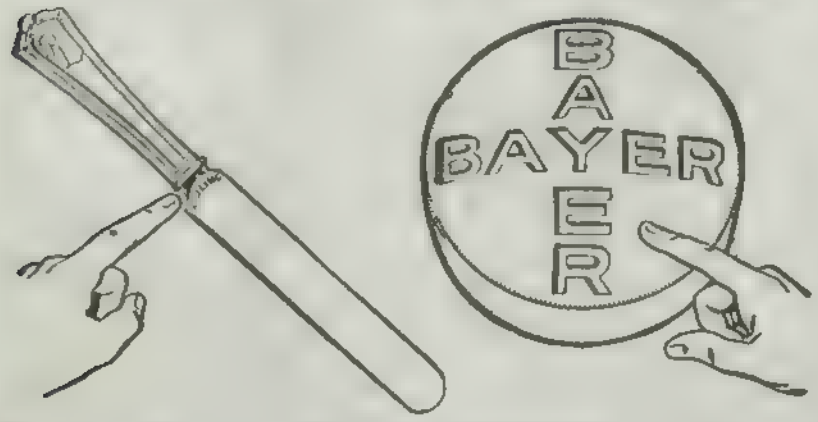
That's a good alarm clock's most important job—calling you on the dot. Then, of course, it must keep good time all day.

All Westclox are good clocks; each one has that same good construction principle that put Big Ben where he is today. You *know* you can depend on a Westclox alarm.

Western Clock Co.—makers of Westclox
La Salle and Peru, Ill., U. S. A.

ONLY TABLETS MARKED "BAYER" ARE ASPIRIN

Not Aspirin at All without the "Bayer Cross"



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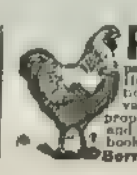
Always buy an unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which contains proper directions for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Joint Pains, and Pain generally. Tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents. Larger "Bayer" packages.

There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must say "Bayer"

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

If Time Drags, Turn to Page 58
It will sharpen your wits and brush up your brain to try this interesting puzzle.



POULTRY BOOK Latest and best yet; 144 pages, 215 beautiful pictures and color plates. Hatching, rearing, feeding and diseases information, describes the busy Poultry Farm, handling 53 varieties including Indian Runners. Tells how to properly choose fowls, eggs, incubators, cheap feed and PURE BRED BABY CHICKS. This practical book worth dollars mailed for 10 cents.
Berry's Poultry Farm, Box 29, Clarinda, Iowa

"EVERYWOMAN"

(*Continued from page 16*)

that was all for tonight, miss. If I may suggest it, miss, you had better take a bromide before you sleep. Good night, miss."

ALONE. Yet the room echoed to the strange words she had thought to hear. What was it a woman wanted most of life, what dazzling gift, what fair white temple shining on what high Acropolis? She flung her bare, round arms wide, beating to the pulse of life, a-hunger and a-thirst. "If I only knew!" she cried. "If I only knew!"

She turned the lights out, filling the room with shadows. Through the parted curtains the moon showed, a silver bowl, brimming with the wine o' dreams that spilled in pools about her slim white feet. If she knew—if she knew—

She seated herself, on sudden impulse, before her mirror, searching her beauty wistfully. And as she gazed it seemed a face came out of the shadows and looked into the glass beside hers, a face with smirking lips and fawning eyes, loose lips, too moist and red, eyes like clouded agate, gleaming with the light of moonlight reflected in a muddy stream. As she looked the lips moved to form words.

"You are very beautiful," they said. "You can have anything you want. You can be loved and courted and desired, you can play with men's red hearts as if they were shuttlecocks, you can learn to the full the power and the might of womanhood."

Her body seemed very heavy with the poppied wine of fatigue. She stepped out of it as out of a discarded garment and turned to the man at her side without wonder, for she had left that sleeping with her corporeal body, together with fear and reason and all other daylight things. "Who are you," she asked, noticing his greedy eyes of admiration with pleasure.

"I am Flattery," he told her. "Surely Everywoman knows me? I have been your friend since the beginning of time. Trust me and come with me."

But still she hesitated. "How do I know I shall succeed? Perhaps—I should not find fame at all, but only failure and mockery."

The most red lips drew close to her, whispering that she was too beautiful to hide herself—that others might fail, but never, never she! Whispering that she had been born for something better than most women, presently her doubts melted, though she knew that he lied. And hand in hand she followed Flattery into the world.

On the threshold three were waiting, one in a white gown, one in a green gown, one in a gown that flashed with precious stones, and, as she would have passed, they stopped her, touching her with tender hands.

"I am Modesty," said the one in white, lifting her pure brow. "I always start out with Everywoman on her journey"—her voice grew sad—"but too often we are parted before the end."

"And I," said she in the green with the wreath of rosebuds on her arm and the laughter running through her voice, "am Youth, the best friend of Everywoman. I will stay with you as long as I can."

"Everywoman loves me," the third said, tossing her head proudly, "for I am Beauty, and if I go with her she can tread on roses and lie on a soft bed."

AND LO, with her three attendants, Everywoman went out to where in the night the city, a courtesan with bosom strung with jewels, ogled in the sky. And here, on the great stage of one of the theatres, she learnt what Flattery had told her—that she was a woman, and hence all-powerful; learnt what it was to be acclaimed by a thousand voices, what it was to stand in the spotlight that men might feast upon her beauty.

Modesty, alone, of her companions, drooped in the glare of the footlights, begging her to come away, sobbing that if she did not she could not stay. "And you need me—you will never find what Everywoman wants without me. For I can lead you to love, but without me you will be as one following false fires over the marsh of danger."

But Everywoman, grown self-willed, only laughed at her. "You are too old-fashioned for modern life," she declared. "Youth and Beauty are enough, if you insist upon going. And as for Love, I have already found him, here in the theatre, he whom they call Passion."

The girl in white burst into tears and clutched her hand. "No, no! He lies to you if he says that he is Love. Look!" She pointed to where, upon the hot glove of the dressing-table light, a white moth beat her fragile wings to rags. "That is what Passion does to a woman. When she follows him she loses her wings. Passion is no more Love than the ghastly light that beats upon the stage yonder is like the wholesome sun. Everywoman, you are in danger! Oh, listen to me."

A knock sounded upon the door, and a gross figure stood on the threshold. He licked his thick lips as he stared at Everywoman with small, unblinking eyes. In one over-manicured hand he held a jewel-case, and his short, fat fingers gleamed with rings.

"Wealth to see Everywoman!" Flattery fawned at his side. "I'm giving a banquet for you at the Café of Pleasure," boomed Wealth. "Don't disappoint me, my dear. Everybody that is anybody will be there."

"And think of the honour—to be feted by Wealth, who can have his choice of all the women in the world," whispered Flattery. "Everywoman can't resist, surely."

Modesty watched while Everywoman shook out the necklace of irridescent pearls and hung them about her white neck, then stole sadly away, hiding her face in her hands. And when, later, Everywoman returned Passion's kisses, Modesty shrank out into the night and was gone, sobbing, into the darkness.

But with the hot tang of his kisses burning upon her lips, Everywoman drew back, trembling. "If this is Love, why does it hurt me? Why does it scorch me here?" She laid her hands over her heart. "I am afraid of you! It is not you I am seeking—oh, go away!"

Passion caught her close. She felt his hot breath on her cheeks, felt the world reeling beneath her feet, and struck out blindly, knowing that if she did not she must be swept away in the black torrent of emotion. She tore with sharp, feline claws, she set her white teeth into the hands that held her with terrible strength, and at length, bruised, disheveled, all her garments torn and rent, she freed herself, and, aflame with anger, sent him crestfallen away. But when she looked into her mirror to array herself for Wealth's, fete, the face that gazed back at her seemed almost a stranger's, and then she knew that Modesty had left her and called aloud in despair.

"Youth—Beauty—stay with me or I am lost!"

IN THE house of Wealth the light blazed down from myriad crystal chandeliers and great tables set with gleaming napery and silver-plate, stretched the length of the banquet-room. Hothouse blooms, already heavy and turning purple in the wine-fumed air, glowed sullenly from massed banks along the wall. Delicacies from the earth over were set before the glazed, indifferent eyes of the guests, who hardly touched them, but drank eagerly from goblets ever filled. Everywoman sitting on the right-hand side of the host, suffered him to paddle her hand with his gross fingers and whisper his coarse compliments into her ear.

"But—are you Love, whom Everywoman seeks?" she asked, wide-eyed. "I think he does not look like you. For somewhere I heard that Love was tall and very straight and good to look upon, and his eyes were like clear water in the sun."

"They told you wrongly, Everywoman," Wealth wheezed. "I am greater than Love, who cannot live in the dank stenches of poverty, eh! A delicate, sickly lad, Love! You do not need him if you have me. But promise that if I marry you, you will always keep these pretty wenches, Youth and Beauty, with you. I like to have them about me."

"Then you do not want me for myself," said Everywoman, proudly, "but for my friends, whom some day I may lose. No, I know now that you are not Love, for he would want me for myself alone."

Beside her, Dissipation, an old man with sly, furtive eyes and furred tongue, leaned close to Beauty, touching her unemptied glass. "Come, this will never do! No prigs allowed here in the house of Wealth!" he mumbled. "Drink, my girl, drink and be merry, for when you die you will be a sad sight to look upon. Drink to drown the thought of death!"

And so urged, Beauty lifted her glass and drained it to the last crimson drop. Her head fell back, heavily, and rising swiftly, Dissipation lifted her in his arms and hurried out of the room. A burst of laughter jangled among the crystal chandeliers, one of the guests flung an armful of sodden roses after him, another sent his glass crashing over his shoulder, but Everywoman, rising

with a cry of horror, ran from the room, with Youth alone at her side.

Seek as they might in the great marble corridors, in the gardens drowned in fragrance, in the high, empty rooms that mocked their calling with echoes, they could find no trace of her. Beauty was gone!

Without her they returned, trembling to the theatre, where the stage manager regarded them with callous eyes. "No go, my dears! It's all off—the public wont stand for a star without beauty. Wouldn't like a character part—mother stuff? Well, sorry, but I gotter give the public what it wants. Business is business, y'know!"

INTO the city streets went Everywoman and Youth, the flowers fading on her wreath and her green gown stained and frayed. And now, Flattery was no longer with them, and there was none to tell them where to go.

"If we are to find Love, we must search swiftly or he will not let us in when we knock upon his door." Youth trembled, and Everywoman saw that she was wan and ghastly in the dimness and that her little hands, once so beautifully curved and delicate, were shrivelled almost to claws. A great panic seized her, and she sped along the streets, now sick with dawn, not knowing whither she went, her cloak blown out upon the rising wind, chill with the first frost.

"Wait, I cannot keep up with you if you go so fast," Youth begged her. "After all, we need not despair yet. Let me seek Love in the gambling halls—they say he is a great gambler!"

So to the great gambling hall they went and mingled with the crowds about the tables, fevered with losing, flushed with winning, staking here a diamond torn from the breast of a beautiful gown, and there a heart torn from beneath it. But nowhere did they see Love.

Closer and closer to the tables moved Everywoman, Youth at her side, straining her gaze upon the tiny balls spinning in the polished wheel. In her hands was the purse that held everything she possessed in the world. A moment later she turned away, blindly, with empty hands. A hooded figure in a grey cloak touched her upon the arm, "I am your friend," said a faint, hollow voice from within the shrouding folds. "I am your last friend, Everywoman."

"And your name?" she asked, and suddenly caught away the concealing folds where the face should have been. Her shriek of despair rose and clamoured among the gilded rafters, but in that Place of Despair it went unnoticed, each of the gamblers, isolated in his own separate bit of hell. For beneath the grey cowl was only—emptiness!

"Nobody—that is my name," the faint, mournful voice said, very far away. "Nobody is your friend, Everywoman."

New Year's Eve—and bells tolling and the grey snow veiling the grey sky. Through the tall canyons of the city streets wandered Everywoman and Youth, in the rags of poverty, and at last, before the gate of a great church, through whose windows the light streamed out and painted crimson and purple replicas of the saints on the snow they passed, and Youth bowed her head with a moan. "I can go no further," she said. "I am spent. Everywoman, you must go on alone."

Everywoman clutched at the skirt of the green gown with streaming tears. "No, no—do not leave me utterly alone!" she pleaded. "The world is so big, so cruelly big, and there are so many years to be lived. I cannot face them without Youth or Beauty or Love. Stay with me—stay!"

But out of the portals of the church stepped a hoary figure, with immemorial scythe, and led Youth weeping, away. And now Everywoman tasted the bitter waters of loneliness that seeped over her soul, and rising, in utter wretchedness, swept her long hair back from her ravaged face and turned shamelessly to hail the next passer-by. As she looked into his face, she saw dully that it was Wealth who stood before her, smothered in furs, white-spatted, with a glistening silk hat above his bald old brow.

"Hee! Hee! To think of finding you here!" chuckled he, with fishy eyes studying her drawn cheeks, her throat, where the cords showed under the sallow skin. "You'd have done better to have taken my offer, eh, my girl? Well, I'm rather in a hurry. Good-night!"

He would have hurried on, but she laid her gaunt hand upon his arm. "Suppose I accept it now?" she said low and hurriedly. "I have hunted far and wide and I have never found Love, and I am very weary. I cannot hunt any further, and besides, perhaps you are right and there are better things than he could give me. I want those things, soft food and warm shelter and whole garments—see! My feet are on the ground!"

But Wealth shook his head. "The offer was for Youth and Beauty to come along, too, remember," he said, not unkindly, but with finality. "To be quite frank with you, my dear, I don't want you now. Bye-bye!"

AS THE squat figure hurried away into the grey welter of the storm, Everywoman stood very still, staring ahead of her unseeingly. "So," she said, in a voice that broke and cracked, "so I am not even fit for a courtesan. So—I have nothing to sell in exchange for food and lodgings——"

Overhead the chimes gave tongue to midnight, and from the church doors the worshippers began to emerge. Among them was one, all in soft grey, with a still, sweet face and gravely glancing eyes. She looked long at the wretched figure leaning upon the iron wicket, and then came to her and laid her hand upon her arm.

"Everywoman," said a voice that seemed an echo of the chimes, "Everywoman, if you had listened to me before you started on your weary journey, you would have escaped much sorrowing."

Everywoman looked wonderingly into the woman's eyes. "I have never seen you," she said, "in my life before. You are——"

"I am Truth," the other answered, "and I speak through the voice of my handmaiden, Conscience."

And, looking at the gaunt, grim figure beside her, it seemed to Everywoman that she had seen her before—surely that austere face, surely those pale, bloodless hands—for the first time she ceased to pity herself and tears of grief and shame filled her eyes.

"And has your tinsel crown the power to warm you, Everywoman?" grated the voice of Conscience. "Have you, then, found what a woman wants of life?"

"Have pity!" said Everywoman, and fell at the feet of Truth. "Have pity! Make me your servant!—I will do the meanest tasks in your house, I will serve you faithfully."

"Truth held out a hand, strong, comforting. "Come home with me, my child," she added. "My son, who is a physician, perhaps can heal your torn heart."

The house of Truth was bare and clean and filled with lighted lamps that shone with a white, steady flame. One came to meet them at the threshold, tall and straight and good to look upon, with eyes that shone like sunshine on clear water. The heart of Everywoman stood still, for she knew him well. Then her hands went up, hiding her stricken face. Too late she had found Love, now that Youth and Beauty and Modesty had left her, and she was only a forlorn, bedraggled wanderer, with nothing to give to him.

But his hands took hers away, his eyes shone into her tired eyes. "Welcome home at last, Everywoman," said Love, and oh, the tenderness of him—the tenderness!

"But—I have nothing to offer you," she faltered. "I was young, I was beautiful, but I followed big fires for weary days and now am neither beautiful nor young."

"Love does not ask to receive, but to give," he told her. "Love only asks to serve. Come home, tired one."

And he opened wide his arms.

"Daughter of the Dawn, standing at the portals of Life, remember this, that in your search for Love, Truth and Conscience are the only guides."

The girl lifted her heavy head from her outflung arms and looked up into the grim, expressionless face of her maid—the gaunt, austere woman of whom she had always been secretly afraid. What did the woman want? What had she come to tell her? the girl thought, fear dawning in her sleep-dazed eyes!

"I said, miss," the woman repeated, "that you must be stiff and cold, sleeping all night in your chair, so. And, if you please, miss, there is an oldish-youngish-looking man in the drawing-room asking to see you. He says that he got something of yours at the bazaar last night and wanted to return it to you, this morning."

The girl smiled vaguely, stretching her firm, young arms. "So that is what Connie stands for—Conscience," she murmured, then sprang to her feet with a low laugh of pure joy. "Go down and tell that man!—that I beg to be excused!" she directed, "and if a theatrical man telephones, tell him that I have decided 'no'! And now—make me look my prettiest and send for a doctor, for I think I need a prescription—not a famous doctor, Connie, but one a little shabby, and more than a little poor, a tall young doctor, and straight, with eyes like sunshine in a clear pool——"

Surprises

You Can Serve With Bubble Grains

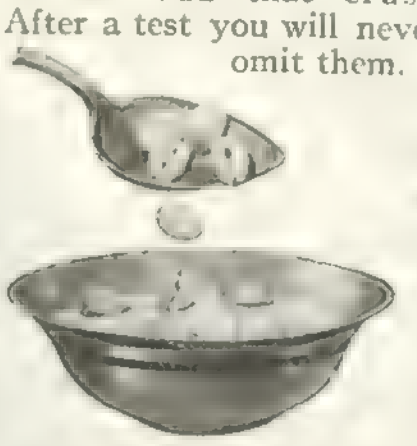
Some morning serve Puffed Rice in this way:

After crisping, douse with melted butter. Then add your cream and sugar.

It will taste like a dish of confections. And men enjoy it just as much as children.

Add Puffed Rice to your fruit dish—any fruit. Fruit tastes best with some flimsy crust. That's why we have pies, tarts and shortcakes.

These fragile, nut-like bubbles add that crust. After a test you will never omit them.

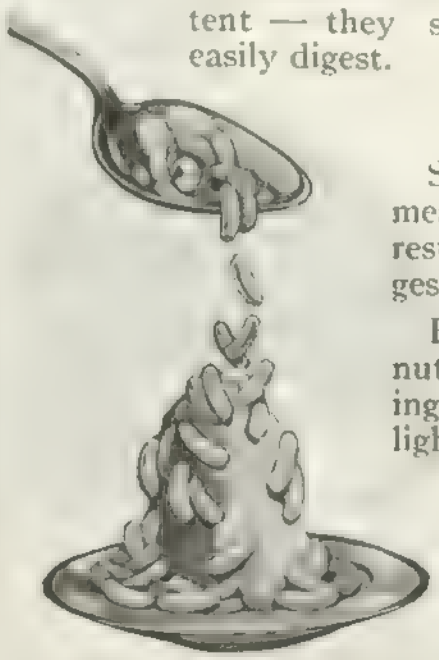


For supper, float Puffed Wheat in milk. These are whole-wheat bubbles toasted. They are four times as porous as bread.

Children need whole wheat. They need the minerals in the outer coats. Served in this way they will revel in it.

After school surprise the children with these tidbits:

Douse Puffed Rice with melted butter. Let them eat like popcorn. Children can eat these grain dainties to their hearts' content — they so easily digest.



Scatter Puffed Rice like nut-meats on ice cream. A famous restaurant in Chicago first suggested this.

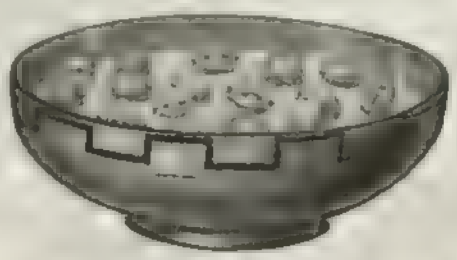
Puffed Rice is also used like nut-meats in home candy making—to make the candy porous, light and nutty.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**

Both Bubble Grains Puffed to 8 Times Normal Size

All steam exploded — puffed to eight times normal size. Every food cell blasted by Prof. Anderson's process, so digestion is easy and complete.

These are the greatest grain foods in existence and you should know them both.



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Peterborough, Canada Saskatoon, Canada

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When You Have Tried

LANKA

When you have finished your first cup of Lanka Tea—

—After you have enjoyed its exquisite flavor and decided that Lanka is your final choice—

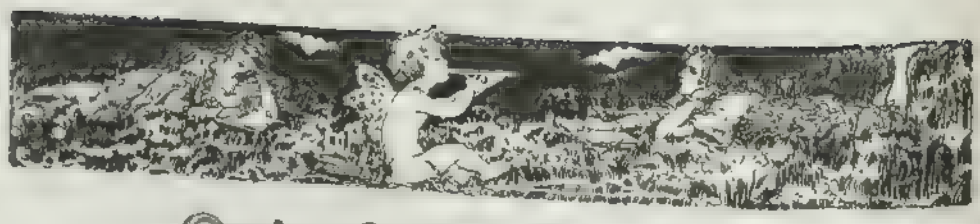
Then consider why you like Lanka so well—

Because — Lanka Tea is British grown — the finest quality produced by Ceylon's hill gardens. It is scientifically blended to produce the utmost in flavor and body.

It is imported by the direct water route to Vancouver, Canada's Keystone Port for Oriental imports. The consequent saving of freight rates and duty which allows it to be sold at the popular price of 75 cents a pound.

All leading dealers can supply you with Lanka. Look for the handsome package illustrated and enjoy the best value the world produces.

WM. BRAID & Co.
Vancouver, Canada



Out of the Struggle

(*Continued from page 3*)

in sloughing off deleterious influences could be put to better use by inculcating high ideals, she argued. Georgie had never played with children. Whether he did not care to, or was not permitted to, was a mooted question. As he grew older, however, it was only too evident that any social tendencies he might have possessed, were atrophied through lack of use, and he never went anywhere or did anything that a young man should have gone—or done. He did not even leave undone the things for which he might have been forgiven had they been neglected.

He was rarely seen abroad without his mother, and Mrs.-Paget-and-Georgie formed an association of ideas as indissoluble as gaiety and Lothario, or miserliness and Scrooge.

He had no regular occupation. His mother's interference not only with him personally, but the business with which he had allied himself, had been the cause of his two failures.

"Georgie is happier at home writing," she said. "Aren't you, Georgie?" He always has been a close student of industrial problems and he is putting his ideas into a book. It will be the only thing of its kind ever written, won't it, Georgie?"

Elinor Haldane had felt too much contempt for Georgie Paget to be curious about him. Occasionally, she met him on the street or in some public building, but she paid rather less attention to him than the telegraph poles or the mosaic in the floor. Of course, he had never been formally presented to her. Mrs. Paget's circle was an exclusive one and did not include attractive young women in business life—it did not include young women at all.

The small inaccessible hotel, crowded to the edge of a pink limestone cliff by a grove of austere pines, and looking as though the first gust of wind would sweep it into the pansy lake below, was the last place where Elinor expected or wished to see Mrs.-Paget-and-Georgie.

She was too completely fagged in mind and body to be amused by them or interested in studying them, and her immediate sensation was one of annoyance.

"Of all the people——" she grumbled, wondering if, by any chance, they could know her by sight. She had vainly tried to find a refuge in which she would be the only guest.

IN HER determined effort to avoid the elderly, invalidish people who either sat and talked all day on the verandah, or just sat, it was inevitable that, sooner or later, she should collide with Georgie Paget, who seemed as anxious for solitude as she did.

The day was sullen, windy, threatening. Elinor had stayed in her room all morning; then, unable to endure her self-imposed imprisonment any longer, she put on her slicker after luncheon, and went down to the lake shore where her cat-boat lurched fretfully against the little dock.

She stood irresolute, looking at the ragged black clouds that seemed in such a hurry to get somewhere, and then at the angry little lake, on the surface of which a carpet of crinkly, white-crested waves ran before every gust of wind. The day was certainly not one to tempt a sailor.

She had just decided to turn back when there was a stealthy step behind her, and Georgie Paget broke through some low-hanging bushes just beside the dock and pushed a canoe into the water. Then he, too, looked irresolutely at the sky.

Seeing Elinor, he flushed with embarrassment and lifted his hat. She, usually the friendliest person, acknowledged this courtesy with an ungracious nod and stepped into her boat. Something in his hesitation roused her to a pitch of recklessness. "I will sail, anyway," she said to herself. "The sissy!"

Her boat leaped from the wharf like a restive steed freed from its rein, and for the next few moments she was too completely engrossed with it to watch the proceedings behind her. The wind tore at her hair and almost sucked the breath from her body; the spray bit sharply into her skin and the tiller bid fair to snap in her grip. A thin yellow gleam split the darkening sky, and following was a low, complaining growl of thunder. It would be foolhardy, she saw, to attempt sailing in the face of such a storm.

The wind dropped suddenly . . . a dangerous sign. Immediately, Elinor put about, hoping to make the dock before the next gust seized her. But she was not successful. With a low whine it came, behind a giant V of foam on the drab water. Half-way across this ugly spot a canoe quivered, absolutely unmanageable in the hands of its inexperienced paddler.

"Be careful!" screamed the girl. "You'll get it broadside! Use your paddle like a lee-board." But, even as she spoke he flung out his arms in an effort to balance himself, and went under!

She never remembered how she came up in the wind, leaving a trail like a greasy arc on the lake, got him aboard, and kept afloat while the fierce storm raged. But she did know that Paget carried out her brusque orders intelligently, and that but for his help she would have been swamped a dozen times over.

It was dusk when they stood drenched and shivering on the little wharf.

"It seems rather silly for me to thank you," said he.

"Quite. I am equally in your debt. But for you, I could have never made a landing. Of course, I should not have gone," she conceded, generously.

"Nor I. I can't swim."

"Neither can you paddle." There was a light in Elinor's eyes that robbed the words of their sting.

"I know. I am trying to learn up here."

"Then, will you tell me, please," she asked, "why, in the name of heaven, you chose a raging storm as a fitting time for your lesson? Or do you prefer suicide by drowning?"

"Not at all," he replied, laughing a little, "but it seemed cowardly not to take the same risk that a girl took."

THAT was the way it began.

It continued because Elinor found that in spite of gossip and her prejudices Georgie Paget was an exceedingly likable young man. True, he talked very little, but she enjoyed his intelligent attention; he was no sport, but he was willing to try anything, and his intense admiration for everything she did was an attitude that made its appeal even though she was accustomed to the homage of men. He had distinct peculiarities, feminities, but he also showed latent possibilities which made her suspect by the end of the week, that Mrs. Paget had not accomplished the complete wrecking of a man, and made her smile in a rather superior fashion when she overheard the fond mother boast: "I have never felt the need of a daughter. Georgie has always been a daughter to me!"

Elinor saw him every day. Between them there existed a tacit understanding which made these meetings seem entirely accidental. They occurred at an hour when everyone else was sleeping, for the afternoon nap was almost a ceremonial in the place. Thus, they deprived the verandah of much gossip. Elinor aroused some speculation—she was so alien to her surroundings—and Mrs. Paget looked upon her with frank disapproval, but no uneasiness, being sustained by the comforting thought that Georgie had never been allowed to do the things which would make him companionable to that "sporting type of female."

She would have been stunned had she come upon them drifting under the lee of the towering pink cliff, and shielded from any possible *espionage*, exchanging the most intimate confidences; had she known that her son was not only companionable but was rapidly making himself necessary to the girl with whom he had fallen, at first sight, deeply, desperately in love. Elinor, herself, was aghast, when the truth dawned upon her.

"Marry *you*?" she echoed, after he had, with unimagined passion and aggressiveness, insisted that she should. "It seems so perfectly absurd. You are so young—I feel like your mother, Georgie."

"God forbid," he answered, devoutly. "And don't you call me 'Georgie', either! I am older than you think, my dear, and mark me—I intend to be the man of my family!"

She looked at him with unwilling admiration in her eyes. She did not want to think that her happiness was bound up in this strange fellow.

"I know what you will say," he went on, "that I can never command your respect or that of any one else because

The History of a Word

The trade-mark "KODAK" was first applied in 1888 to a camera for amateur use manufactured by the founders of the Eastman Kodak Company. It was simply invented.

It rapidly became known throughout the world, as the business of the Kodak Companies grew. It, of course, has been registered in all important countries and is ours in Canada both by such registration and by common law. Its first application was to the Kodak Camera. Since then we have applied it to other goods of our manufacture, as, for instance, Kodak Tripods, Kodak Portrait Attachments, Kodak Film, Kodak Film Tanks and Kodak Amateur Printers.

The name "Kodak" does not mean that these goods must be used in connection with a Kodak Camera, for as a matter of fact any of them may be used with other apparatus or goods. It simply means that they originated with, and are manufactured by, the Kodak Companies.

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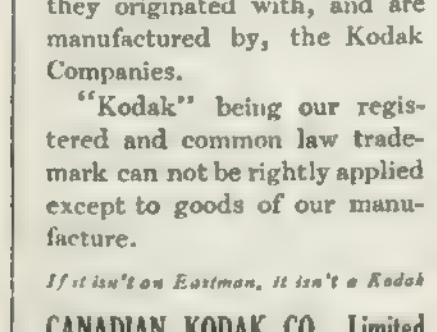

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for twenty-five years I have been a spineless nonentity, with no excuse for living—except my mother. 'You have meant so much to so many people—your friends, your work. But I will show you!"

His voice took on a new ring; his eye a new fire.

Elinor stared at him fascinated. She felt a little awed, as though a rebirth were taking place there, before her.

"I have never told you how I became what I am," he continued, with a fine passionate resentment. "My father died before I was born, and that is the biggest handicap an only child, a boy, can have. When a little chap and naturally malleable, I was not allowed to have any companions—my mother had theories, God forgive her!—and later when I might have rebelled or disobeyed, I was too shy and sensitive, finding on the rare occasions when brought into contact with children that I had nothing in common with them. Naturally, I grew to prefer solitude rather than be regarded as a freak. I can remember how the boys used to look at me over the fence and call me "Georgie," and "girlie," and "sissy," and how I stared back at them, [illegible] with shame, but dumb. I didn't know how to fight, there had never been anyone with whom to practice.

"I wasn't allowed to have penknives, guns, swords, fire-crackers, tools, electric batteries when I wanted them, for fear of injuring myself, and since growing up, I have not had the nerve to go back and experiment with things that every boy should know early in his teens. The noise of a firecracker makes my heart stop beating. I have never been camping, never shot a gun. I don't know how to ride, swim, sail, or drive a fast motor. A terrible cowardice was bred in me. It is there to-day, in place of the manhood that was filched from me. But I can reclaim it, Elinor, if you will believe in me, if you will help me with your faith and be my inspiration! Before God, I can!"

He answered the question in her eyes without giving her time to speak.

"No, I have never tried. There wasn't sufficient incentive. It was easier just to go on. You don't realize, perhaps, what the effort will cost; ridicule on one hand, distress on the other. For strange as it may seem, my mother feels that she has done her maternal duty nobly when she looks at me. I am all that a man should be—and then some, she would tell you! She has shielded and protected me since the day of my birth—I have never been mashed or cut or burnt, never had illnesses, 'never suffered,' as she expresses it," he cried bitterly.

"Dear heart!" murmured Elinor, and laid her lips full upon his.

THE EFFORT Mrs. Paget had put forth to mould her son was as nothing compared with that Elinor made to remodel her husband, to vitalize qualities which had lain stifled, smothered under a parent's colossal selfishness.

Tactfully, cleverly, consistently, she "brought him out," teaching him confidence, independence, discriminating self-assertiveness. Responsibilities large and small she thrust upon him, forcing him to make decisions, to take risks, frequently, and she rarely argued and never disputed his judgments. He progressed rapidly and grew accustomed to an expression in men's faces which said:

By Jove, this fellow has something in him, after all!"

One particular incident gave him recurrent satisfaction. It happened about a year after his marriage. He could have shouted with joy as he rushed home and bolted into Elinor's room.

"Would they arbitrate, dearest?" she asked, quick to respond to his moods.

"Of course," he said. "That was settled this morning. But what do you think? I met old Merrivale—mother's lawyer, just now. Never had any use for me, so imagine my surprise when he crossed the street, clapped me on the back, invited me to dine at his club *and called me Paget!* PAGET! There's only one thing that could make me happier—for mother to drop that damned 'George'!"

The prospect of fatherhood completed the work that Elinor had begun. She had loved a child, married a boy, and suddenly become the wife of a man.

For long spaces her husband would sit silent, watching her with unutterable happiness and pride, with humility, reverence and awe, then, jumping to his feet he would pace about, muttering in a tone of suppressed excitement.

"The little tacker must have everything that I lacked. He must be everything that I am not! Oh, my darling—I can hardly wait . . a son of my own . . my own, and yours!"

(Continued on page 58)

Soft and Comfy

That's the way to keep baby's things. His little under shirts, his stockings, his tiny sweater, his cap, coat, leggings, even his white boots and his go-cart robe, can all be fearlessly washed again and again. How? With the creamy, copious, instantly-made

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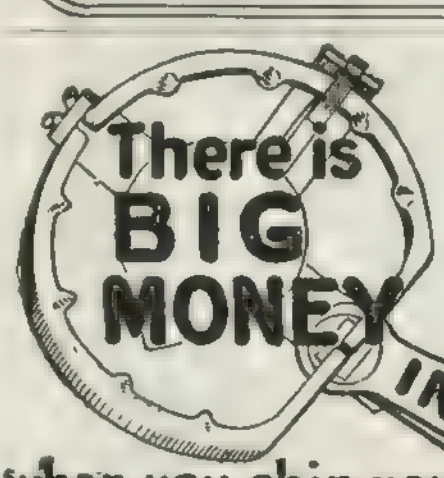

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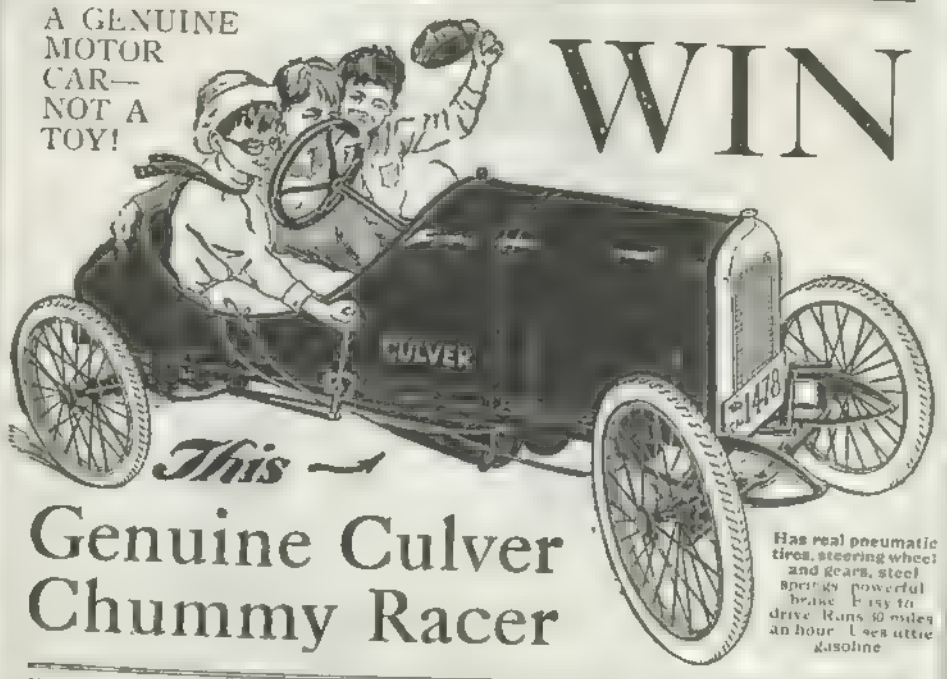

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Genuine Culver Chummy Racer

Has real pneumatic tires, steering wheel and gears, steel springs, powerful brake. Easy to drive. Runs 30 miles an hour. Uses auto gasoline

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Something We All Do

Something We All Eat

Something We All Want

Something We All Wear

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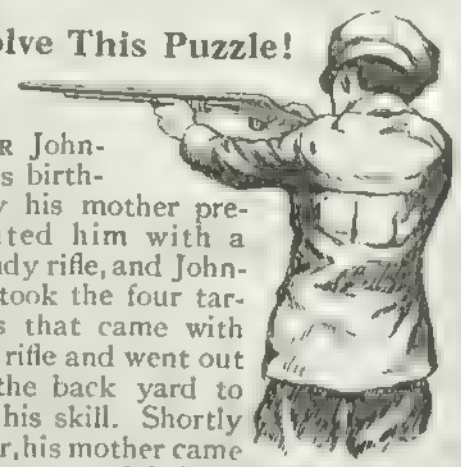

For Johnny's birthday his mother presented him with a dandy rifle, and Johnny took the four targets that came with the rifle and went out to the back yard to try his skill. Shortly after, his mother came out too to satisfy herself that Johnny knew how to use his gun. Upon examining the targets showing all the holes made by the bullets, and being a quick-thinking woman, she exclaimed: "Why, Johnny, what a good shot you are—and do you know that you have made every target spell a word? Can you tell me what each target spells?"

Can YOU Puzzle It Out?

Johnny couldn't, so his mother told him **HOW TO DO IT.** Each target spells a word. Each circle of each target shows a number of bullet holes, as you can see by the targets, and each circle represents a letter. The number of holes indicates the position of that letter in the alphabet. For instance: "A" would be represented by one hole, "B" by two holes, "C" by three holes, and so on.

After you have worked out all the letters that are represented in each word, you will find that they are not in their proper order. Put them into their proper order to spell out correctly the names of the four things wanted.

In order to help you, we will tell you that the letter represented by the middle circle of first target is "A," because "A" is the first letter of the alphabet. This is not an easy puzzle, but with perseverance you can work it out—and the prizes are certainly worth trying for.

Copy your answer upon a plain sheet of paper as neatly as you can, because neatness, spelling, handwriting and punctuation count if more than one answer is correct. Put your name and address in the top right-hand corner of the paper. If you have to write a letter, or show anything else, put it upon a separate sheet of paper. We will write as soon as your answer is received and tell you if your solution is correct, and also send you a complete illustrated list of the grand prizes that you can win.

THE PRIZES:

First Prize, Genuine Culver Chummy Racer, value . .	$250.00
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And 2,000 Extra Special Prizes Valued at $3,000.00.

What Others Have Done, You Can Do!

Here are the names of only a few of the boys and girls to whom we have already awarded big prizes:

Shetland Pony and Cart—Helen Smith, Edmonton.
Shetland Pony—Beatrice Hughes, Hazenmore, Sask.
$100.00 Cash—Lyle Benson, Hamilton, Ont.
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$25.00 Cash—Florence Nesbitt, Arnprior, Ont.
$150.00 Cash—Bryden Foster, Leamington, Ont.
$25.00 Eastman Kodak—Frankie Kirby, Three Hills, Alta.
$15.00 Bracelet Watch—Mary Procter, Vancouver, B.C.
$10.00 Doll and Carriage—Eva Gasson, North Bay, Ont.

We will send you the names of many others too.

Only boys and girls under 17 years of age may send answers, and each boy and girl will be required to perform a small service for us

The contest will close on June 30, 1920, at 5.30 p.m.

Send your answers this very evening. *Address*—

THE PRIZEMAN, Dept. 1, 253-259 Spadina Ave., Toronto

CUPID

(*Continued from page 9*)

the story in confidence to his best friend; and this one told it to his wife, and in two hours it had gotten all over the town. Hence the quarrel.

The husband, worn out with misery and expostulation, presently gave over pursuing his wife and rested on a twig.

"That's right!" his wife taunted him from a safe distance. "You let me alone!"

"Oh, Jenny," he cried, "I believe you wouldn't care two straws if I were shot dead at your feet."

At that moment Dan's arrow struck the little man full in the chest, and knocked him clean off the limb where he was standing. He was so surprised that he didn't use his wings to right himself until he was within a foot of the ground. But he landed on his feet and stood dazed, mortified and amazed. Only for a moment. The little wife descended to him, swift as a little gray thunderbolt, screaming and begging his pardon at the top of her lungs. "Don't tell me you're not killed," she said. "I know you are. And it's my fault—my fault."

"I should think you could see for yourself," he said testily, "that I'm not dead yet. But I dare say"—and he looked very sorry for himself and very pitiful—"that I've received internal injuries which will be the end of me. But it will be a lesson to you, I hope, and teach you to keep your nasty temper in better control."

"Please," she said, "don't scold me; only forgive me, and love me, and love me."

"Well, all right, I will this once. Only don't do it again."

Presently they flew off to their half finished nest, and she was so good to him and so contrite, that in another ten minutes he had really forgiven her, and loved her as much as ever.

So Dan's blunt arrow brought happiness to one couple. But Dan rejoiced for a different reason. He had credited himself with one buffalo, and had sent the meat off to his people by swift runners.

Then there flew into the glade a mocking bird buffalo, who for a long time was so restless as to present nothing but a moving target. At last, though, he perched on a branch about the height of a man's shoulder from the ground, and began to make fun of all the people he had seen that day, and of all the things he had heard them say; and occasionally he varied his vaudeville performance by proving that he had also a genuine and exquisite gift of creative melody.

Dan realized, just a second too late, that the mocking bird buffalo was in direct line with a man and a girl riding horseback in the Sand River. He saw his arrow pass close to the buffalo's tail feathers, and, curving downward slightly, strike the man squarely in the right eye. And he saw the man toss his arms wildly and fall on his back in the sand, and he heard the girl cry:

"Oh, my God! Oh, Phillip!"

And he saw her slide from the saddle and gather the man's head and shoulders in her arms.

Miss Livingston was aware, presently, of a little naked boy, whose face was stained with blood and tears, who pulled at her sleeve, and kept saying: "It was an accident."

"You nasty little devil," she cried. "Can you ride? Then get on that horse and ride for the doctor."

Aiken remembers to have seen a little naked boy go by upon a great bay horse, that he beat as he went with a toy bow. He reached the doctor's house, and there was the doctor just stepping into the gig.

"You're wanted in Sand River," cried Dan. "A man's been shot in the eye!"

THE DOCTOR, driving his foaming horse at a gallop through the heavy sand, saw in the distance a girl who rode and a man who walked by her side. They waved to him to stop.

"Where's the man who's been hurt?" he said sharply. "You?" There was a handkerchief over Campbell's right eye.

The doctor jumped out of his gig and lifted the handkerchief.

"Hum," said the doctor. "It looks nasty, but it's only bruised. You won't lose it."

"It wouldn't matter much if I did," said Campbell, who in spite of his pain was smiling peacefully. "I've got one other that's just as good, and two that are ever so much better."

At first the doctor didn't understand. But he was an old friend, and they told him. Then Dan came on the scene riding Campbell's horse. He had delayed at the encampment of his people to put on his clothes.

Dan leaped to the ground and bowed bashfully. "I want to apologize," he said.

"That's all right, old man," said Campbell. "Don't mention it."

"I won't, indeed, I won't," exclaimed Dan enthusiastically, "if you won't."

Then they all laughed.

"Little boy," said Miss Livingston, "I called you some very horrid names. What I really meant to say was that you are the dearest, darlingest little boy in all the world."

"I don't know how good a shot you are," said Campbell, "but you're a mighty lucky one."

Out of the Struggle

(*Continued from page 57*)

His passionate desire to give the child everything that he, himself, had lacked, bit into his very soul, and expressed itself in an absurd stocking of the nursery. Before Lawrence Paget was six months old, he possessed the nucleus of a modern arsenal, much cutlery, things that croaked, squeaked, popped, burst, exploded. He was still toddling about, bumping his head on corners, when his father gave him a pair of boxing gloves and a succession of bloody, swollen noses. On his fourth birthday, George Paget flung him into twenty feet of water, and with a white, set face, watched his frantic struggles toward the dock.

For the first time Elinor cried out in protest against her husband's brutality. And for the first time he answered her in anger. "A baby?" he echoed. "Of course he is a baby, but remember that he is also a potential man. The sooner he feels it, the better! Confidence, courage, the will to conquer—these are what he must learn, and learn them early, or at best he will be able to hide his yellow streak behind self-control or subterfuge." He held out shaking hands to her. "Even I can pretend courage, but everyone knows it is only pretense. Would you have him the coward that his father is?" he demanded bitterly. It was his indisputable justification.

"I believe you would set him on an elephant and send him into the jungle to shoot tigers," Elinor accused. "You have allowed a principle, splendid when moderately applied, to become a perfect Juggernaut. I tell you, George, it will overwhelm all of us and crush us!"

He would not listen, and it was this extreme method of teaching the boy self-reliance and manliness, that resulted in the purchase of the pony.

"Oh, George, not a pony—not yet!" Elinor had begged. "I try not to interfere, you must give me credit for that, dear, but this time—it has caused me such torture as you will never know to see you risk his life in such awful, brutal ways. I know what you will say," she went on a little wildly, "that he has escaped, that he is better for it, and that he is the most courageous little gentleman in the world. And so he is, George, but there are limits. Don't tempt Providence, I implore you, dear. Be guided by me, and don't do this thing!"

"When do you think youngsters on ranches learn to ride?" inquired her husband, gravely.

"I don't know! I don't care! All I know is that my baby is too young! Next year, perhaps, or the year after—"

"Next year you will be no more ready to 'risk his life' than you are to-day, Elinor," said Paget, "and when he is older, not only his desire but his confidence will have weakened; he will have become infected with your fear—your fear and mine," he added. "One does not feel the passion for conquest always, dear. One grows resigned to failure. . . . The pony will be here tomorrow."

"OF COURSE, if he regains consciousness . . ." the doctor had said. A stealthy sound from the floor below, broke the eerie stillness of the darkened house. Nearer it came—on the stairs—in the corridor beyond the yawning doorway. Elinor's attitude became, if possible, more tense, more rigid, as she strained her eyes to pierce the gloom.

A man's huge frame filled the doorway. He stood, without speaking, projecting his hungry soul, as it were into the room. He gave the impression of one excluded by unseen barriers, yearning over those whom he was powerless to reach.

"*There is no change.*"

The dead level of her tone was horrible, the result of scarifying emotions which had left wounds too poignant for further sensation. "I will call you if——" she added, but the words were without promise of hope. Rather were they a foreshadowing of, a preparation for, the end!

George Paget melted into the blackness and crept down the corridor. On the stairs, he staggered like a man who had received a death blow but could not die. If his wife felt the passionate yearning in his soul, the need for giving and receiving comfort, she made no sign. Not until he reached the floor below did she remove those unseen barriers at the dim doorway, relax slightly, and turn back to her motionless vigil.

"He did it!" she repeated soundlessly to herself. "He did it!"

Deliberately, determinedly, she closed her eyes to a fact that struggled for recognition in her inner consciousness. She refused to see that primal instincts exist alike in all women; that Mrs. Paget's impulse to shield and protect, was her own impulse, but slightly exaggerated. A paragraph her husband had marked for her to read, rose unbidden and unwelcome in her mind.

"*We want a chance to subdue.* Boys like to go stamping through the woods in thick soled boots. They like to crush the sticks in their path and to jerk off the branches that get in their way. If there is need to clear a path, so much the better. For there is in most of us an ancient hunger to subdue the chances which we meet, to tame what is wild. We want to encounter the raw and crude—the stubbornness of nature arouses our determination to subdue it. Before the commercial age, war, hunting and agriculture, gave us this foil. *We want it still*, and for lack of it often find our work too soft."

Blots of gloom floated indefinitely about. Elinor watched them settle for an instant in one spot, then another, and finally dissolve. It was terrifying.

Suddenly, a chill like a visible Presence, crept into the room. It approached slowly, purposefully, as though it said, "I am come! Make way for me! This is my hour!"

Mentally the woman rose to meet it, to dispute it, and she threw her spirit like a protective mantle over the body of her child. With all the power of her soul she fought the dread Thing back.

Still she had not moved.

A trembling flicker of pale radiance touched the boy's fair head. His outline gradually came out of the shadow. A bird chirruped, leaves rustled softly and whispered that morning was astir. Beyond the open casement, a fringe of sombre pines fenced off the flush of dawn.

A pony neighed!

The child quivered faintly. A little moan escaped between his parted lips.

Stiffly, Elinor fell forward and crushed her tearless sobs into the cold, white quilt.

She knew that her husband had entered the room, and was standing beside her; she knew that he was racked with anguish that included her hideous pain. But she turned to him neither for pity nor for comfort. She was glad that he did not touch her.

"Whoa . . ." said the child, distinctly. "I can't hold him, Daddy—Daddy!"

All that had been frozen in her turned to concentrated fire. He had called his father—the man who was responsible for this murderous outrage. She, his mother, was forgotten!

"My son—My own dear son . . ." a husky voice above her murmured. "Speak to mummy! Tell her that you will get well."

She felt a small hand stirring feebly in her hair. She raised her head and looked into the boy's clear eyes.

"Don't cry, mummy," he whispered. "I'm not so very much hurted. As soon as I've had tea, I'm going to ride again—better, mummy, *much* better! I didn't know that riding was like a game . . . and I got beaten. But," the childish treble grew in strength, "you know Daddy says a fellow had to be a good loser before he's a winner, mummy . . ."

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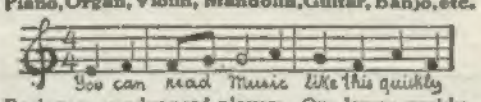

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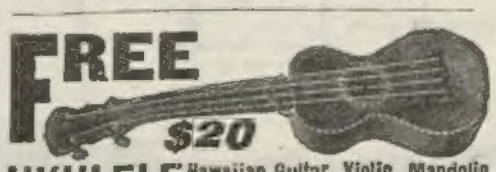

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"Sifted Through Silk"

Your druggist can tell you that a face powder which continues to sell in ever-increasing quantity must be a quality product first of all.

The house of Henry Tetlow offers Pussywillow on a basis of satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Pussywillow must suit you in odor, softness, purity and ability to stay on, or your money will be returned on request.

Under these conditions you should try Pussywillow and prove to yourself that it is an exceptionally fine face powder.

Free Sample on Request

White, Flesh, Pink, Cream, and Brunette.
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6240 Siegel-Myers Building Chicago, Illinois

THEY had been married two months and they still loved each other devotedly. He was in the back yard cleaning her boots.

"Jack," she called at the top of her voice. "Jack, come here quickly."

He knew at once she was in danger. He grasped a stick and rushed up two flights of stairs to the rescue.

He entered the room breathlessly, and found her gazing out of the window.

"Look," said she, pointing to a girl disappearing up the street, "that's the kind of hat I want you to buy me!"

"I UNDERSTAND you are trying a new stenographer?"

"Yes."

"What do you think of her?"

"I wonder how a girl with such big, dreamy eyes can be so merciless toward the English language."

MOST ambitious of all projects of the motion picture art, celebrated for its extraordinary aspirations, is the plan to film the entire Bible. This momentous effort is already in process of organization in a California studio, and is estimated to need two years for its completion. The specifications call for 100 reels of film, certain scenes of which will gather together the greatest assemblies ever shown on a screen.

STROLLING along the astounded streets, displaying themselves to public and social gatherings, one thousand young dandies are expected soon to demonstrate to the people of London a reactionary change in fashions sponsored by a group of local tailors. Perhaps the tailors will not be able to find so many men of iron nerve. It is a fact, nevertheless, that they hope to revive in part the fashions of the 18th century. They would dress the smart English business man in plum-coloured lounge coat and knee breeches, a white stock is to show above his yellow waistcoat, his shapely calves are to reveal themselves in black hose, while silver buckles will adorn his shoes

RAISINS, currants or small fruits can be easily washed by placing them in a corn popper, which is then held under a faucet.

DOCTOR: "What! drinking beer again, contrary to my strict orders? Didn't I tell you that every glass was a nail in your coffin?"

"I can't give it up, doctor, that's a fact, and so I have been saying to myself: 'What does it matter when you are dead and gone if your coffin looks like a hedge-hog?'"

FATE is often capricious but rarely so justified as in the case of Thomas A. Edison, when he planned to erect his great laboratory at Orange. In buying the land for the situation, when the abstract came to be looked up, they found, to their amazement, that Edison's foreparents, who were U.E. Loyalists, had been the early owners of the property. The land had been confiscated at the time of the Revolution.

TRUE pearls from 1/32 to 1/16 in. in size, were found in large numbers on the mucous surfaces of a recent shipment of tripe received in England from the United States. That the occurrence was not unusual, but had merely escaped previous notice, was shown by the examination of fresh specimens taken from native cows. The pearls were soft, of course, each embedded in a cyst, and apparently developed, just as in a bivalve, by the casting of a protective mucous wall about some intruding parasite.

AN OLD silk glove finger placed over a curtain-rod end will protect the curtain when the rod is slipped through the hem.

THIS page is compiled simply of waifs and strays. It is not intended to be either uplifting or demoralizing, sense or nonsense, clever or prophetic, so—

If the anecdotes chronicled hereon are "stale"—comfort yourself with the thought that you're smarter'n I am.

If the bits of news seem to you to be not extraordinary—take pride in the knowledge that you are an unusual and discriminating reader.

If you cannot agree with my views—write and tell me so. I love an argument.

If something on this page reminds you of something else, twice as funny, twice as interesting—send it in. I'll pass it on.

If the page appeals to you—read it as a personal tribute to me. Thanks!

The Editor

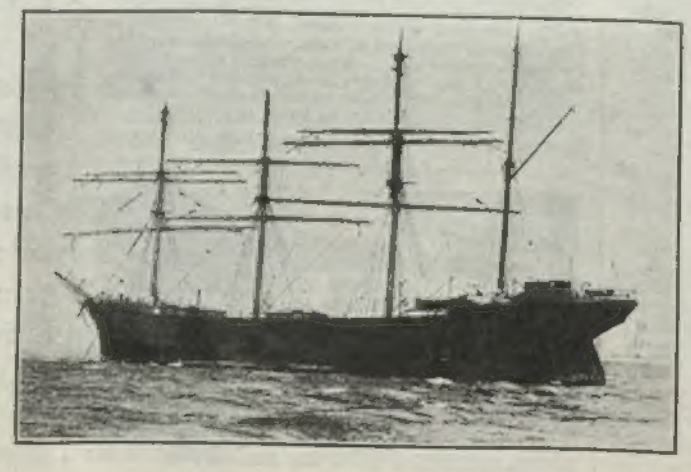
"DO YOU know anything about flirting," asked Edith.

"No" replied Frank sadly. "I thought I did, but when I tried it the girl married me."

AN INTERESTING character will be seen at Blackfriars Bridge in the person of Mr. S. Birkenshaw, who was awarded 1st prize in a competition

that was held to find who mostly resembled Capt. Bairnsfather's "Old Bill." Mr. S. Birkenshaw has served 10 years, 57 days in the army: 3 years, 57 days during the late war.

A LEPER of the sea, shunned by honest sailormen limped into Halifax harbour terribly battered. The four masted barque, "Paul," of Hamburg, Germany, the first German vessel to enter a Canadian port since the war began, lying in Halifax Harbour after a fierce hammering by Atlantic gales. Her skipper, Captain Krueger, served in the German air force for three years and knows now what the seafarers of the Allied nations think of his country. Storm after storm battered the ship for weeks; ship after ship was hailed and asked for a tow, but after ascertaining the registry of the "Paul," passed on or curtly refused aid. The "Paul" lost three topmasts and twenty-one sails during the voyage and is shown here as she finally made her way into anchorage at Halifax.



IT WAS in the drawing class at the school. "Sargent was a great artist," said the teacher. "With one stroke he could change a smiling face into a sorrowful one."

"That ain't nothin'," piped up Johnny. "Me mother does that to me lots of times."

A VENERABLE justice sat in the place of honour at a reception. As a young lady of dazzling charms walked past he exclaimed almost involuntarily: "What a beautiful girl."

The young woman overheard the justice's compliment, and turned and gave him a radiant smile.

"What an excellent judge!" she said.

A MAN entered a drug store very hurriedly and asked for a dozen two-grain quinine pills.

"Do you want them put in a box, sir?" asked the chemist, as he was counting them out.

"Oh, no, certainly not," replied the customer. "I was thinking of rolling them home!"

"YOU have a bright look, my boy," said the visitor at the school.

"Yes, sir," replied the candid youth; "that's because I forgot to rinse the soap off my face this morning."

"FRANCES," said the little girl's mamma, who was entertaining callers in the parlour, "you came downstairs so noisily that you could be heard all over the house. Now go back and come downstairs like a lady."

Frances retired, and after a few moments re-entered the parlour.

"Did you hear me come downstairs this time, mamma?"

"No, dear; I am glad you came down quietly. Now, don't ever let me have to tell you again not to come down noisily. Now tell these ladies how you managed to come down like a lady the second time, when the first time you made so much noise."

"The last time I slid down the banisters," explained Frances

TIME will turn back three centuries in Plymouth, England, next September, when the good ship "Mayflower" once more sets sail. The 180-ton ship, a faithful reproduction of the immortal original, built for motion pictures, is to play an impressive part in the Pilgrim tercentenary pageant.

HE: Why is Adeline so angry with the photographer?"

She: "She found a label on the back of her picture saying: 'The original of this picture is carefully preserved!'"

FLOWERS may be preserved by dipping quickly in molten paraffin. Leaves must be coated with green wax. White or light coloured flowers take this treatment best.

A BUTTERFLY "farm" has been started in central France to supply the scientists' demand for the beautiful insects. On mulberry, oak, plum, hawthorn and other trees and shrubs, the caterpillars are placed to spin their coccons. These are then confined in little wire cages into which the butterflies emerge. The butterfly "farmer" is also experimenting with many varieties of silkworms in the hope of producing a fine silk in more northerly climates.

CANADA'S magnificent potentialities are demonstrated by the fact that of her 2,300,000,000 acres of land area only 39,000,000 are now under cultivation.

A GENTLEMAN is a human being combining a woman's gentleness and a man's courage.

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DAY CREAM

"Sweetest Story Ever Told"

MEN would love to whisper into her ear the sweetest story ever told, for her glorious and flashing beauty captivates them all. You see, she knows the secret of Instant Beauty—the use of the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Work the cream well into the skin so the powder adheres evenly.

Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance.

Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle with a new beauty?

Lastly, dust over again with the powder, in order to subdue the BLOOM. Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant.

Note: Don't use too much BLOOM. Get a natural result.

These preparations may be used separately or together (as above) as the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette." Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing), removes face shine. Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, a powder that stays on—flesh, white, brunette. Pompeian BLOOM, a rouge that won't crumble—light, dark, medium. At all druggists, 60c each. Guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream, and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a 30c talcum with an exquisite new odor).

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This large art panel, entitled "Sweetest Story Ever Told," is in beautiful colors. Size, 26 x 8 inches. Samples sent of the "Instant Beauty" treatment, including Pompeian Day Cream, Pompeian Beauty Powder and Pompeian Bloom. Also Night Cream and Pompeian Fragrance. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. All for a dime (in coin). Please clip coupon now.

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Gentlemen: I enclose a dime for a 1920 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel and Instant Beauty samples. Also samples of Night Cream and Fragrance (a talcum).

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Flesh Beauty Powder sent unless another shade requested.

Conspicuous Nose Pores

How to reduce them

COMPLEXIONS otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores. The pores of the face are not as fine as on other parts of the body. *On the nose especially*, there are more fat glands than elsewhere and there is more activity of the pores. These pores, if not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, clog up and become enlarged.

To reduce them: Wring a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive.* Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Notice the improvement the very first treatment makes—a promise of what the steady use of Woodbury's Facial Soap will do. But do not expect to change completely in a week a condition resulting from long-continued exposure and neglect. Use this treatment persistently. It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores and make them inconspicuous.

Begin *tonight* the treatment your skin needs

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. You will find Woodbury's on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25c cake will last a month or six weeks.

In the booklet which is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, you will find complete treatments for the commoner skin troubles, including

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Blackheads
Skin Blemishes
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Coarsened Skin
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Sluggish Skin, etc.

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Sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream for 15c.

For 6c we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 7502 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.